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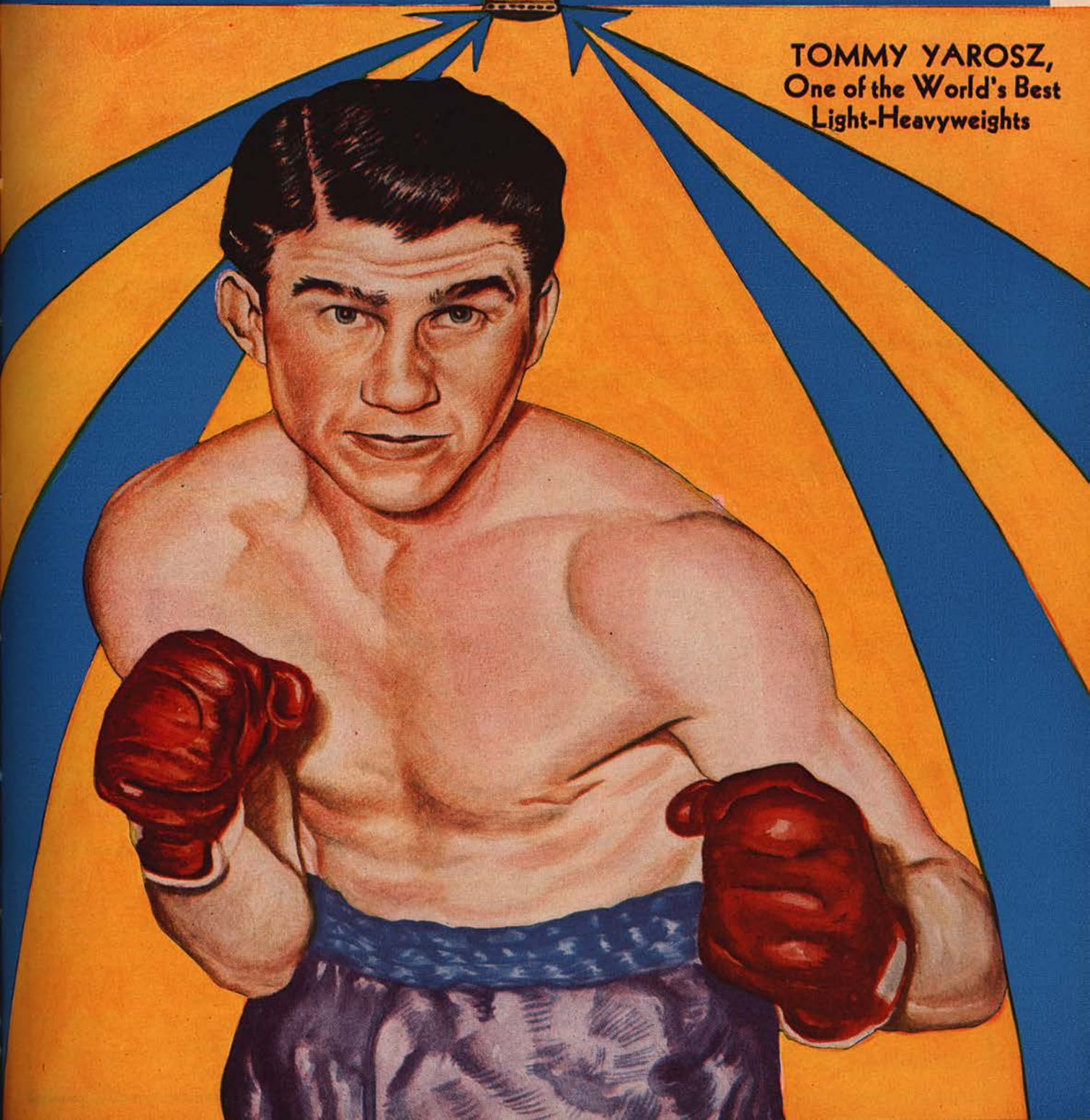

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CONTENTS

AL WEILL SEES NINE MAJOR ATTRACTIONS ... Daniel M. Daniel 3
IN THE NEWS OF THE MONTH (Page of Photos) ... 5
BRUCE BACK IN HEAVYWEIGHT SPOTLIGHT ... Bruce Watson 6
TITLE REGAINED BY U.S. ... Nat Fleischer 8
PROMOTERS' BUGABOO ... Al Buck 10
WOODCOCK'S FEAT REVIVES TOPIC OF K.O. WALLOP ... "The Ring" Editor 12
BENNETT, ABORIGINE, HITS THE JACKPOT ... Johnny Salak 14
OLD TIMERS' ALBUM (Page of Photos) ... 15
MAXIM CASHING IN ON DECADE'S EFFORT ... Ted Carroll 16
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (Editorial Comment) ... 18
OPTICAL ERRORS IN JUDGING ... Nat Loubet 21
BELIEVE IT OR NOT BOXING LED TO RIPLEY'S BIG CHANCE ... Jersey Jones 22
GOOD CLUB FIGHTERS ... Harvey Bright 23
THE "OLD SALT" and "LITTLE SERGEANT" ... Elliott Metcalf 24
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS ... 25
WILLIE LEWIS, BON VIVANT ... Jersey Jones 26
NEW FACES ... Harvey Thorne 28
MILKMAN TURNS FIGHTER ... Sid Feder 29
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD ... Stanley Weston 30
MEMORIES ... Nat Fleischer 32
THE RING QUESTION BOX ... 41, 48
FROM THE CINDER BOX ... 48

IN THE RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

Flashes in Fistiana from Western Canada ... Walt Marlow 34
From Buenos Aires, Argentina ... Alfredo Porzio 36
Western New England ... George Ross 38
In Sunny California ... Harry Winkler 40
Broadcast from New York ... Jersey Jones 42
Iowa and South Dakota Sparks; Buffalo, N. Y.; Additional News from Hawaii ... 44
Woodcock, the Fighter of the Month ... "The Ring" Staff 46
Boxing in Lima, Peru; Utah-Idaho-Montana-Wyoming ... 48
European Gossip; New Jersey Boxing News ... 49
The Managers' Directory ... 50
From Johannesburg, South Africa; Boxing in Panama; Boxing in Curacao; German Boxing Diary ... 51
Canadian Topics; Woodcock Regains Fistic Prestige; Saddler Makes Hit; Eire News ... 52
In San Francisco Rings; In Indiana Rings; Denver and Vicinity ... 53
Central Ohio Swings and Hooks; News of Texas Rings ... 54
In Syracuse Rings; Covering New England ... 55
New Orleans and the South; In Chicago ... 56
Under Southern Skies; West Virginia Notes ... 57
Canadian Maritime News; Covering Cuba; Additional News from Pittsburgh ... 58
Connecticut Ring News; News from Winnipeg and Vicinity; Little Rhody's Fistic Highlights ... 59
Minnesota News; It Happened in Wisconsin; In British Guiana; Southern Ohio Jabs; Nebraska Boxing ... 60
Rochester, New York, Boxing Notes; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Pittsburgh Fistic News; British Columbia News; In Denver, Colorado; Washington, D. C. ... 61
Detroit and Vicinity; Boxing Bits from Virginia ... 62
"From Down Under"; From Durban, Natal, South Africa; From Tacoma, Washington; Ring News from Hawaii 63
Timely Chatter from Great Britain ... John S. Sharpe 64

In Our Next Issue

Seldom in recent years have so many championship fights been staged in so short a period as during the past two months. What started out as an extremely poor outdoor season developed into a period of activity for world titleholders. The world middleweight clash in Detroit between Cerdan and LaMotta started the ball rolling. The Charles-Walcott fight for the American version of a world heavyweight championship battle, the Gavilan-Robinson affair in Philadelphia for the welterweight crown, the Pep-Compo fight in Waterbury in which the featherweight championship was at stake revived the interest in fisticuffs in this country.

Abroad, the Woodcock-Mills sensational battle created a new interest in the heavyweight situation. The lot brought back boxing to a state of normalcy at least so far as activity among the bigshots of pugilism is concerned.

Jersey Jones will review for our readers the outlook.

—

Out in Chicago where the N.B.A. sponsored world heavyweight title contest took place between Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott, THE RING Editor occupied a ringside seat. His story of the fight and its significance in re Joe Louis' successor will be fully covered by him.

Ringside action shots of all of these championship fights will occupy a conspicuous space in the September number. It will be an issue our readers will want to save as a collector's item.

—

Current topics of interest, stories about the newcomers and those who have already made ring history will find a place in this issue.

—

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AL WEILL SEES NINE MAJOR ATTRACTIONS

New Matchmaker in Garden Admits Game Must Be Rebuilt—but Envisions Emphatic Success

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Al Weill, matchmaker for Madison Square Garden.

"MATCHMAKING is an art," said Monsieur Armand (Al to you) Weill, as he sat in his offices in Madison Square Garden in New York.

Monsieur Weill only recently had been established as the official and emphatic arranger of cards for the big arena.

With the retirement of Mike Jacobs and the Garden's pact with the International Boxing Club, there had come an upheaval, and Weill, as the most competent man for the job, had been returned to a berth in which he once before had functioned with some distinction.

"Matchmaking is an art, and yet, also a science," continued Monsieur Weill.

"Now, you have an attraction weighing 155 pounds. He is the core of the show. You don't just look around for another 155-pounder, and say, 'This is the match. Joe Jokes weighs 155 and the fans want to see him. Moe Mokes weighs 155 pounds, and ditto. The date is so and so,' and make the announcement.

"You should match men according to styles. Of course, if a man develops into a contender for a title, the matter of clashing styles is not too important because the focus of the situation is the championship.

"But in the ordinary course of events, matching styles is vital. Producing cards that will attract the customers. Making situations that will spur ambition among the younger fighters."

I looked Monsieur Weill in the eye—in fact, in both eyes—and leading deftly with my left, I said, "Al, things have been pretty bad. The policy of the Garden, of the Twentieth Century, since Mike became ill was not calculated to spark boxing in New York.

"The game dropped from 'anything will do' of wartime into the dumps of peacetime. You have been thrown into a most difficult situation. What are you going to do about it?"

YOUR analysis intrigues me," responded Monsieur Weill. "But, leave us not dwell on the dead past. Leave us go into the bright future.

"I want to give the fans of New York fights that spell GARDEN."

I hooked with my left again, deftly, I thought. "Al, that is the nature of glittering generality. Every matchmaker here takes office with the same old platform. Pride of the Garden. The Shadow of Tex. The Glory of Mike. Nuts to that. What's cooking? What is the real menu?"

Weill replied, "Your analysis is acute. Leave me say this. I am scouring this and other countries for matches. The airplane has placed London and Paris as close as Los Angeles.

"I am ready to give any worthwhile fighter his Garden shot. If I believe that he has the essentials and can be developed, I will mould him in St. Nicholas Rink. I will build him up. That, too, is an ancient art, which goes back all the way to the Egyptians.

"Another thing. The industry, the sport, the recreation of boxing consists of nothing more than the classes above the lightweight.

"We have permitted the featherweights and the bantams to sink into oblivion.

"Look back in your own experience. Look back to fights like Villa and Wilde, to Dundee and Criqui, to Attell and Kilbane, to Kid Williams, to—oh, the list is a mile long. Scan the records in Nat Fleischer's book. The gang under 130 pounds used to give the game a lot of spice and excitement.

"Now, Pep and Saddler—what else, and who else? This is a situation which I am going to try to remedy. I do not believe that the heavyweight division is the sum total of boxing.

"Sure, as the heavies go, so goes boxing. But when the heavies don't go, under the present arrangement, you are stumped. I want continuous action, of class and distinction. And mark me, I will get it."

MONSIEUR WEILL turned to a tabulation on his desk. "I have been analyzing the attractions which are before us. There are only nine top fighters, as against the 39 I have seen in other days. So you see what lies before the matchmaker of the Garden," Al vociferated.

"First we find Kid Gavilan. Then Marcel Cerdan. After them, Rocky Graziano, Ike Williams, Enrique Bolanos, Ray Robinson, Charley Fusari, Ezzard Charles and Beau Jack.

"Now, then. You put down those names and you start to match up what you can among the nine, and follow with a very searching investigation among the lesser lights, especially those who look as if they might be built up, or even rehabilitated.

"We have to find out why certain promising draws collapsed. Like this Foster, for example. What are the elements of collapse? How much does the matchmaker have to answer for, how much the personal conduct of the fighter himself?"

I was all set to throw another left hook. I wanted to ask Monsieur Weill how much farther he was ready to go to assist Commissioner Eddie Eagan in wiping out the preposterous evil of undercover managing and wholesale control of stables by undesirable elements.

However, I decided not to press that point in the then weaving interview. That will come later, Monsieur Weill, I warn you. That will come later.

So I backed into my own corner and offered Weill a fresh opportunity to take the offensive. He said, "We have got to develop two-way attractions. We have got to make more effective use of the Garden semi-final, for one thing.

"How far would I be willing to go with foreigners? Look, I

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You see Louis knocked out by Schmeling, and you share his revenge as Schmeling sags glassy-eyed and helpless just before the referee stops their return fight.

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have no complexes. If a fighter can fight, he has a right in the Garden ring, I don't care if he comes from the Bronx, or even Brooklyn, Paris, France; Paris, Kentucky or Senegal. Let him be white, black, green, red or any other shade except yellow. That, by the way, does not bar the Chinese."

"RIGHT now I am attracted to Freddie Mills, even though he was stopped by Woodcock. I would like him to defend his light-heavyweight title against Joey Maxim. But Jack Solomons has him and wants the same match for England in July. I am watching developments abroad and will make the most of whatever opportunities afford themselves to me. I was put into my job to get action, not just conversation. I want to outlaw red ink," Weill continued.

"We have a tremendous edge here in New York. All major league ball players want to be with the local teams. All boxers want to fight in the Garden, or the Stadium or Polo Grounds, just as all the old vaudeville actors sought billing in the old Palace here."

I said to Weill, "What has happened to this boxing industry? During the war Dempsey, Tunney—why, anybody who was anybody—shouted, 'I have discovered the next champion of the world. The war is growing fighters from among those who never had considered putting on the gloves. Hooray for boxing, the Millennium is just around the corner.'

"Where are all the service wows? What has happened to the champions of the Marines, the Army and Navy?

"Monsieur Weill, I wonder if you know what has happened to all that marvelous material? Or was it just so much hooey? If it was, WHY?"

Monsieur Weill said, "I am glad you have brought this matter up. Of course, there was a lot of wartime enthusiasm about boxers and ball players which turned out to be just enthusiasm.

"However, after the war we had vast reservoirs of ring material all over this nation.

"This reservoir got dried up because of lack of opportunities in the locales of the fighters. Why didn't we go after them? Well, that is a big question involving many angles.

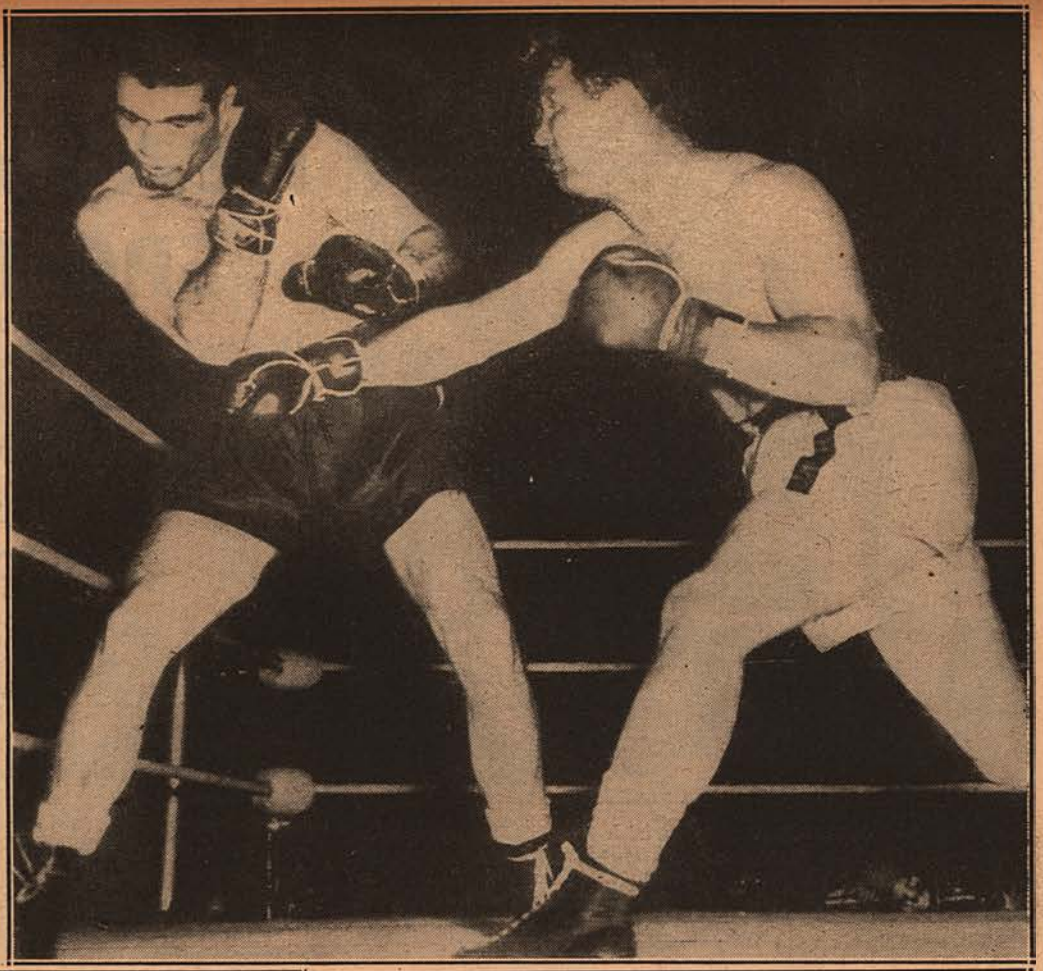
"THIS lack of local opportunity, this failure of so many other boxing centres in the United States to cash in on the material so close at hand, no longer will handicap the game in this country," he insisted.

"The International Boxing Club's ramifications will build up home material in Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and other centres. These cities also will get their share of big fights. For the game to be healthy, activity must be widespread. You cannot expect boxing to grow in St. Louis if the best boxers there have to come to New York for their main chances. Sure, we want them in New York. We want our share of their skills, if they are good. But we don't want to hog them.

"In short, I am confident that what I find myself in is a fresh start for boxing in this country. I think that finally we are on the right track. The next year definitely will prove to you that I have the right diagnosis."

(Continued on page 37)

IN THE NEWS of the MONTH



Joey Maxim parries a right thrown by Gus Lesnevich in the third round of their battle at Cincinnati for the revived American light-heavyweight title. Maxim took the decision and the crown. →

(Below) Joey DeJohn misses with a swinging right to the jaw of Jake LaMotta in their battle at Syracuse. LaMotta cleared the way for his title bout with Marcel Cerdan by scoring an eight round knockout.
Photograph by Angie L. Licata

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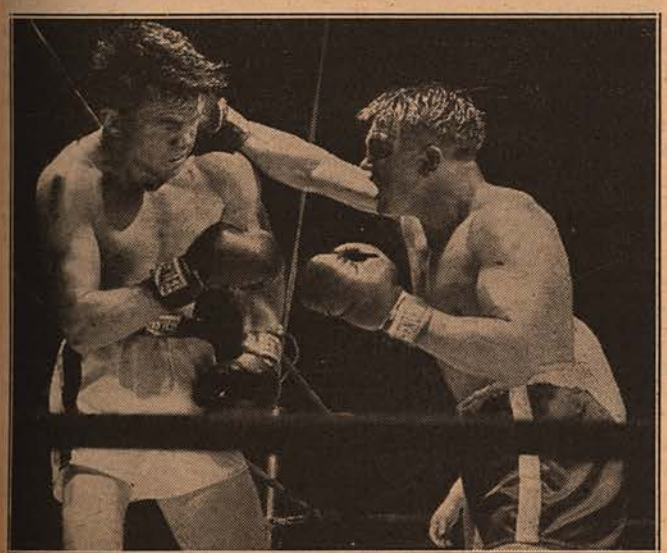


Joey Maxim smiles and waves to the crowds after Promoter Sam Becker fits the belt emblematic of American light-heavyweight champion around the waist of the new titleholder. ↑

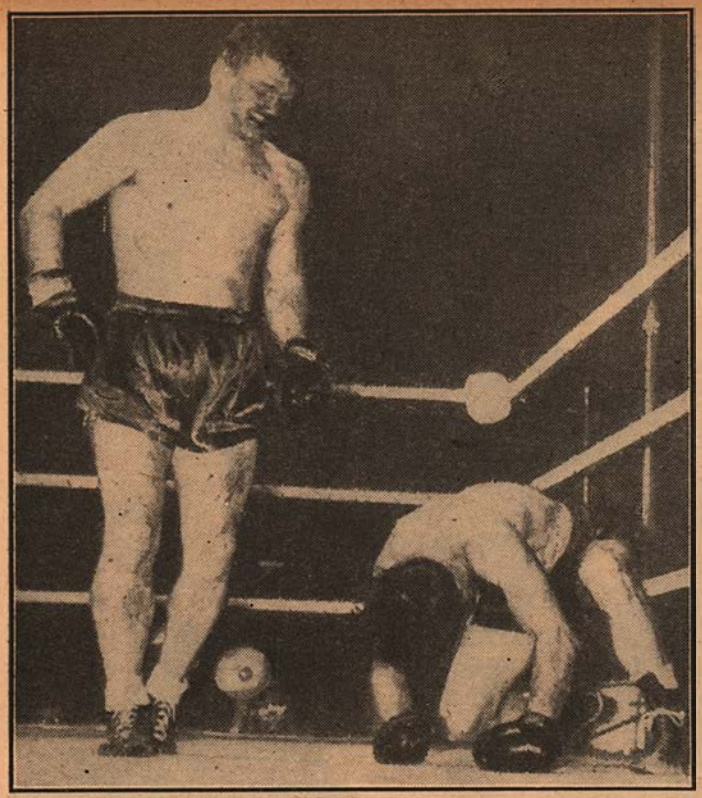
Robert Villemain crowds Pete Mead to the ropes in their ten round battle at Madison Square Garden which he easily won on Mike Jacobs' last promotion. ←

BRUCE BACK IN HEAVYWEIGHT SPOTLIGHT

Woodcock Acquires "New Look" in Battling His Way to a World Championship Bout by Stopping Mills in a 14-Round Thriller

By BRUCE WATSON

Special to THE RING



Bruce Woodcock, European and British heavyweight champion, stands over Freddie Mills, world's light-heavyweight champion, who was decked eight times prior to the knockout in 1:30 of the 14th round of their bout at London, England. Bruce himself was downed twice and knew he had been in a fight. Note Woodcock's face with its plentiful supply of claret.

LONDON—British boxing fans were treated to the "new look" Bruce Woodcock when the European champion flattened Freddie Mills on June 2 before a capacity gathering at the White City Stadium, and the British fan, always optimistic, immediately lit the fire again under his eternal hopes for a home-grown world heavyweight king. You can't blame 'em for feeling that way.

Of course, Bruce's 14-round knockout of the world light-heavyweight boss in one of the fastest fights among big men we've seen here in 20 years, doesn't mean that our Yorkshire steam-engine specialist is certain to do the same to Lee Savold on September 6. That's when they meet for what the British Board of Boxing Control and Promoter Jack Solomons are blessing as a heavyweight title tussle, causing no end of glee among British fight fans that they have a contender in the picture again.

In the first place, Savold and Mills are a couple of "horses from a different garage." Besides, Savold was at ringside, and it was noted his hair did NOT immediately turn gray from worry. But he was definitely impressed.

"I'm amazed at the improvement in Woodcock, but I still feel I can beat him," the Paterson (N. J.) puncher proclaimed. This caused a slight difference of opinion from Bruce. He insisted, "I knew I could beat Mills—now I'm confident I can beat Savold."

THIS "new look" Woodcock was something the local clientele not only hadn't seen before, but very few of the 46,000 who contributed to a gate of $280,000 even expected it. Woodcock has been no bargain since he came out of the fistic graveyard eight months ago, where Joe Baksi temporarily had placed him. His chief accomplishments in those eight months came when Lee Oma swooned before him in four rounds and Savold fouled out to him in four more.

But against Mills, Bruce floored the favored Freddie nine times and took ten of the 13 completed rounds—actually lost only one, because two were generally voted even. If there was any criticism at all, it was that it took him 14 rounds to bring down a man who was 20 pounds lighter than himself—195½ to 175½, although it must be remembered Mills is no defenseless babe in there. And this was by far the worst beating he ever took.

Americans probably would have said it was the same old Bruce this time, only brought up to date "American style," and that if he'd listened to your advice three years ago, he'd have acquired his new look a long time before now—and without getting his ears knocked off learning how and by now might have gained the top ring post as world contender.

You remember when he went over to New York three years ago, you raved about him, even though Tami Mauriello stopped him in Madison Square Garden. You liked his gameness, his right hand hammer and the lack of glass in his chin—three attributes missing from the ordinary British heavyweight.

At that time, you suggested that if he'd turn himself over to a competent American handler and stay in the United States to learn the Yankee brand of legal mayhem, he stood a very good chance of moving front and center in the title picture, particularly as, if and when Joe Louis retired.

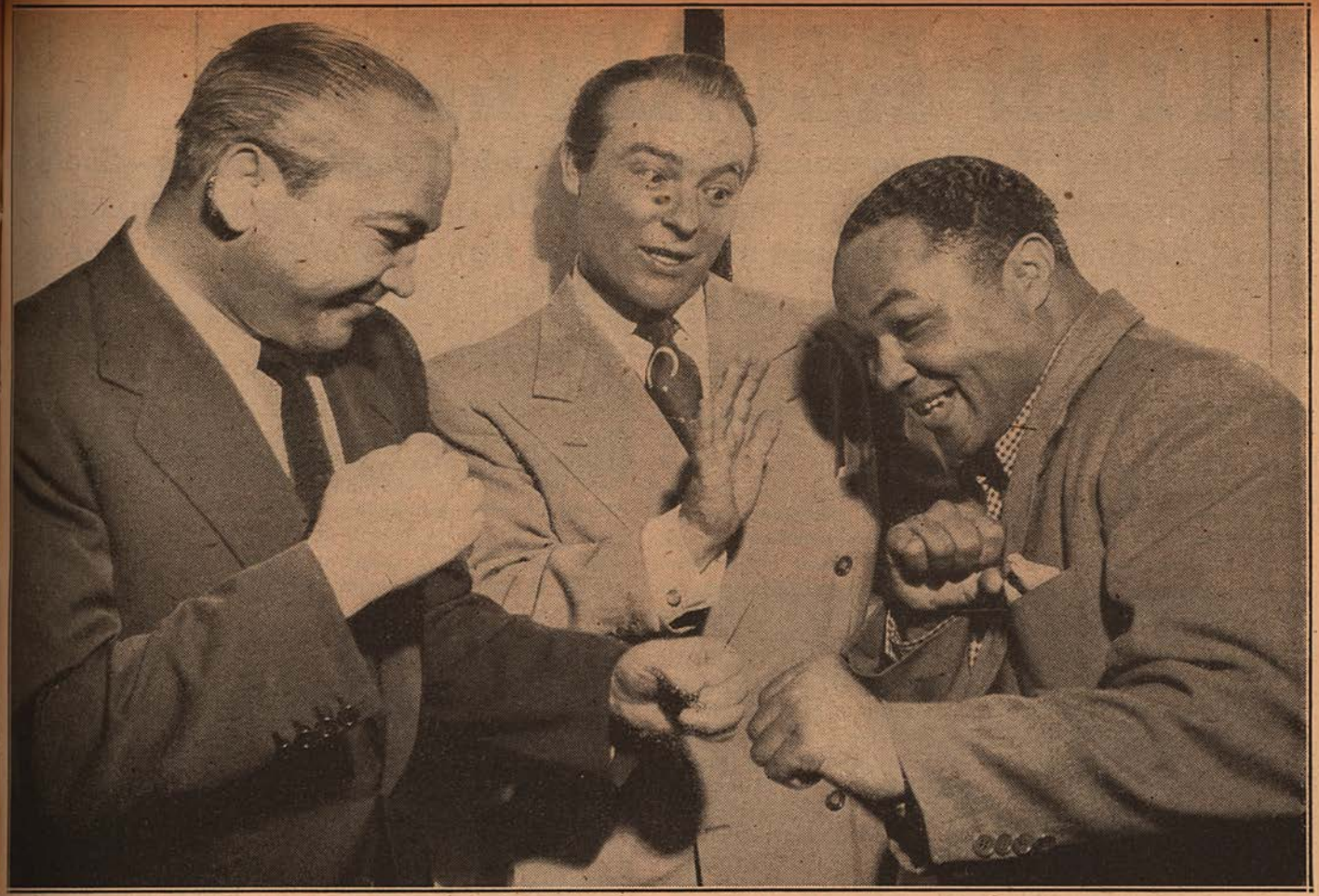
BUT Bruce didn't. He came home and forgot all about your American advice that what he needed was confidence and aggressiveness, and, most of all, the understanding that the ring is no place to get soft-hearted. In other words, when you rock a rival, don't step back and admire your handiwork, like Winston Churchill pausing over a bold stroke on his latest canvas. Instead, that's the time to clobber the other man firmly. Now, after a long delay, Woodcock has finally learned something about the meaning of killer instinct.

We are not implying here that it was the old stunt of European boxers—"get a rep" in America, then rush back here to cash in on it. Nor are we agreeing with the charge Savold's manager, Bill Daly, made a couple of years ago, that "boxers in England have to develop on their own, because British managers are merely booking agents who toss kids in over their heads."

It was just that Bruce wanted to come home. And for a full year after the Mauriello affair, he enjoyed himself. Then, Baksi showed up. Your ex-beer-hall bouncer from the coal mines broke Bruce's jaw, chopped him up—and back to Yorkshire went Woodcock, dolefully humming, "I'm a-working on the railroad." Since he also had some serious eye trouble, we figured this post would be permanent.

THEN last September, he came back. But when Oma came along and seemed to have the same ailment Max Schmeling had in the Sharkey fight in which he won the world title, it didn't help matters any. And Savold only made things worse by poking a punch south of the border, causing Woodcock to collapse, grasping his groin and groaning—even though he was wearing one of "Foulproof" Taylor's protective contraptions. The kind "Foulproof" used to test with baseball bats.

But somewhere along the way since then, the Yorkshireman acquired his "new look"—or, if you will, his American style. What he did to Fearless Freddie was nothing to wish on your best friend. Bruce was vicious and confident—more confident than at any time since he raised lumps on old Gus Lesnevich back in '46. It came close to being cockiness— *(Continued on page 34)*



Barney Ross (left), in a fighting pose with his old 1938 opponent, Henry Armstrong. They appeared on the Philip Morris-NBC, "This Is Your Life" program. Barney's mom, his Guadalcanal chaplain and several war buddies were brought into the broadcast without Ross having known that they were to be present. Ralph Edwards, who handled the program, is in the center.

Jersey Joe Walcott, a happy warrior, does his chores on the lawn of his training camp while preparing for his fight with Ezzard Charles.

Ezzard Charles learned that working up a sweat also works up a thirst. He stops at a pump for a cool drink after taking a four mile run.

TITLE REGAINED BY U.S.

Jake LaMotta, in form reversal, wins world middleweight crown—Shoulder injury causes Marcel Cerdan to quit in tenth round—New champion's left hand badly swollen—Winner puts up best fight of his career to gain goal of his ambition

By NAT FLEISCHER

AMERICA regained the world middleweight championship when Jake LaMotta, long a thorn in the side of the New York Boxing Commission, often referred to as the "bad boy" of pugilism, climaxed his nine-year career as a professional by handing Marcel Cerdan of France one of the worst beatings administered to a title holder in many years in scoring a knock-out in the tenth round. The Frenchman was sitting in his corner unable to answer the bell, but had he not been stopped by his own seconds, he would have been sure prey for a full count and a continued battering had the bout not terminated as it did.

The New Yorker, who has been shunted aside on many occasions by the top men of his division, made an about face in fighting form once he got the shot at the title for which he had aimed over a stretch of years, and gave the greatest exhibition of his career. The 27-year-old gladiator, who had injured his left hand in the fight in the fifth round, was master of the situation almost from the opening gong. Cerdan, taking an unmerciful beating, wobbled to his corner at the end of the ninth round almost in a totter.

He obviously was sick at heart from the terrific body punishment he received and this, added to suffering from a severe injury to his left shoulder, spelled the end for him. Lou Burston, American representative of the defending champion, rushed to the opposite side of the ring and requested Dr. Cahalan to examine Marcel. The Michigan State medico refused to halt the bout. He declared that while Cerdan complained of severe pains and said he couldn't toss a left punch because of it, it required more than a superficial examination to find an injury. Whereupon Burston and Jo Longman, Cerdan's French manager, halted the affair as the bell rang for the tenth round, and a new world champion was crowned.

SINCE it was learned after the bout that LaMotta likewise had suffered an injury, at least in that respect it couldn't be said that the winner had a big advantage because of physical condition. It just wasn't a good evening for Cerdan, who was outfought in every department. In boxing and hitting power, Jake had it all over Marcel.

While the injury to Cerdan's left shoulder muscles was primarily responsible for the defeat of Cerdan, the mental edge gained by LaMotta the night before the battle, played a major part in the return of the title to America. Few in the assembly at Briggs Stadium were aware of the part that a determined challenger, chockful of confidence, went into the ring so sure of himself that he wagered $5,000 on the outcome.

Prior to the original date set for the fight, Jake LaMotta's supporters were few compared to those of the French defender of the crown. But there was a rapid change when they learned that LaMotta, following a tirade against him by the American representative of Cerdan for his refusal to accept their demand that he weigh in the day following the postponement of the fight due to rain, an unusual procedure in boxing, suddenly made an about face and requested a second weigh-in on the morning of the day after the postponement. This action on his part, coming towards midnight, threw the Cerdan camp into panic.

AFTER crying all day for such procedure and even threatening to withdraw Cerdan from the fight if Jake refused to weigh in the next day, the representatives then pleaded to let well enough alone and forget the new weigh-in. They apparently saw a trick in Jake's turnabout.

To this LaMotta now objected, as did Nick Londes, whose first big promotion it was under the new International Boxing Club, and Jim Norris, president of their organization. LaMotta won out, and a new weighing time was arranged by Commissioner Floyd Stevens, much against his wishes, and this time Jake scaled one and a quarter pounds less than the 159½ of the previous day, while Cerdan gained the same weight, and now scaled 159¼, as against 158 in the original ceremonies.

Thus, the cry raised by Lou Burston on behalf of Cerdan that the Frenchman would rather withdraw from the fight than engage a light-heavyweight, made the American representative of Marcel look foolish. Jake proved to all that he was a true middleweight even after a day's postponement.

LaMotta's smart act in making an about face by requesting the very thing for which Burston, Joe Longman and Sam Richman had been fighting, now gave him the mental edge. It was much like the trick played by Bill Brady on Bob Fitzsimmons which had much to do in enabling Jim Jeffries to beat Ruby Robert.

This second weigh-in gave Jake the confidence he needed. He remarked to Jim Norris: "Now I know I'll take the title. I'll even stop him and I'm going to wager plenty on myself. I'll rush him out of the ring. They figured on throwing a scare into me by their actions at the commission offices and their cry of unfairness, but now I've tossed the scare into them. I know it."

And from what I observed, Jake did just that.

EVEN with Cerdan one hundred per cent physically fit throughout the bout, he was doomed to defeat. While Cerdan's injury was more severe than that suffered by LaMotta, a badly swollen left hand is almost as much a handicap as torn ligaments in the shoulder. On the basis of injuries, it was pretty much an even-stephen affair, but in severe punishment, in no middleweight title bout of recent years had a fighter tossed so many blows at an opponent as did LaMotta at Cerdan.

Cerdan declared he injured his shoulder with the first punch, but it wasn't until the fourth round that he failed to throw both lefts and rights. In fact, he won the second round by a wide margin through repeated use of rights and lefts. Several punishing left hooks to the face even jarred Jake, but that was the only round I gave to the Frenchman.

It also was the lone heat he was given by the referee, who called the third even as did I. The referee had Jake ahead on points, 51 to 39. My tally was the same. Judge Joe Lenahan called it two for Cerdan and one even. He gave LaMotta 49 points and Marcel 41 points. Judge Pete Miller gave two rounds to Cerdan and called two even. He had the new champion leading on points, 48 to 42.

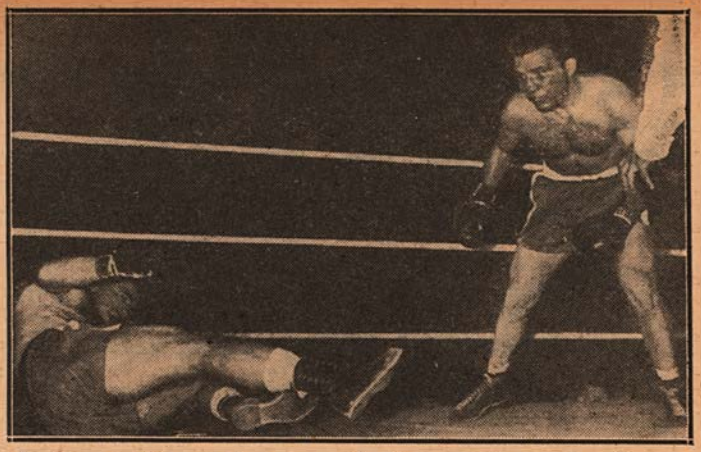
IN the fourth round Jake threw 57 jabs to Cerdan's face and seven hooks, but in a late rally, Marcel connected with several powerful rights to his opponent's face, two of which had a jarring effect.

At times there was no letup in the action during the early rounds, but as the sessions continued, one could plainly see that there was something wrong with the champion as his punches lost their steam and became less and less effective. In one frame, Cerdan scarcely tossed a punch and LaMotta tired himself hooking, jabbing and landing right crosses.

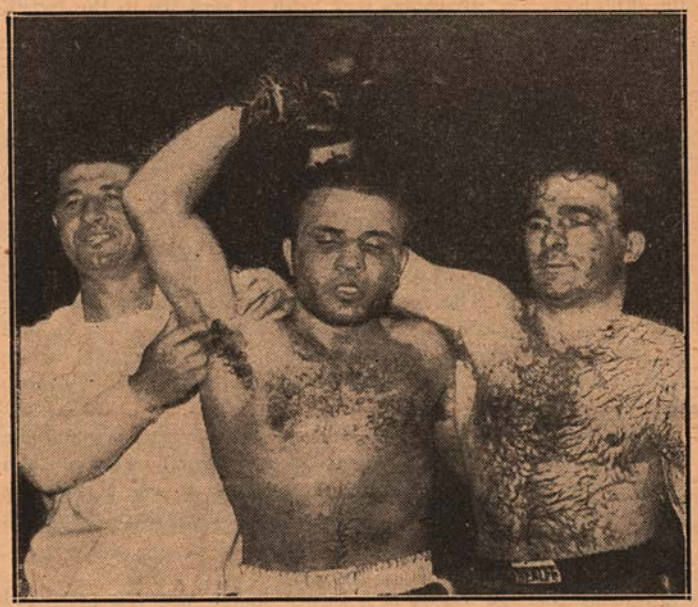
In the ninth round I counted 104 blows that landed on the champion, despite the injury suffered by Jake.

I don't recall any title fight in which both contestants suf-

Marcel Cerdan rallies in the second round and sends a hard right to the face of the challenger, Jake LaMotta. This was one of the few effective blows landed by the Frenchman, who injured his shoulder and couldn't use his left after the third. The second and third rounds were his best.



Cerdan tumbles to the canvas in the opening session from a shove and a body twist. Referee Johnny Weber ruled that it was not a knockdown. The pair had been in an exchange prior to the fall which Cerdan's handlers said was the cause of his injury but on which point Marcel was not certain.



A graceful loser, Marcel hides his keen disappointment as he gives Jake a hand-raising assist at the finish. The gleeful person behind LaMotta is his efficient trainer, Al Silvani, who had the new title holder in the greatest physical condition of his career. Al did a splendid job.

Cerdan winces with pain as his handler works over the injured shoulder. His American handler, Lou Burston, refused to permit the champion to come out for the tenth round. "What's the use of having him hurt any more?" said Lou. "He has suffered sufficiently."

fered injuries that eventually forced each to battle with only one hand. Each personified gameness by his showing. It was the kind of a fight I had predicted on the air in several broadcasts and it was most unfortunate that it had to terminate as it did.

LAMOTTA, whose poor performances in the Madison Square Garden arena had aroused resentment among fans and scribes alike, including myself, was a rejuvenated fighter in this title mill. That's why I selected him to win the crown.

I knew that he had waited many years for the chance to win the championship and that much of his troubles resulted from the run-around he had previously received from the top men of his division. Now his chance had come and he confided to those who interviewed him, as I did, that he had been waiting a long time for this opportunity and that he would not toss his chance away. He trained as he had never before and came into the ring a perfect athlete.

Condition plus the mental edge would have won him the title. In my opinion, he didn't need the help of Cerdan's injury and he'll keep the crown in America when he faces Cerdan in their return bout. Put that in your book for future reference.

CERDAN couldn't toss a left after the fourth round. He was unable to raise his left arm and this handicapped him. Yet it must be recorded that LaMotta, after the fifth, also had great difficulty firing his left because of his swollen hand. He used it but only to jab the face of the defending champion.

Cerdan said that he injured his arm when he was dropped to the canvas in the first round, but that seems improbable based on his splendid work in the second and third rounds, his best. It was after the third that he ceased firing lefts. Hence he must have hurt his arm in the second or third frame.

He complained to his seconds at the end of the second round that he found it difficult to raise *(Continued on page 45)*

PROMOTERS' BUGABOO

Heavy Guarantees Have Caused the Downfall of Many Promising Club Owners

By AL BUCK

EVERY manager looks forward to signing his boxer for a large guarantee. He's happy if he thinks he has outsmarted the promoter. The guarantee is a form of security to the boxer, and also the manager, as neither has to worry about what the fight will draw. Just as long as the promoter is reliable, the manager, protected by the guarantee, is home free.

That's what happened in the spacious Cincinnati Garden when Joey Maxim of Cleveland became the American light-heavyweight king by outpointing Gus Lesnevich, former world champion, in 15 rounds. The fight for the title was sanctioned by the National Boxing Association, and it drew an amazing $56,751. It established Cincinnati as one of the better fight towns in America.

Nevertheless, Sam Becker, the promoter, lost a tremendous amount of money. The reason for the financial setback was the guarantees Sam gave to Jack Kearns, manager of Maxim, and Joe Vella, manager of Lesnevich. Gus received $50,000, while Maxim was paid $15,000. Thus the main event cost $8,249 more than it grossed.

After deducting taxes, paying the preliminary fighters and the cost of promotion, Becker had to meet a deficit of more than $50,000. He took his losses with a smile, but it was a crippling blow to his plan to import Freddie Mills, the world champion, to box the winner.

THE 61-year-old Becker is a former boxer, who has promoted in Cincinnati on a minor scale for years. When the Cincinnati Garden, one of the most modern arenas in the U.S.A., was completed, Sam branched out on the big time. His first fight, in which Ezzard Charles, a Cincinnati boy, defeated Maxim, drew more than $70,000. Sam had a profit and was ready for bigger things.

With Charles boxing Jersey Joe Walcott for the world heavyweight championship in Chicago, Becker was without a local card. Maxim, however, did surprisingly well against Ezzard. When Kearns proposed the Lesnevich fight, Becker listened.

The result was the big guarantee to Lesnevich, and the lesser one to Maxim. To meet them Sam had to price tickets as high as $20. Those who came saw a good fight, but the promoter had to gross close to $100,000 to show a profit.

It seems obvious that such guarantees have no place in modern day boxing. The boxers are entitled to a fair percentage, even a large one, of what they can draw at the gate. Fortunately, Becker is a successful clothier in Cincinnati, and was able to pay off, but had he packed up and terminated his promotional career then and there, nobody could have blamed him.

Maxim and Lesnevich may fight a return bout in September, and if they do, it will be on a percentage basis. Since the first battle was a good one, Becker may get even on the next one. He deserves a break for the game way he accepted his misfortune. His experience was only one of many involving big guarantees. Usually the promoter is the loser, as a glance back through the years will reveal.

JACK DEMPSEY'S fight with Tom Gibbons at Shelby, Mont., July 4, 1923, actually wrecked banks. It was a financial fiasco of such proportions that the citizens of the town still shudder when they think of the huge sum Jack Kearns demanded and got before the battle started. The purpose of the fight was to advertise Shelby. In that it was a huge success. Mayor Jim Johnson and his associates had guaranteed Dempsey $300,000 in three installments of $100,000 each.

Sam Becker, wealthy Cincinnati clothing manufacturer, posing with Joey Maxim to whom he awarded the Becker championship belt after Jack Kearns' protege defeated Gus Lesnevich for the NBA American light-heavyweight title.

The first installment was paid Dempsey in Chicago before he left for Shelby. It was money raised from businessmen, who received tickets to the fight in return. Many of these tickets were later sold at cut rate prices when the fight failed to draw. When the second installment was not paid, Kearns threatened to take Dempsey out of town. This didn't sit well with the citizens.

They insisted Jack stay and fight, and there was talk of violence and gun play. Eventually another $100,000 was raised and paid Dempsey. On the day of the fight Kearns took over the box offices. In all, he probably scraped together a little over $250,000.

Only 7,202 fans paid to see the bout, although others who crashed the gate swelled the crowd to around 11,000. Still others saw the battle free of charge from the hills, the arena having been erected in a valley. The total receipts were $201,485. While Gibbons received nothing, the loss was more than $70,000.

Dempsey left town right after the fight, riding on the train's locomotive for protection from the angry citizens. The next day the Shelby banks failed. Aside from the financial difficulties, the battle is remembered because Gibbons went the full 15 rounds with the mighty Manassa Mauler. Tom was never off his feet.

SOMETIMES the guarantee is to the promoter's advantage. He can win occasionally. Take Dempsey's fight with Georges Carpentier, the first million dollar gate in boxing history. Kearns demanded $300,000. Tex Rickard, the promoter, gave it to him.

Had Kearns agreed to a percentage, Dempsey's purse would have been close to half a million dollars. The fight grossed $1,625,580. As Carpentier received $200,000, Rickard had a handsome profit on his $500,000 gamble.

Even Rickard learned that the guarantee doesn't pay. He guaranteed Gene Tunney $525,000 to fight an opponent mutually agreed upon in 1928. Had Jack Sharkey been nominated, as Rickard wanted, the guarantee to Tunney probably would have been sound business. But Gene insisted on the slower-moving Tom Heeney, who lacked Sharkey's box-office appeal, and the Madison Square Garden directors approved Tunney's choice. The bout drew $691,014. After Heeney had been paid his $100,000, and the taxes and heavy operating costs had been deducted, the show wound up with a deficit of $152,000. Even though they were

the ones who practically forced Rickard to accept Heeney, instead of Sharkey, as Tunney's opponent, the Garden directors blamed Tex for the financial flop. It was the start of a break that didn't take place because Tex died the following year. But he was definitely on his way out.

Any time a Garden promoter loses money in large amounts, it is safe to assume he's finished. Although Mike Jacobs was giving him opposition, things were going well enough with James J. Johnston. As the Garden promoter he guaranteed Barney Ross, world welterweight champion, $35,000 to defend his title.

That was back in 1936 and in those days Sam Pian, Barney's manager, had a flat price—$35,000. It was take it or leave it, and Johnston took, as it was a means of luring Ross away from the Jacobs camp. It was good strategy, but it backfired.

What happened wasn't Johnston's fault. He matched Ceferino Garcia, the hard-hitting Filipino, who was afterwards middleweight champion, with Izzy Jannazzo of New York. He planned to use Garcia, the puncher, against Ross, after Ceferino had beaten Jannazzo. The match made, Johnston sailed for England to see John Henry Lewis defend the light-heavyweight title against Len Harvey.

While Jimmy was abroad, Garcia and Jannazzo fought a draw in the Garden. Still Garcia was the better attraction, but Jannazzo was a local boy. When the promoter returned, he learned that the New York Boxing Commission was insisting on Jannazzo fighting Ross.

The Commission made it stick. Jannazzo fought and lost to Ross. The battle drew only $25,000. The Garden lost $35,000, just what Johnston had guaranteed Ross.

IT was the beginning of the end for Johnston. When Mike Jacobs first lured James J. Braddock into defending the heavyweight title against Joe Louis, and followed with what he called the Carnival of Champions, "J.J.J." was out as the Garden promoter.

Oddly enough Jacobs moved in on the strength of a show that lost money, a lot of money in fact. The Carnival of Champions consisted of four championship fights, three of which were recognized as such by the New York Commission. The Commission refused to consider Marcel Thil of France to be the rightful middleweight champion, although it cost Uncle Mike $45,000 to bring him here to box Fred Apostoli.

The big fight on the card was the lightweight championship. Lou Ambers, the champ, had both a guarantee and a percentage, plus a cut of the radio. His purse was $82,500. Pedro Montanez, the challenger Lou beat, got $25,000. Sixto Escobar received $15,000 for losing the bantamweight crown to Harry Jeffra, while Ross was paid another $35,000 for outpointing Garcia in the best fight on the card.

Apostoli, Garcia and Jeffra each was paid $5,000. Jacobs' guarantees totaled $217,500. The show grossed $234,644. Jacobs' loss after taxes and expenses has been estimated as over $90,000.

The Carnival of Champions had one thing in common with the recent Cincinnati fiasco. It was staged while a convention was in town. The American Legion had taken over New York when Jacobs staged his big show in 1937. The Crosley Radio Company was in convention assembled in Cincinnati when Becker put on Lesnevich and Maxim.

It has been proven over and over again that people attending conventions are not interested in such outside activities as prize-fights.

AL WEILL, who managed Ambers, turned the champion over to Charley Goldman just before the Carnival of Champions to become Jacobs' matchmaker at $15,000 a year. Al only stayed six months, although he moved into the Garden with Mike, but it was a good deal any way you look at it for Weill. He never enjoyed Jacobs' confidence after the Carnival of Champions fiasco, and it wasn't until Uncle Mike retired last month that Weill returned to the Garden as matchmaker.

Another development of the carnival was a ruling by the New York Commission forbidding promoters to pay guarantees to fighters. Legally all main event boxers must gamble on the house. The rule is not always obeyed, but had Sol Strauss stuck to it, he and the 20th Century S. C. might still be in action.

Sol was annoyed by the activities of the Tournament of Champions in New Jersey. The T. of C. had Tony Zale defending the middleweight title against Marcel Cerdan in Jersey City. Two nights later Sol proposed to put on a show at the Yankee Stadium.

Strauss' card was topped by a lightweight title fight between Ike Williams, the champion, and Jesse Flores, who had won a couple of fights in the Garden. As a semi-final he had a non-title battle between Ray (Sugar) Robinson, the welterweight king, and Kid Gavilan. As Robinson wasn't on top, he was guaranteed $20,000.

Williams wasn't given an actual guarantee, but he was promised that his 32½ per cent would not be less than $32,500. The show drew only $60,000 and the loss was tremendous. Strauss, like Johnston, was on his way out of the Garden. Like all the others, Sol is a victim of the guarantee.

THE Tournament of Champions is out of business, too. It paid tremendous guarantees, as much as $160,000 to Rocky Graziano for fighting Zale, and the same amount to Zale for fighting Cerdan. Zale was paid $65,000 as a challenger, while Cerdan collected $50,000 the night he won the title.

Another bout promoted by the T. of C. involved a large guarantee to Tippy Larkin for fighting Charley Fusari in the Jersey City Armory. This match, a good one for New Jersey, lost money because too high a price was paid for the fighters.

The T. of C. may have been fortunate when Ray (Sugar) Robinson damaged a rib and cancelled his bout with Steve Belloise in Jersey City. Both were to receive $20,000 guarantees. Although the fight figured to be a good one it had no appeal to the fans on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

Although boxers who fought at Manhattan Center during the winter were paid on percentage, George Kletz was bidding high for outdoor attractions until the very last. He made bids of $100,000 to at least two champions, Robinson and Willie Pep, the featherweight king.

Neither Ray nor Willie ever reaped their reward as the T. of C. was sold to the Garden. In its one year of existence, the T. of C. met all its obligations, but it is doubtful if it ever made money. In fact, the over-all operation probably produced a loss, which was settled by the sale of all assets to the Garden.

Nevertheless the T. of C. put a price tag on fighters that is much too high in view of present economic conditions. Jack Dempsey, plotting to promote, has duplicated Kletz's $100,000 offer to Pep, but Jack must first get a place in which to promote, and then sign Sandy Saddler, the challenger.

As it is set up, the so-called Monopoly, Inc., will eliminate guarantees in its operations. Joe Louis, Jim Norris, Arthur Wirtz, in alliance with General John Reed Kilpatrick, Ned Irish, and Harry Markson, can insist that the boxers accept a percentage of what they can draw. That is fair and it is good business. It has nothing to do with the argument concerning payment from radio and television receipts, which is something else again.

On the other hand the independent promoter, such as Becker and possibly Dempsey, will find it hard to combat the cauliflower cartel without giving guarantees to fighters. When and if they do, they should realize that it is a risky business.

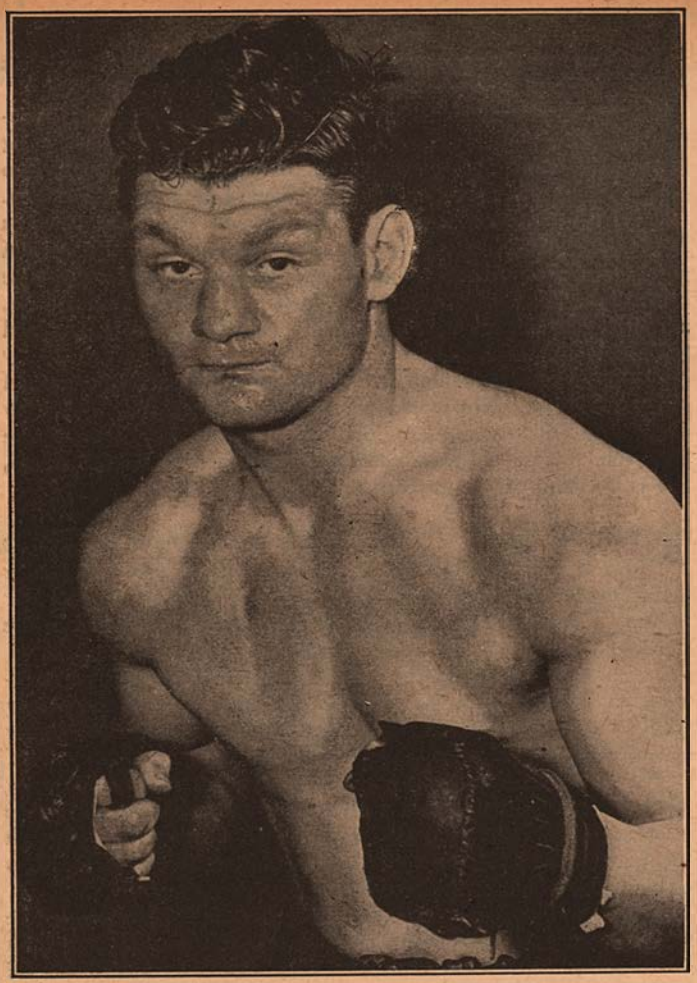
Even the great promoters, Rickard and Jacobs, learned that it was possible to over-estimate the strength of an attraction. They learned it the hard way, as did Sam Becker.

A fighter actually is worth only a fair proportion of what he draws to the box office. Regardless of what the gate may be, a boxer, working on a reasonable percentage, is certain to get something. It's the promoter who takes the real gamble. Not only has he the main event to worry about, but rental, preliminary card, printing, help and other operating expenses, as well as his own time and work. Occasionally, he will guess right. More often he will guess wrong.

A manager cannot be blamed for getting the best terms possible for his fighter. But the demands of some managers often are all out of proportion to their fighters' worth, and more than one promoter has had to pay handsomely to learn his lesson.

WOODCOCK'S FEAT REVIVES TOPIC of K.O. WALLOPS

By "THE RING" EDITOR



Bruce Woodcock, whose nine knockdowns over Freddie Mills recalls lusty punching by ring's outstanding heavyweights of the past.

THE nine knockdowns scored by Bruce Woodcock in his British Empire heavyweight and European championship fight with Freddie Mills, a battle that placed the winner in line for the crown vacated by Joe Louis, has brought to the front the topic of lethal wallops in heavyweight bouts.

Discussions on the respective punching abilities of champions past and present, particularly the contenders now striving for a chance to gain the crown Louis wore for a longer stretch than any other heavyweight king, are now in order. Though such arguments get one nowhere, they are interesting. Could Dempsey have outpunched Joe Louis? Could Sullivan have walloped the Brown Bomber into submission? Was Jeffries a harder hitter than Bob Fitzsimmons? How does the punching power of the present crop of contenders compare to those who fought it out for Gene Tunney's title? Those are the type of queries one hears often since Louis retired to become a fight promoter.

All that can really be established by such discussions is that there were heavyweights who possessed the punch soporific and there still are, but comparison between scrappers who never met in the ring settles nothing in as much as no proof can be forthcoming. It's purely a guess and that of our readers is as good as that of the author. However, one thing is certain—of all the heavyweights of recent years, at least from Jack Dempsey's rise to fistic fame, no fighter carried the T.N.T. in his fists that Joe Louis possessed. He was tops and still is despite his retirement.

LOUIS attributed his driving power to the back muscles located directly beneath his shoulder blades. In his prime, he was the most perfectly proportioned athlete that ever answered the gong for a heavyweight championship match. But that physique had little to do with his dynamic hitting powers. There have been many finely built fighters who couldn't hit a lick. On the other hand there have been scrappers of ungainly build, quite lacking in grace of movement, who could wallop the daylights out of their opponents.

Bob Fitzsimmons was one of that type. Joe Walcott, a welterweight, another. Tony Galento, built like a beer barrel, could sock with terrific force. Fitz was flat-footed and spindle-shanked, looked clumsy, but the driving power of those back muscles of his, developed in early life through hard labor at a blacksmith's forge, put the kayo venom into a pair of huge, gnarled hands.

Most of the heavyweights from Sullivan to Louis, were fine specimens of manhood. Jeffries, for example stood forth as a magnificently proportioned arena monarch and so did Sullivan in his better days. They came no handsomer built than Jack Johnson, the Galveston Giant, the first Negro to win a heavyweight title. Remarkably supple, well-balanced, perfectly proportioned, he was a fit figure for the sculptor.

Today, many years after their retirement, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey attract attention of admiring throngs wherever they go. They are well preserved. In contrast we have the elephantine appearance of Primo Carnera, whose abnormal size, huge, flabby hands and facial appearance make him fall far short of physical proportional perfection.

NO finer figure was ever seen in a ring than that of Max Baer when he whipped Carnera and he still is a husky, shapely chap, although time has thickened his body up a bit. Likewise Jimmy Braddock who rounded out a long career by whipping Tommy Farr. Tall and erect as a Remington Indian, Jim hasn't changed much outwardly over the years since he won the title from Baer.

As a rule the man who wins blue ribbon honors by annexing the heavyweight title is a knockout walloper. Those who like myself, figured that Bruce Woodcock was washed up following the severe beating he received from Joe Baksi who broke his jaw, and his subsequent victory over Lee Savold on a foul at a time when the American was leading on points, had to eat their words when Bruce came through with flying colors. What impressed most was his hitting. Scoring nine knockdowns, four in the final round in his bout with Mills, was convincing proof that Woodcock, no matter how he might compare with past first string heavyweights, does possess the sock. And because of that, should he whip Savold next September, and then be matched against the American heavyweight victor, he'll prove a good drawing card. The potential slugger is the one whose name is best remembered regardless of fistic styles and times. There have been a few exceptions.

JIM CORBETT outboxed John L. Sullivan until that terrific master of swat was exhausted, and then beat him down and out with a volley of trenchant blows. In his early career Jim scored a few clean knockouts, but later perfected hit-and-getaway methods to an extent that made him the most finished boxer of his period. Only once was he known to throw science to the winds.

That was when, stung to fury by spoken insults from Charlie Mitchell in the ring at Jacksonville, Florida, the American went in pell-mell, swinging and hooking. The Briton was a whole lot lighter and shorter than Corbett, besides being past his prime, else, indignant as he was, Gentleman Jim would probably not have taken such a chance. The slugging melee ended in the third round, when a right uppercut to the chin laid Mitchell out for a full count.

John L. is remembered only as a sort of human battering-ram. But though John never claimed to be a tricky sparrer, he was master of a certain brand of fighting cleverness. He always

rushed to close quarters, but could slip punches with the best of them, by letting blows go over his shoulder, or rolling with them as they reached the head.

He would counter smartly either with a straight left to the body, or an over-hand swing for the jaw. In forcing openings he used his left, more in a sort of pawing fashion rather than a jab. When an opponent tried to move back, Sullivan's right usually terminated the proceedings by catching his man either back of the ear or on the jawpoint.

BECAUSE Fitzsimmons stopped Corbett with a stomach punch, which was ballyhooed under the more ornate name of the "solar plexus," the blow was characterized as Bob's favorite finisher. Before and after he whipped Gentleman Jim, the freckled one was a deadly body puncher. But he didn't rely for victory on the so-called "solar plexus" wallop any more than he did on an inside right counter to the jaw, or left hook to the same spot, both of which blows he used with stunning effect. He had no "pet" punch, such as many fistic chroniclers credited him with. Fitz hit in any way he thought suited to the occasion, and his judgment wasn't often at fault.

There has always been a lot of foolish statements printed regarding "pet punches," and the invention of new and extraordinary blows by champions. They are usually figments of the imagination put into circulation by publicity sharps who have an ax to grind.

Primo Carnera belted out Jack Sharkey with a long sweeping uppercut, and at once the glad news appeared in the daily sport pages that the big fellow had won the world's heavyweight title by virtue of a "secret" punch he had discovered, and practiced constantly while training for the battle. Ring patrons wise to the funny angles of the game merely snickered, but the phoney stuff went across okay with many less sophisticated souls. To say that Carnera was capable of inventing anything was a ghastly jest. The huge chap was a perfect example of a living automaton. He did whatever he was told to do to the best of his limited ability, but his boxing was purely mechanical.

JACK JOHNSON has never been classed among the heavy hitters of the ring. Most fight chroniclers, and a majority of fans, tabbed him as a great defense scrapper, and let it go at that. The truth is that Johnson could hit like a pile-driver when he wanted to. But the big Negro champion was first, last and all the time an accomplished scientist who usually preferred the safety angle and refused to take unnecessary chances of getting his head knocked off. Johnson wore 'em down. He stood erect, leaning back from his hips, and it was next to impossible to welt him with a right hand. The sluggers simply couldn't reach him, or get past that unerring long left and impenetrable guard.

But it's a big mistake to conclude that he was minus a kayo wallop. Consider his stunning knockout of Stanley Ketchel. He nailed Stanley with a right uppercut to the mouth, as Ketchel ducked to dodge a left. The blow caught Stanley squarely on the mouth, and its impact broke off every front tooth in Ketchel's head at the gums, both lower and upper rows.

Probably no fighter ever utilized the right uppercut with such deadly facility as did Johnson. But for that matter, his boxing repertoire was full of subtle trick stuff. Nobody could outguess Jack Johnson in his prime. He was a master of the fine art of doing the unexpected, a thing his opponents usually found out too late to profit by the knowledge.

BIG Jess Willard was bone-lazy. He had a lethargic temperament, hated training, and was given to loafing in the ring in a way that drove his seconds and backers frantic. It was only when he was hurt by a punch that his placid temper blazed into fury, and he proved that he could strike with blasting force. To this very day Jack Dempsey asserts he never stood up under a harder punch than the right to the head with which Willard tagged him during the last round of their Toledo battle, in which the Manassa Mauler won the heavyweight title.

In Willard's first appearance in a New York city ring he boxed a no decision bout with Arthur Pelkey, and went ten rounds under similar conditions with Luther McCarty. On each occasion his seconds vainly tried to prod him into lively action, but Jess seemed content just to "hold his own," and wouldn't cut loose.

That was in 1912, and the same year he took on "Soldier" Kearns, a big, strong chap who could both hit and "take it." They went into the eighth frame with Willard's manager, Tom Jones, blaspheming bitterly because his big charge was allowing the Soldier to take the play away from him. Suddenly Kearns hit the giant with a terrific left on the jaw. Willard was staggered to the ropes, and his knees knocked together. Recovering instantly, Jess roared like a wounded bull, swung an uppercut from his hip to the chin and lifted Kearns from his feet and hurled him clean across the ring, knocked cold. In May of the same year "Bull" Young had died as a result of a kayo administered to him in Vernon, Calif.,

(Continued on page 39)

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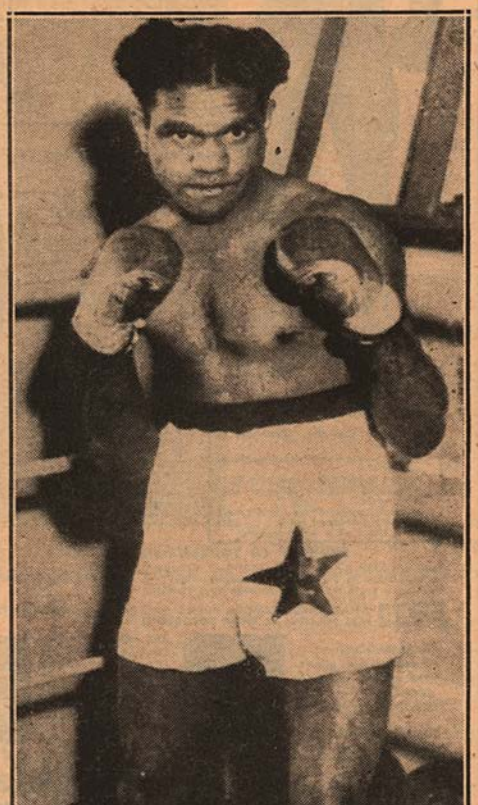
BENNETT, ABORIGINE, HITS *the* JACKPOT

Elley, Native of the Bush Country of Central Queensland, Showered with Praises and $20,000 in Cash, Leaps Into Leading Contender's Post in Bantam Division

By JOHNNY SALAK

OUT of the bush country of Central Queensland, a little dark-skinned aborigine, Elley Bennett, has come to claim international recognition in the boxing world and stand forth as Aussie's leading light of the prize ring, overshadowing, though his stature be small, such outstanding contemporaries as Dave Sands, Jack Hassen, Eddie Miller and Mickey Hill.

While little recognized apart from his own country and THE RING Magazine, where he had been carefully watched and highly rated, Bennett recently took on the world's second leading bantamweight contender, the American Negro, Cecil Schoonmaker, and disposed of him in six rounds. The all-important victory, which catapulted him to near the top of the division, set trans-oceanic cables buzzing in an attempt to clinch for the new fistic star a title bout with Manuel Ortiz, world champion in that division. Ortiz could come to Australia with a $25,000 guarantee waiting him, or Bennett would come to the States, or fight the champion under water, or do anything as long as the titleholder agreed to meet Bennett in the ring with the crown at stake. And flocking to support him were sports officials and business men of his native land who, having succeeded in securing the 1956 Olympic Games for the Land Down Under, saw in this native son an opportunity to further the cause and gain a wider recognition and interest in Australian sports and the country itself.



Elley Bennett, highly rated bantam who knocked out Cecil Schoonmaker in six rounds.

ASHY, almost retiring person, Elley was born at Barambah Aboriginal Settlement, at Pialba, Queensland, on April 3, 1924. He is one of the few survivors of a race fast dying out—a race of truly remarkable people whose ancestors survived for hundreds of thousands of years in Australia before the coming of the white man in the early 1800's. His father in his day was known as a first-class track man.

Having worked at a number of occupations that have built his little body into a solid and sturdy mechanism, given him strong lungs, shifty and tapered legs, and determination, Bennett has acquired an aggressive, bewildering and unorthodox style of continually changing his stance and delivering punches from every conceivable angle in veritable whirlwind fashion. At times he has been a logger, cord wood cutter, cane cutter, fruit picker and fisherman—all back-breaking but body building jobs. His one ambition is to earn enough at boxing to fit himself with a modern fishing boat as a means of earning a livelihood at his home in Urangan.

Bennett is not by far the first Australian to gain the fame and renown that is now coming to him, nor is he the first of his race to make a name for himself in boxing, for before him were Herbert Slade, the Maori, who was thought by Jem Mace to be good enough to win the world heavyweight title; Jerry Marshall and Jerry Jerome, who were champions, and Harry Laing, who defeated the Barrier champion, Joe Goddard.

It was in Australia that Bob Fitzsimmons learned the rudiments of the game that were to bring him three world titles; and it was to Australia that Peter Jackson came from the West Indies to make his mark in the professional ring. It was Australia that produced the incomparable Young Griffo, Dan Creedon, Frank Slavin, Jim Hall, Australian Billy Murphy, Joe Goddard, Shadow Maber, Les Darcy and a host of other world famous battlers who gave to Australia a rich and important boxing history, second to none.

ELLEY BENNETT had fought intermittently with some success at Maryborough, but it was not until Christmas of 1945 that he was to join Snowy Hill, the old-time champion, and start on his rapid rise to the top. After several preliminary bouts, his next fights were against John Demsky, at the time Queensland's second best featherweight. Demsky won the first, the second was a draw and Bennett took the third; they were six-, eight- and ten-round bouts in that order.

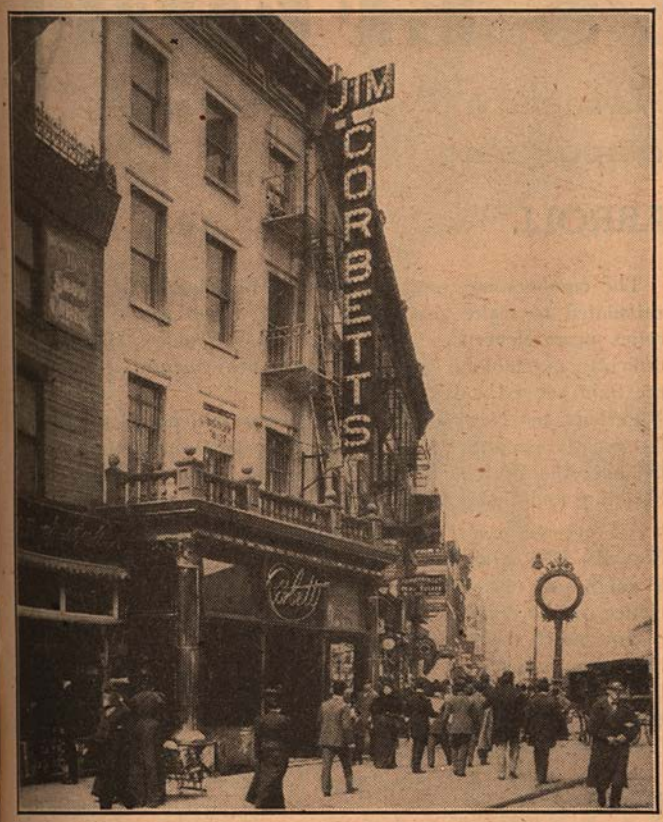
Several impressive knockouts followed and he was matched with Stumpy Butwell for the State bantam title at Brisbane Stadium. In a hard, vicious fight, Bennett's non-stop style had punished Butwell badly about the eyes and in the tenth round, Referee Pat Hill wisely called a halt during the interval when it was acknowledged that Elley's opponent did not stand a chance with him.

He was then challenged by George Kennedy for the title over 15 rounds and in the 13th frame Bennett received a cut over the eye and was induced by his handler, Snowy Hill, to discontinue the fight.

Knockouts over Len Young, Ron Brain and Dave Robinson and a decision over Little Paras gained for him a shot at Mickey Francis for the bantamweight title of Australia, though he had had only about eight main-event fights under his belt. It proved to be, however, the easiest fight of his career as he put Francis away in three rounds.

He was then rematched with the Filipino, Little Paras, at Brisbane Stadium, and Bennett outfought *(Continued on page 35)*

Old Timers' Album



Operating saloons and restaurants has long been a popular fad with outstanding fighters, particularly heavyweight champions. Jim Corbett was no exception. Gentleman Jim's cafe, near Herald Square, was a favorite rendezvous for New York's sporting fraternity during the early years of the 20th century.

Music would appear to have had its charms for Jack Dempsey. His dad Hiram, does the playing. In the days following Jack's entry into the restaurant business, his dad was a frequent visitor to Dempsey's tavern. He passed away a few years ago.

No heavyweight king's career seemed complete without an appearance in a stage play. Here is Tommy Burns (left), as he was seen in a thespian role with "Fat" McArdle.

The Old and the New get together, when John L. Sullivan, grown gray and portly, shakes hands with the new heavyweight king, Jack Johnson. The smiling gentleman standing just behind Sullivan is Billy Delaney, who developed two other heavyweight champions, Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries.

MAXIM CASHING IN ON DECADE'S EFFORT

Joey's Clean-Cut Triumph Over Lesnevich Peak Achievement of Intensive Campaigning

By TED CARROLL

AFTER almost ten years of trying, Joey Maxim at last has gained some measure of success and recognition. The road has been rough for the Cleveland Italian. His record is dotted with the names of a lot of tough nuts no one else cared to meet. His three meetings with Ezzard Charles are tipoffs on the calibre of the competition Maxim has been in there with. Maxim lost all three to Charles, but the last of these was a hairline affair, with the Cincinnati contender winning a split decision.

Often overlooked is the decision Maxim grabbed over Jersey Joe Walcott in the latter's home town of Camden, N. J., back in 1946. Two subsequent matches took place between the Cleveland boy and the Jersey veteran. Neither was sensational but both were close and there was little to choose between them at the finish. Walcott got the verdicts. Their last meeting, with crooner Frankie Sinatra in the role of promoter, and Joe Louis lending a hand with the ballyhoo, on June 23, 1947, convinced Frankie that there was no business like show business.

As far back as 1941 and '42, his first two years in professional boxing, Maxim was tangling with such rough characters as Lee Oma, Nate Bolden, Booker Beckwith, Jimmy Bivins, Curtis Sheppard and Charles.

Only one "KO by" appears in his record despite the orneriness of the men he's fought. This was a one-round quickie by Curtis Sheppard, a tough puncher, back in 1943. Less than a month later, Maxim outstabbed and outsmarted this hard hitter to even matters.

HOME TOWN rival Jimmy Bivins, then at the top of his form, was too much for Maxim in their first meeting on June 22, 1942. Joey had to wait seven years but finally got even when he edged out his Forest City rival on December 7 of last year.

In his most recent embroglio with Charles, Maxim was defeated but far from disgraced. In fact, one judge saw the contest as an even thing and voted accordingly. This match, held in the brand new Cincinnati Garden on February 28, set a record for attendance at a Cincinnati fight with 14,062 customers sitting in and paying $72,818 to watch the proceedings.

The rugged quality of his opposition has forced Maxim to develop his defensive abilities up to unusual perfection for a present-day boxer. Skill such as his is pretty much a lost art today, as the public appetite has hungered for free swinging sluggers and kayo artists these many years. Endowed with more than average skill since his amateur beginnings at the tender age of 13, Maxim, in order to survive the onslaughts of such as Charles and Bivins, has rounded out his style to the point where he is far and away the best boxing big man in the business.

Since New York fight crowds are unusually partial to rough, tough fighters, it comes as no surprise that Maxim in a couple of showings in the big town did not set it on fire. This was especially true in his first big town appearance on March 11, 1946, when, showing some effects of a recently ended army hitch, he was outfumbled by an average heavyweight, John Thomas.

IN a subsequent scramble with the same fighter a year or so later, Maxim had regained enough of his pre-war skill to even the score via a ten-round decision in Cleveland. Garden fight fans threw up their hands and hollered "Enough!" following his meeting with Olle Tandberg in the big New York arena a year ago but that wasn't entirely Maxim's fault.

The cumbersome, ungainly style of his bigger foe was hardly calculated to make anyone look good, much less a boxer who relies upon cleverness as much as Maxim does. He had little difficulty outstabbing the Continental heavyweight, even though the fight proved a dreary drag.

Perhaps his New York misfortunes should not disturb Maxim too greatly since many another world beater out of town couldn't get over the Gotham hurdles. Jeff Smith, Tuffy Griffiths, Young Stribling and Jackie Fields are a few who come to mind.

All eye-witnesses agree that his victory over Lesnevich on May 23, 1949, was Maxim's most impressive showing. This was a good and exciting fight with the Clevelander a unanimous choice of the officials at the end of the match.

How much the N.B.A. blessing as American light-heavyweight champion, which was conferred on him, will amount to, remains to be seen. There was a time when this particular title was taken quite seriously. This was during the period of 1920-1923 when Georges Carpentier was world ruler in the division.

It proved quite a stepping stone for Gene Tunney in his march to the heavyweight crown. Gene won the United States section of the title by outpointing the late Battling Levinsky in the old Madison Square Garden on January 23, 1922, lost and then regained it from the great middleweight, Harry Greb, a year later. Both Tunney-Greb bouts created much interest. Tunney eventually outgrew the 175-pound class limit. Ol' Mike M'Tigue phenagled Battling Siki, who had taken the world's title from Carpentier, into the famous St. Patrick's Day encounter in Dublin in 1923, and when Mike, after winning the crown, returned to his adopted America, the United States title was laid away in mothballs until the N.B.A. dug it out this year.

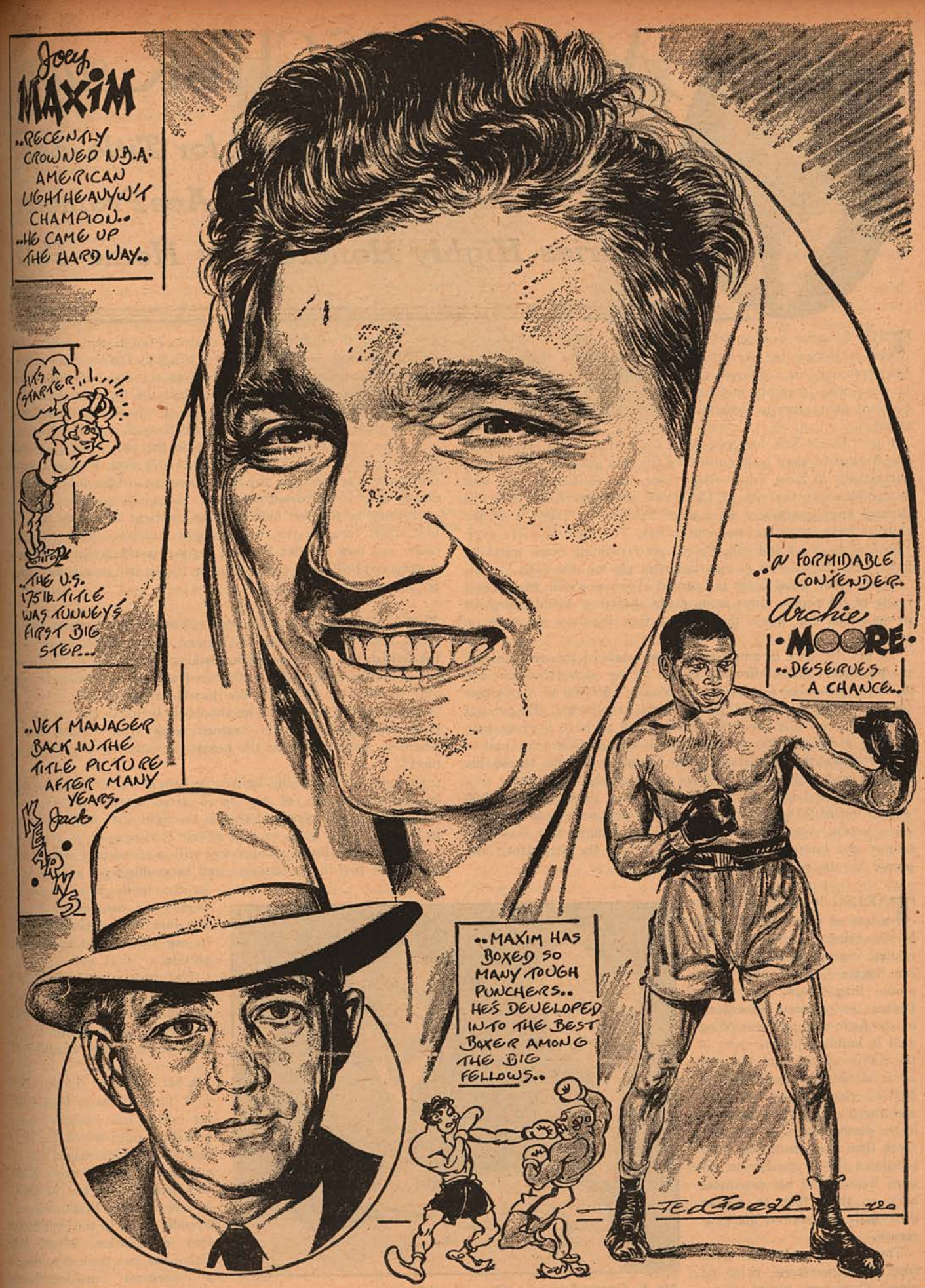
DESPITE his heavyweight campaigning, Maxim has been a light-heavy all along. At 174 pounds he was at his peak, according to observers. Manager Jack Kearns, while not exactly disdaining a crack at Freddie Mills' world crown, makes no bones about admitting that his big objective is a chance at the ultimate survivor of the heavyweight fol-de-rol involving Charles-Walcott-Savold, etc.

Long years have slipped by since old Doc Kearns got his clutches on any kind of a title. If Maxim eventually winds up as world's light-heavyweight king, and this is quite possible, it will be interesting to observe the tangles which will inevitably arise between the Doc and the various commissions over the matter of title defenses. As guiding genius of Jack Dempsey, Jackie Fields and Mickey Walker, Kearns had his own ideas about the frequency and the details surrounding title matches involving his champions.

It is no longer the simple matter of keeping the most worthy contender waiting for years and years that it once was. The Joe Louis era changed all that. Today's title holders, unlike the old-timers, fight the good ones with that crown at stake or find themselves in hot water all over.

If Mills continues to show some reluctance to accommodate world title challengers, the United States title may take on much of its importance of 25 years ago. If this transpires, Maxim, born Joseph Antonio Berardinelli by the way, has some good challengers camping on his doorstep.

The most persevering of these perhaps is Archie Moore, who has been moving along well. Moore, whose fistic meanderings



cover many years, many climes and many managers, is off on another one of the victory tears which have marked his ring career.

Archie's kayo of heavyweight Jimmy Bivins was a standout even though the Cleveland Negro has seen his best days. The performance is given added lustre when contrasted with the tough time Maxim had eking out a split *(Continued on page 36)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Becker Pays Heavy Price for Title Bout

Jack Solomons Now World's Ace Promoter

Jeffries Highly Honored by Home Folk

THE financial beating which Sam Becker took in Cincinnati in promoting the American light-heavyweight championship fight between Gus Lesnevich and Joey Maxim should be a lesson to those who in recent months have gone overboard in offering fabulous guarantees to fighters in an effort to corner outstanding talent.

I don't blame Sam for going after his first championship match. But he should have been guided by the low gates in other cities, particularly in New York, where there are millions of fight fans as compared to the city of Cincinnati, and appreciated that the days of huge guarantees were over. Boxing has taken it on the chin, as have other business enterprises. The lush days are over. Spending is at a stand-still. People are remaining home watching fights and other forms of entertainment via the television.

If, however, good fights are carded at prices within the present range of the people, there is no doubt that they would rather sit in the arena and watch the actual action, than see the fight on a screen.

To get the price of admission within reach of the average fan, the promoter cannot afford to give a fighter such fabulous sums as were guaranteed Lesnevich and Maxim—$50,000 to the former titleholder and $15,000 to Jack Kearns' meal-ticket. To get out from under on this overhead, Becker had to have a gross gate of close to $90,000. To get that sum, it was necessary for him to charge twice the admission price he got when he staged his opening card with Ezzard Charles and Maxim, a sell-out.

For Maxim-Lesnevich, Becker took in a gross of $56,151.50 with a top of $20. The lowest priced tickets were sold at $3.50. As a result, only 6,648 persons attended a fight that was well fought and interesting whereas 14,000 was the attendance expected by the promoter.

TAKING it on the chin for a loss of more than $50,000 is something that not even an opulent organization like Madison Square Garden could stand more than once or twice. Becker had placed Cincinnati on the fistic map and was doing well in building up the sport in the mid-west city and the pity of it all is that one bout, an N.B.A. championship at that, was the means to put the sport in the dumps again. It will take more than the return bout now scheduled for September to get Sam Becker and his associates back on their feet, so far as their fistic promotions are concerned.

The entire card was good from the spectators' point of view. There was plenty of action in the main event, despite a weak hitting affair. The bout proved that Lesnevich is far from being through. Had the contest been a ten rounder, Gus would have won on my score card. My tally for the fifteen rounds showed Maxim ahead eight rounds to six and one even and 67 points to 64 points. This differed from the larger margin given the victor by the three judges, each of whom had a number of rounds even, thus alloting five points to each fighter.

Maxim started his upward climb in the tenth round and with the exception of the fifteenth, Lesnevich's best, he took four of the last five sessions. In the final round Lesnevich looked like the champ of old. He tossed caution to the winds and cut loose with everything he had left but it wasn't sufficient to win the fight for him. Thus Jack Kearns, who brought millions into the Dempsey coffer and now handles Maxim, has a new titleholder with whom to play and he'll make the most of it, if past ballyhoo is a criterion. He is a master in the art.

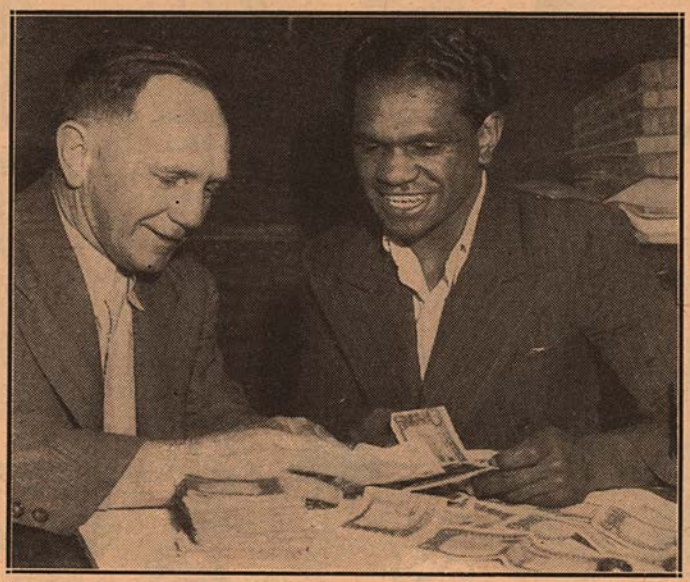
MAXIM should furnish good opposition for Freddie Mills in a world title contest in England. His style fits in with what the British like to see and if he obtains a match with Freddie and can show the same skill he displayed against Lesnevich, he probably would whip Mills via the decision route.

Both Lesnevich and Maxim should do better in the heavyweight class, especially Gus who seemed weak from weight making. There is more money in the heavier division in which each fits nicely.

Gus should vacate the light-heavyweight ranks. He cannot go beyond ten rounds at top speed after weakening himself in making weight. He proved that in the fight with Mills and again in the Cincinnati bout, each of which I witnessed.

In Maxim he found an opponent with a tantalizing straight left, one of the best in the business, and he couldn't get away from it. In the tenth round I counted twenty-one consecutive lefts to the face before Gus could get in one short right to the midsection.

Unfortunately Maxim cannot hit with force. If he had a punch, he would be my choice as the best of the heavyweights now after Louis' vacated title.



Mr. V. Gregor-Lowndes, Queensland business man, turning over to Elley Bennett two thousand pounds in admiration for his victory over Cecil Schoonmaker. Bennett is the Australian bontam king. Manuel Ortiz has accepted an offer for $25,000 to fight Bennett in Australia for the crown.

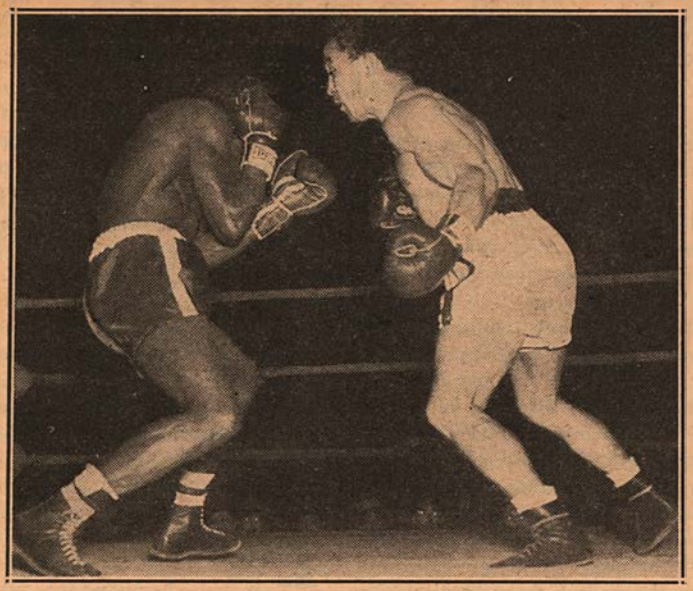
AMERICAN boxing enthusiasts took little interest in the heavyweight "championship" fight which Joe Louis and his combine staged in Chicago as we went to press. While the British came out in droves to see Bruce Woodcock and Freddie Mills in the first of the two elimination bouts Jack Solomons has booked to decide a "successor" to Joe Louis, Americans are likely to turn the Brown Bomber's kinky hair grey by their lack of enthusiasm and their failure to crowd

around the box office for admission tickets for his Chicago bout. Solomons had a sellout gathering of 46,000 persons who paid $280,000.

When Jack Solomons first made his announcement that he would find Louis' successor in a tri-cornered affair in which Mills, Woodcock and Savold would be pitted, his statement was greeted with sneers on the American side of the Atlantic. Now Jack has as many sports critics on his side as has Joe Louis. The public likewise is getting hep to the fact that no world champion will be crowned unless the leading contenders are given a chance to fight it out among themselves. Should the Woodcock-Savold victor be matched with the Charles-Walcott winner, we definitely will have Joe Louis' successor emerging from such a bout.

During the past few weeks, seven of America's leading columnists, among them Grantland Rice, Harry Grayson, Gene Kessler, Harry Smith, Bill Cunningham and Dan Parker, came forth with the statement that Jack Solomons has as much right to declare the winner of his tourney the world champion, as has Joe Louis. "The winner of Jack's bouts versus the winner of the Chicago match, would undoubtedly obtain international approval as world champion," wrote Grantland Rice and in that he follows the path mapped out by this publication weeks ago.

Whatever happens, one thing is certain—England will outdraw America three to one in its eliminations and thus the world interest in the heavyweights has shifted, at least temporarily, overseas.



Alfredo Prado, Argentine lightweight champion (right), made his American debut a successful one by knocking out Charley Cabey Lewis, at the Queensboro Club in 42 seconds of the opening round. A left hook to the jaw jarred the Brooklynite and a right followed that ended the fight. Prado is an excellent prospect and has a fine record.

JACK DEMPSEY'S pot shots at the newly organized alliance in which the Garden outfit has hooked up with the Louis contingent of the Mid-West, especially at the Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott battle, had its effect on the show. His blasts against the Garden monopoly and Joe Louis' personal choice of his successor, alienated many fight fans.

Dempsey aroused the fight enthusiasts of the country by broadcasts, interviews and special articles in magazines and the newspapers against what he termed the "dangers" confronting the sport. Judging by letters I have received, he gained many supporters. His gains meant Louis' losses in ticket sales.

In addition to attacking Abe Greene, National Boxing Commissioner of the N.B.A., for sanctioning the Charles-Walcott fight as a world title bout, Dempsey struck out with full force against monopoly in boxing by citing his own case when he was at the helm and Tex Rickard was the promoter, and calling boldly upon boxing commissions, whether members of the N.B.A. or not, to put their foot down strongly on "exclusive contracts".

"Such contracts," said Dempsey over the air in a mid-west radio interview, "mean the death knell of the sport I love and am trying to save for the fight fans. They should be banned. No one has a right to curb competition by sewing up a fighter for a term of years so that he cannot fight for another promoter.

"Boxing was at its height when I was king of the division. I made millions for myself and for Tex Rickard, yet Tex never stood in my way when I wanted to fight for some one other than the Garden. I fought twice while champion for other promoters, yet today such a thing would not be possible under monopoly rule. It shouldn't be permitted."

How far Jack Dempsey will get with his campaign, is a matter of conjecture. I don't think he'll get very far. Such attacks have been launched before and will continue, yet the promoters who have the money and can get the talent, will continue to be the top men in the field regardless of monopoly talk.

I AGREE with Dempsey in his contention that Louis had no right to name the Charles-Walcott winner as the world titleholder, his successor to the throne, any more than Jack Solomons has the right to name the winner of the Woodcock-Mills-Savold fights as the champion. It simply isn't done that way in boxing.

The holder of the crown will be the man who wins it in open competition in which the five or six outstanding world heavyweights, regardless of the poor calibre of the field, comes out on top.

To that winner THE RING will offer a world championship belt, the best ever given by this publication. It will be a prize worth owning, that I promise, and the man who gets that trophy, will be the one who emerges on top from among the Charles-Walcott fight winner, vs. the winner of Jack Solomons' promotion in which Woodcook, who stopped Freddie Mills, will have Lee Savold as his opponent. That will be truly an international elimination in which there can be no question of naming the victor world titleholder.

Dempsey believes in free enterprise, as did Tex Rickard. It was Mike Jacobs who started the "exclusive" contracts and the new combination will see to it that such agreements will be continued.

By sewing up Charles and Walcott, and getting the N.B.A. to accept the match as a world title mill, Joe Louis and his outfit, now allied with the Garden, pulled an ace. They assured themselves of ownership of the world championship match so far *as America* is concerned over a stretch of years, as did Mike Jacobs, because every time a bout for the title takes place, the contender will be asked to sign an "exclusive" for a number of years.

In the Charles-Walcott case, it is two years, but there is no telling how many years it will be with younger talent that may come to the fore as challengers for world honors.

It was this "exclusive" that caused the Garden to hook up with Louis and his colleagues. The Garden, without the services of the heavyweight champion, might as well close shop. By its alliance, the Garden is assured of at least one heavyweight title bout each year, whether indoor or outdoor, since New York is the world center of boxing and a heavyweight championship bout can gross more in the Garden or Yankee Stadium than anywhere else in the world.

JUNE 9 was proclaimed Jim Jeffries Day at Burbank, California, home of the world heavyweight king who came out of retirement in an effort to bring back the crown to the white race. Fifty years ago on that day, Jeffries won the title by stopping Bob Fitzsimmons in eleven rounds at Coney Island, in New York, and the people of his home town where Jeff has resided for forty-five years, decided to commemorate the victory with a huge celebration. The seventy-four year old Jeffries would much prefer to remain out of the spotlight, but his friends in California thought otherwise and arranged a reception such as never before had been given to a California athlete.

The ceremonies were held in Jeffries' Barn where he has staged amateur fights for many years, a place he opened in 1931. There champions of boxing past and present, stage celebrities who have ringside seats at all of his shows and

scribes from many parts of America, honored him.

Jeffries was born in Carroll, Ohio, April 15, 1875, and each year a party has been held for him by the sports writers of California. He is the last of the old line of heavyweight champions of the Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons era. Due to a heart attack he suffered four years ago, Jim doesn't like to move about too much nor does he like too much excitement, but so well liked is he by those among whom he has lived since his retirement from the roped square, that he cannot avoid their parties.

On his last birthday, interviewed by the scribes, Jeffries remarked:

"When I had my last stroke, the doc told me I might not live long. I told him that only the good die young. I don't scare easily. I think I will outlive the doctor. My mother told me it's a lot harder to keep friends than to make 'em. Well, I've kept mine as this gathering shows and I've made many new ones."

Asked to comment on the present crop of heavyweights, Jeffries remarked that condition is about 85% of fighting.

"Most of the present day fighters don't do enough training. They do a little bag punching, some shadow boxing and rope skipping, then take a shower. I saw some pictures recently of Ezzard Charles and Walcott in workouts and there was nothing to remind me of the strenuous days we put in when we trained. Some of these fighters, especially those who are going after Louis' title, should see what I went through to train for my fight with Fitzsimmons in 1899, the time I won the title.

"I trained every day for six months. I trained every day for six hours. I ran ten miles daily. I boxed the toughest men they could get for me at my camp. But today they don't want to train. They'd rather take it easy and take a chance. There isn't a fighter among the entire lot of heavyweights today, who wouldn't be a cinch for any of the men I met or even trained with for my battles. That's how poor the present crop is."

Among the greatest heavyweight battles in ring history, stands the eleven round knockout of Fitz by Jeff, half a century ago. It was a hard right, from a half-arm position, that sent Ruby Robert to the canvas, beaten after having held the crown for only two years.

Three fights in Jeff's career are listed by him as his greatest. He names the fight with Sailor Tom Sharkey as his toughest; the fight with Jim Corbett in which he dropped Gentleman Jim for the count in the twenty-third session, as his greatest battle, that with Fitzsimmons as next in line. For his contest with Fitzsimmons, Jeffries says he attained his best condition. He outgeneralled, outsmarted and outfought the wily Cornishman. And he triumphed against great odds.

AUSTRALIANS are all het up over the rise of Elley Bennett to the second ranking post in the list of world bantamweight contenders. By stopping Cecil Schoonmaker of America, Bennett added to his list of victims another highly rated boxer and now the boy from the bush land of Queensland is sitting pretty. Manuel Ortiz has accepted an offer of $25,000 to defend his crown against Bennett in Australia. Mr. V. McGregor-Lowndes, a Queensland business man, made Elley a gift of $10,000 to go to America in an effort to get Ortiz into the ring with him in a championship bout, but Elley will now pocket the money since Ortiz will be visiting his land.

That gift exemplifies true sportsmanship! It shows to what extent the Queensland fight fans will go to back their faith in the youthful fighter.

ARGENTINA has two star lightweights in Alfredo Prado, who is now campaigning in America and in Jose M. Gatica, who according to reports from the South American country, is the best boy at his weight in the southern hemisphere. Gatica has been packing 'em in and rates among his victims the cream of the talent from his country, including Prado.

In 1947 he was stopped by Prado in six rounds due to a cut, but last year he turned the tables on Prado by defeating him in a twelve round bout for the title. In twelve bouts last year he won eight by knockouts and four via the decision route. This year he has scored four consecutive victories.

ELSEWHERE in this issue is the story of Willie Lewis as told by his pal, Jersey Jones. Almost lost in the news of the purchase of the Tournament of Champions assets, and the Mike Jacobs' Twentieth Century Sporting Club, by the Garden, and the fight between the Garden and the Managers' Guild, was the passing of Lewis, one of the greatest welters of all-time. He fought in a period when the field was loaded with good men in his division, and in the lightweight and middleweight classes, in each of which he fought. There were Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Rube Ferns, Honey Mellody, Willie Fitzgerald, Sam Langford, Stanley Ketchel, Frank Klaus, Billy Papke, Dixie Kid, Harry Lewis and Mike Gibbons, heading a long list of fistic stars.

Willie's average weight was around 142 pounds, yet he fought the toughest of the middleweights as well as the best in his own class. He took particular pleasure in knocking out or handing a shellacking to foreign talent—British and French battlers. The late Dan McKetrick, who handled Willie and took him to Paris, spun many good yarns about his handsome, blue-eyed Irish "champ" as he called him.

LEWIS' first battle in Europe was with Jeff Thorne, the British heavyweight who had fought Bob Fitzsimmons, among others. It took place at Wonderland, the big arena on the side of the Paris Exposition one week after Lewis' arrival in Paris and Willie won the decision. Three days after that fight, the American beat Curly Watson in four rounds and knocked out Harry Connelly and Walter Stanton in contests only a fortnight apart.

By that time he was the reigning fistic idol of Gay Paree. He was now matched to meet three men on the same night—Larry Connille, Jewey Smith of England and Billy Meekins and Frank Erne, the former lightweight champion of the world, was the referee. Smith failed to make an appearance and Jeff Thorne was substituted. Lewis kayoed Connille in the first round, rocked Meekins to sleep in the second and sent Thorne into the arms of Morpheus in the same frame—the three being put away in five rounds.

LEWIS by that time had become king of Montmarte. He was feted and dined by society and was the pet of the millionaire colony. He was living not too wisely but all too well.

McKetrick had arranged for him to fight Charlie Hickman of London and when Dan had returned to Paris to tell Willie about his next fight, he learned that Lewis had been cutting up quite some and was in no condition to face an opponent in the ring. But that didn't upset Willie any.

"Who's the next one I'm to chill?" he remarked to Dan.

"I'll call the fight off. You're unfit to fight," replied McKetrick.

"Two days is all I need, Dan, let's go through with it," said Willie, and it was agreed.

On the night of the fight, Lewis pulled a fast one on his unsuspecting opponent. James Parry, famous French racing man took Willie, at Lewis' suggestion, into Hickman's dressing room to introduce the pair.

"How are you feeling?" asked Lewis of the Englishman.

"Fine! Fine!" replied the Britisher.

"I'm glad to hear that. Keep fine and try to last as long as you can because those people outside in the arena expect a good fight and we mustn't disappoint them."

Hickman looked up at the American in astonishment but before he could reply to Lewis, Willie, turning to McKetrick, whispered so that Hickman could hear it:

"You shouldn't have done that, Dan. I'll kill the poor fellow."

Then he turned in the direction of the Englishman to note the reaction and he saw a fighter who had become scared-stiff. The damage had been done. The trick worked.

When they entered the ring, a pale ghost faced the American. The gong sounded. Lewis rushed from his corner, as he frequently did, measured his man, landed his famous "one-two" punch and it was all over.

No wonder Paris worshipped Willie!

Lewis and Joe Jeannette, his stablemate, did more to popularize boxing in France than any other *(Continued on page 35)*

Optical Errors in Judging

By NAT LOUBET

YOU see a fight. The decision was wrong, the fight was a regular war! "White pants won it going away, and the officials gave it to black pants. It's robbery!

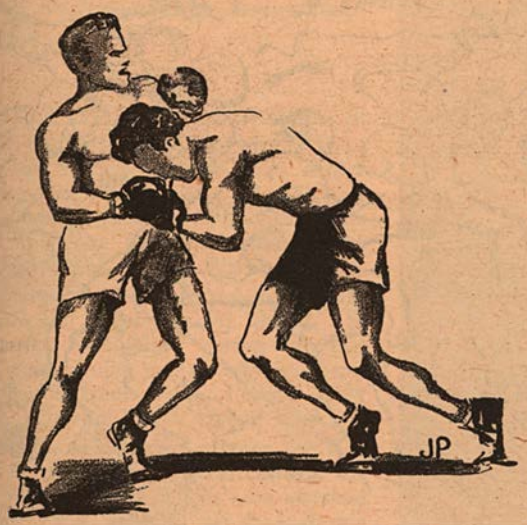
"How do they judge fights here? What's this Eagan system anyhow?"

Yes, that's a sample of a biff row beef from a fan who is highly indignant at the decision rendered by the referee and the judges. And frequently the referee and the judges disagree on a verdict, which adds to the general confusion.

Recently I was present at a bout between Robert Villemain of France and Jacob LaMotta of the Bronx. The decision was given to LaMotta with the Referee Harry Ebbets and Judge Harold Barnes in complete disagreement with the other judge, Charley Shortell, who favored the Frenchman.

Many of those present in Madison Square Garden were in doubt as to the merits of the decision and vented their feelings in a fashion indigenous to the Bronx, perhaps incorrectly called a cheer.

The decision was either right or wrong. But what caused the divergence of opinion? How could two of the officials be as far apart from the third as the earth and its satellites? All the officials were experts, tried by the years, with honesty unquestioned. Yet a crazy quilt pattern score was delivered by them.



A SIMILAR case was the Jimmy Bivins and Melio Bettina batch of ruckle dished up some years back, with Arthur Donovan, the referee, voting for Bettina 6 to 4, while Marty Monroe made it 8 to 2 for Bivins.

There readily comes to mind the Tommy Farr-Joe Louis bout back in 1937 in which the broadcaster, a vociferous, overenthusiastic gentleman, picked up the trend of rooting for the underdog and by the end of the bout had convinced his listening audience that Farr was the winner.

Mass psychology leans to "wishful thinking" and many fans see that which they want to and no more.

Joe Louis was given the official verdict, which was as it should have been, but many fans at the ringside and radio listeners were sure that the verdict was a poor one.

Immediately after the fight Ted Broadribb, Farr's manager, adequately settled the issue. "Louis won," he said. "There's no doubt about it. He scored the more effective punches. We're offering no alibi for our man."

More recently in the title tiff between Jersey Joe Walcott and Champion Joe Louis for the heavyweight crown, a much disputed decision was handed down. Referee Ruby Goldstein voted for the challenger while both judges gave their votes to the Champ. Another example of unbiased officials calling the action as they saw it.

We have all read of the optical illusion. A man has seen a flying saucer. Another is sure that it was a rocket or a bird. Still another, that it was a man with wings.

In every sport the decision is seen in a variety of ways. Interference on a pass play in football, in baseball who hasn't heard, "It was a strike . . . aw it wuz not!" "He's safe." "Yer nuts . . . he was out by a mile!"

It is an acknowledged fact that the hand is quicker than the eye and where would this fit in more completely than in boxing where a man trains to be as fast as he can with his hands?

THERE are aids to judging a fight but as yet there are no completely quantitative means that will make all men's judgment of any one item the same. What one judge believes is aggressiveness with telling blows being landed, may be minimized by another judge across the ring who sees certain punches at a different angle.

With the business of scoring a fight apparently in a state of mental flux that only a Houdini could hope to cope with, what are the actual guides that referees and judges are armed with prior to making any decision?

We find the rules on scoring with the Eagan amendment, which went into effect on April 15, 1945, is a fairly good basis for judging a fight providing that all the men designated by the commission have the same understanding as to the meaning of the rules.

Perhaps to accomplish this, a school might be run by the commission with competent teachers which all referees and judges would be asked to attend. Upon completion of the course an examination might be given in which the officials' knowledge of the rules and how they are to be applied, would be tested.

What are the rules by which referees and judges decide the winner of a fight in New York State?

The officials, the referee and the two judges, are given cards upon which at the end of every round, they designate the winner and loser, or mark the round a draw. In addition the number of points scored by the winner of the round is noted.

A boxer winning the greater number of rounds at the end of a contest is declared the winner.

Should the rounds be equal, then the point system is used to decide the winner. If the points are equal as well as the rounds, then the fight shall be judged a draw. However in the words of the commission: "Draw decisions in a round or a bout should be as uncommon as a photo finish at a racetrack."

It is also possible for a fighter to win a bout in which he has won the lesser number of rounds. Again we quote the commission manifesto: "This can only be done if he has done three things:

(1) Inflicted the greater amount of damage.

(2) Proven his superiority.

(3) Finished in a better physical condition.

NOW as to the point system. The decisions of the referees and judges are based on four items evaluated in the following order:

(1) Clean hits.

(2) Effective aggressiveness.

(3) Defense.

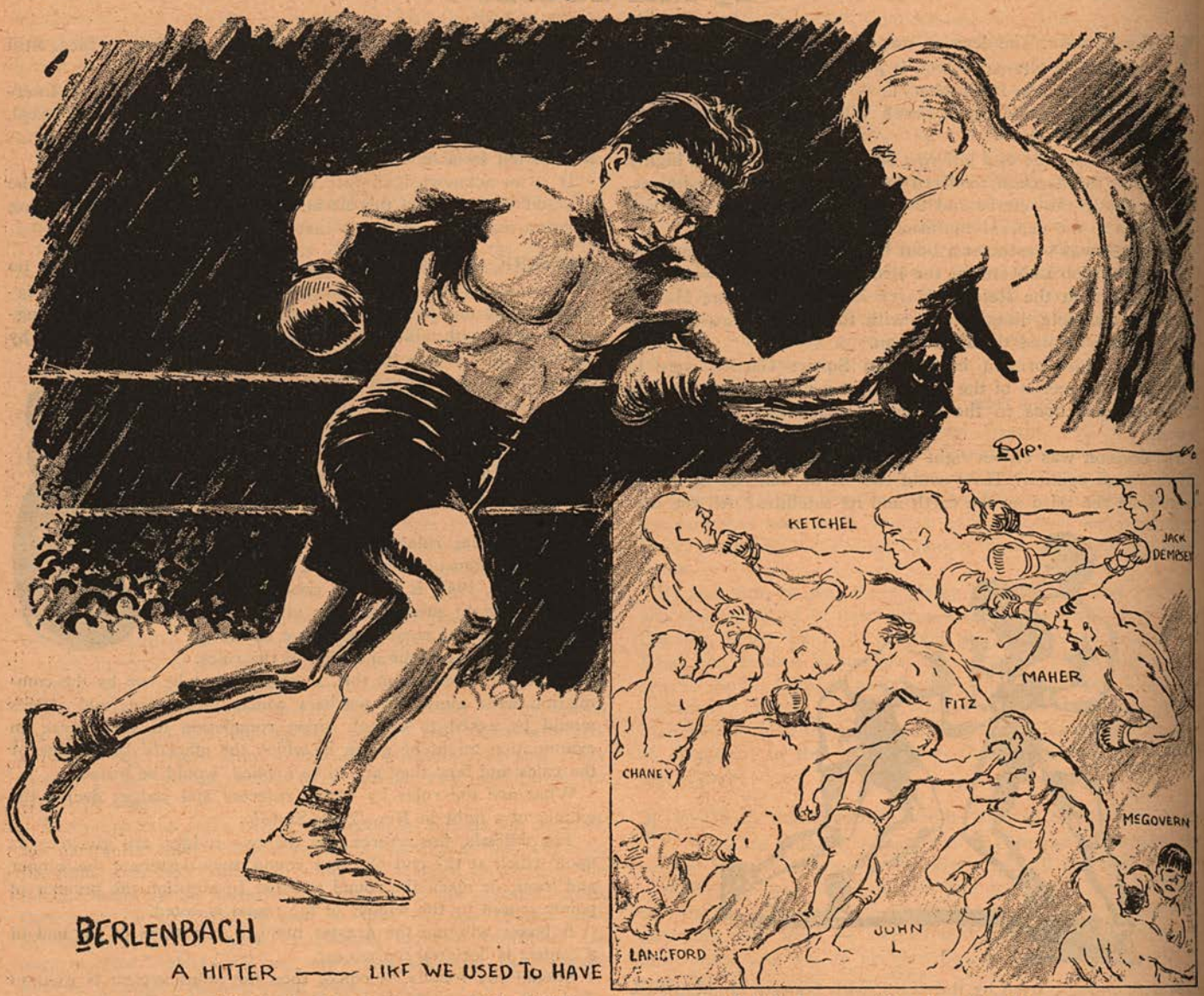
(4) Ring generalship.

Included with the above four items are sportsmanship and condition of the fighter at the end of the fight which referees and judges must take into consideration in their overall appraisal of the fight.

(Continued on page 34)

The New World's Light-heavyweight Champion

By RIPLEY



Paul Berlenbach's victory over Mike McTigue for the world light-heavyweight championship prompted this original cartoon by Bob Ripley which appeared in the July, 1925, issue of THE RING.

BELIEVE IT *or* NOT BOXING LED *to* RIPLEY'S BIG CHANCE

By JERSEY JONES

IN all the obituaries written about the late Robert Leroy Ripley, who parlayed an idea and a talented pen into a fabulous newspaper career, none mentioned how he happened to be given his start in New York.

Believe it or not, there was a boxing background to the story.

To begin at the beginning, we'll have to go back to November 28, 1912, when Willie Ritchie became lightweight champion of the world by winning on a foul over Ad Wolgast in the sixteenth round in Daly City, Cal.

Hardly had the news of Ritchie's triumph reached New York than Johnny Oliver, manager of Harlem Tommy Murphy, decided to head westward with his protege and go after a match with the new champion.

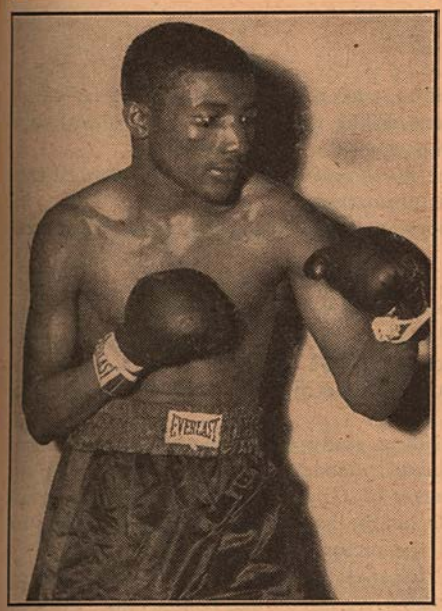
Oliver felt that Murphy had a legitimate claim to a title bout. Tommy was one of the East's outstanding lightweights, and in previous jaunts to California he had done well for himself in outings with Owen Moran, Packey McFarland, One-Round Hogan and Abe Attell.

Because of the news value represented by Murphy's bid for a title match, Walter St. Denis, sports editor of the New York *Globe*, thought it would be good business for his paper if he trailed along with the expedition and reported the progress of Tommy's campaign.

Upon arriving in San Francisco, the Murphy entourage found itself stacked against tough competition from other sources. Challenges to Ritchie were bouncing all *(Continued on page 37)*

GOOD CLUB FIGHTERS

By HARVEY BRIGHT



Al Wilson, Englewood, New Jersey, lightweight.

AL WILSON

MANNIE SEAMON, former trainer of Joe Louis, Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney, has teamed up with Billy Miller in guiding the ring destiny of Al Wilson, a promising young welterweight, who has lost only one fight and that to the Cuban lightweight champ, Wilfredo Miro.

The Englewood, New Jersey, boxer was the lightweight champion of the U. S. Army in the Philippines during the last war and since turning professional has bested Freddie Latson, Dave Peters, Billy Wade and Charley Smith among others.

He acted as a sparring partner for Kid Gavilan in the Kid's preparation for his last Ike Williams bout. Those who watched the Skeeter State hopeful go through his paces with the leading welterweight contender maintain that he is a good two-handed puncher, who has color and ring savvy beyond that which his experience warrants.

Wilson is quickly getting to the point where he should be ready for Mannie to shoot the works with him.

Seamon is anxious to hook up with Miro for another shot . . . "Give the lad another crack at Miro and it'll be a different story," says Mannie. "He was a little green on a few of the tricks of the trade, but we have ironed out those wrinkles and . . . well, we want Miro again and Al will do the talking for all of us."

EUGENE BROWN

AMONG the good club fighters around Omaha, Nebraska, Eugene Brown, welterweight, tops the list. Like all other Nebraska topnotchers he came off the same pattern of rapid-fire sluggers carrying a healthy wallop.

As an amateur in 1944 and 1945 he was the Mid-West Golden Gloves lightweight champion. He joined the professional ranks on October 15, 1945.

While attending South Omaha High School he was a track star and was offered a scholarship on his fleet feet.

Gene is not under any illusion that he will be a champion some day. His love of the game and the chance it offers him to finance his way through college, has resulted in his becoming a thorough crowd-pleaser. A law degree is his goal.

In 1945 he made his professional bid with a first-round knockout over Noe Flores and since then has won a fair share of his fights.

IGGY VACCARI

IGGY VACCARI, 18-year-old East Boston lightweight, recently scored his 16th knockout in 20 pro fights and has yet to be defeated.

The young southpaw with dynamite for punches started fighting in the Park Department tourneys in Boston, where he won lightweight honors in that division. He also

Eugene Brown, Omaha, Nebraska, welter.

Jimmy Zaico, lightweight from Baltimore.

Iggy Vaccari, East Boston lightweight.

fought 16 times as an amateur, winning ten by the kayo route and the rest on decisions.

He started as a pro on November 21, 1947, icing Fred White in one round. Since that time he has been making rapid strides and among his kayo victims are Jay Parlin, Timothy Hayes, Blaine Macomber, Tommy Greb, Oliver Desmarais and Filio Prado.

He has come a long way under the watchful eyes of Sammy Dalton, ex-flyweight champion of New England, who maintains that it won't be long before the people of East Boston will have another topnotcher to root for.

JIMMY ZAICO

REPEAT performances generally denote popularity in any field of endeavor, but in boxing when a fighter shows in the same city or town on many cards in a short space of time it shows that the boxer is a crowd-pleaser. Twenty-year-old Jimmy Zaico is exactly that. A two-fisted banger with power to burn in either hand, who has lambasted twenty of his thirty opponents. he has lost only three fights since turning pro, which, to say the least, is not a bad record.

Baltimore is his home town, but Zaico is not only at the top of the hit parade in the Monumental City, but he is also a special dish for the fans of Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Trenton.

In his simon-pure days Jimmy had 67 fights and he emerged victorious in 64 of these contests. In the course of his amateur career he garnered four A.A.U. titles by scoring 15 kayoes in 16 bouts. Then the Baltimore lightweight cast a hungry eye on the ranks of the pay boys and started in to knock over the pros in savory fashion.

His manager is Henry Moulden. He is trained by Izzy Caplan, both capable fight men who expect Jimmy to reach the top before he calls it a day.

THE "OLD SALT" and "LITTLE SERGEANT"

By ELLIOTT METCALF

THE "Old Salt" and the "Little Sergeant" are sitting at ringside in that mysterious arena beyond the unknown sea.

Joe Waterman and Eddie Marino, as symbolic of Northwest boxing as are the heaven-reaching mountains and giant firs, died within nineteen days of one another in May.

Joe, former yeoman in the United States Navy, pulled up his anchor of life and headed west in Tacoma, on May 4.

Eddie, erstwhile sergeant of the United States Marines, took his final marching trail in Seattle, on May 23.

For 30 years these old-timers of the glove game were friends and gave ability and color to the advancement and popularity of the sport in the Northwest.

Both bowed to man's foremost nemesis . . . heart failure. And both, strange as it may seem, though suffering, met death with smiles on their faces.

Both were alone in their hotel rooms unable to summon help when stricken and both had been ill for years. Still, their deaths came as shock to their countless friends up and down this far western shoreline.

Joe and Eddie came up the tough way, first as boxers, then as managers, developers and promoters. They tasted well the bitter with the sweet, faced adversity and success alike. They lived as they desired, close to the sport they loved.

WATERMAN and Marino alike were personalities, individualists, characters. They possessed a marked magnetism and enjoyed the confidence of the Northwest public.

Waterman played a major role in introducing the Filipino into the ring sport, an accomplishment he considered paramount in his long and active career.

Marino's self-rated outstanding achievement was piloting Al Hostak, the Georgetown Socker, to the world middleweight title. No prouder manager ever embraced a young champion than that night under Seattle skies when Hostak decked Freddie Steele in round one.

Many colorful and prominent ring figures have come out of this Northwest, but certainly none to surpass these two old-timers.

Said Waterman in that musical gravel-like voice just the day before he died:

"How'm I feelin'? Boy, like a million. The croakers gave me not beyond February 25 to live. Look at the calendar, it's May 3. Why, I'm going to live to marry Shirley Temple's daughter."

His sickly, 61-year-old body shook as he laughed. His blue and freckle-brown spotted eyes gleamed. It was all bravado. Joe knew the Finger of Ten was on him, just around the corner. He wasn't fooling any of us old friends. A cardiograph had shown his heart the shape of a boot with the tip end curved upward toward his arm pit. And he had been defying death through the use of drugs for many years.

MARINO had lost a kidney by way of the surgeon's knife a few years ago and was never the same. Still, he always laughed his illness off, disliked reference to his 62 years and in his odd little cackling voice laughed:

"I'm still a kid, what-ta hell, what-ta hell. Look at Jack Kearns. He used to manage me and he's as fresh as a punk. But he'll never outlive me. What-ta hell, I'm just a sprout."

Marino, native of Italy, came to the United States and Northwest when a baby, an adopted son of his older brother who entered truck gardening in the fertile, flat lands of the Duwamish valley, ten frog hops from Seattle.

As Eddie grew into manhood, or teen-age years, his restless nature scorned the long, tedious hours required in the vast vegetable acreage. His duties also put him in the seat of a buggy pulled by a slow moving nag.

One day Eddie's horse and wagon straddled a railroad track when the nag decided to take a rest. A train not far off was rushing down track and Eddie barely got the horse and wagon free of the danger zone when the train roared by.

Eddie abandoned the horse and wagon on the spot, went to his brother and issued this ultimatum:

"I'm t'rough. Dat horse and buggy and vegetables almost made me into a salad."

YOUNG friends were in the boxing game and Eddie began his career from that date on, becoming one of the best featherers the Northwest ever developed. It was his tough luck to come along at a time when the masterful Abe Attell reigned over the division.

The little fellow made a study of boxing and when he hung them up in 1911, he turned manager. His first main eventer was a kid named Tex Vernon of Grays Harbor. Vernon might have gone on to the heights but he had his own code of training and in time passed out of the picture.

In the years that followed, including his service with the Marines as boxing instructor at Mare Island, San Francisco, Eddie handled numerous boys, many of whom were developed by him. Of this group were Heinie Schuman, the Denver and Cheyenne lightweight, and Al Whitman, Tacoma bantam.

Schuman went on to the Coast lightweight title, fighting among others the redoubtable Joe Benjamin, Eddie Shannon and that type of skilled workers. At Eddie's advice Schuman retired, returned to Cheyenne and Rawlins of the Wyoming lands to enter business and become independently wealthy. Heinie flew out to act as pallbearer for his old friend.

Whitman today is one of Tacoma's prominent bankers, taking that career when he put the question straight to Marino:

"Eddie, what would you advise. I am young, married and am at the crossroads . . . should I keep at boxing or take advantage of a chance to join a bank?"

Eddie's advice was for Al to begin taking care of other people's money. Al followed that good advice and through the years held Marino as one of his most respected friends, as so many others did.

I AM now a retired sports editor. I served many, many years on the sports desk, met countless athletes and men of the world and, like Whitman, I know I had no truer friend. Loyalty was one of Marino's stocks in trade.

Eddie loved the Marine Corps and when eight stolid, solemn uniformed members stood over his grave and fired volleys at the military honors paid him, I am sure he would have cherished that respect above any other gesture, could he have heard.

Marino was a skilled ring second and no doubt won many fights for his charges in the minute rests between rounds. Portland fans long will remember his quick and clever reaction to a crisis in the Schuman vs. Joe Benjamin bout in the Oregon metropolis.

Benjamin's vicious, hard right found the sturdy Schuman chin and Heinie was in the grit . . . out. Eddie leaped to the ring apron and screaming to the referee counting over Schuman, called:

"Foul! foul! What's a matter wit'cha. FOUL!!"

The referee stopped counting. The ringside was a bedlam. Benjamin's corner help became involved . . . and then the gong sounded. And the contest was permitted to continue through to the end.

Schuman said after Eddie's burial: "The Little Sergeant sure saved me in that one and do you know, if I'd had two more rounds to work on Benjamin I'd have frozen him."

WATERMAN came to Tacoma and the Northwest in 1919, a yeoman in the Navy. Soon after he was discharged and joined Promoter Johnny Pepe in Tacoma, bringing the game to its peak there while he remained. *(Continued on page 36)*

Letters From Our Readers

HERE are a few comments I have to make on the present fistic situation in the top three divisions:

The heavyweight mess is apt to get a whole lot more confused in the next few months unless something is done. You have great influence in boxing, and I was surprised to see you condoning the various "title fights" being proposed for the near future. What is likely to result is the situation that has prevailed commonly in recent years in the lighter divisions, with an N.B.A. champ, a New York champ, a British champ, and possibly even an Outer Mongolian title-holder.

Of course, you hope that the various champions will eventually be narrowed down to just one fistic king, but that is liable to take too long, maybe a matter of years.

I think that there should be a series of from three to six elimination bouts in June, July, August and September, with the two finalists or outstanding performers to meet in October for the bauble. However, this plan will probably be hard to realize, due to the many competing promotional organizations, each eager to control the next heavyweight champion.

The winner of the Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott bout will probably gain the widest acceptance as the rightful title claimant but Lee Savold, Bruce Woodcock, and possibly some promising youngsters like Roland LaStarza should be given chances to prove their worth.

In the light-heavyweight division things aren't too happy either. Freddie Mills seems very reluctant to defend his title, preferring to pick up the heavy dough fighting European heavyweights and light-heavies. If he doesn't show any inclination to make a title defense by August, he should either be removed from his throne or compelled to fight Lesnevich, Moore, Yarosz, Maxim or some other ranking contender.

The Lesnevich-Maxim bout for the "American" title split the division wide open. However, it probably matched the two best light-heavyweights in the world today, despite Mills and his crown. *(Editor's Note—What about Archie Moore, the best in the division today?)*

Since Tony Zale has announced his retirement, I think somebody or somebodies should start crusading for Steve Belloise. He deserves a chance at the crown.

Belloise has been a consistent winner since emerging from the Navy in September of 1945, dropping only about three close ones in thirty outings since then. Let Ray Robinson stay with the welters until Kid Gavilan or the weight problem forces him to abdicate.

BILL PERRIN, *Seattle, Wash.*

I AM a constant reader of your magazine, THE RING, and enjoy your stories of the old-timers, many of whom I knew and fought against. If you don't mind letting another old-timer reminisce, allow me to tell you a tale of days long since gone, of rugged and more carefree days that are no more.

This is a story of the boom days in Cobalt, the silver camp in northern Ontario. Adventurers flocked in from all over the continent and, of course, quite a few fighters arrived, looking for easy money, fighters such as Kid Brady of Chicago, George Watts (Canadian lightweight of that period), Victor McLaglen (now in pictures), Jack Munroe (the old Butte, Mont., miner), and Kid Grant (the old Minnesota and Canadian middleweight, who would fight anybody, any weight, as long as there was a dollar in it).

In the fall of 1909, the miners were staging a four-day celebration, with sports and drilling contests in the daytime and boxing in the evening. Pickens and Page, world champion drillers, competed there for $1,000 in gold and side bets. They drilled 42 inches in solid rock in 15 minutes to take the pot of gold.

In the boxing contests, Kid Grant weighed in at 159 and knocked out his opponent, a boxer named Young Campbell, with two punches. A straight left and a right cross put Young Campbell away in about 25 seconds. That settled it so far as the middleweights were concerned, so the Kid decided to fight two Negro heavyweights who were in the camp, Charley Jackson and Amos Good. Jack Munroe, the Butte miner, consented to referee the fights.

The Kid sized both dark-skinned gentlemen up and decided to fight Jackson first. This fight was on the up-and-up, with no shenanigans. The fight was pretty even till about a few seconds before the end of the round, when the Kid ducked under Jackson's guard and sank his right mitt good and low into Jackson's stomach. Jackson doubled up, and the gong rang. Jackson had had enough; he wouldn't leave his corner for the second round, so Grant won that one.

The Kid was doubtful about Amos Good, though. He was a beautifully built young man, weighing about 200 pounds, and was about six feet in height. So the Kid went to Munroe and asked him, in view of the big difference in weight (about 40 pounds), if he could get away with any rough stuff in case it was necessary. Grant was agreeably surprised when Munroe told him to bring an axe into the ring if he wanted to.

The fight came off as scheduled the next night. In the first round both men were boxing carefully, sizing one another up. The Kid noticed every time he led with a left, the Negro boy's eyes would roll, so Grant concluded the big boy wasn't any too confident and began to force the pace, but not using his right very much as he did not want to leave himself open to counter punching as Amos surely could punch.

Along in the fifth round, Amos Good unleashed a terrific uppercut, which the Kid took on his elbow. The glove split wide open and Good held his glove up with his big black fingers showing. This was the white boy's chance to step in close. He heeled Amos under the chin and at the same time brought his knee up into Good's groin. The Negro went through the ropes hollering "Foul." Munroe counted ten with Amos Good outside the ropes, and that was how Kid Grant won the middle and heavyweight championships of the silver country in the year 1909.

In the event you care to publish this letter in THE RING, please do so. I could give you many accounts of fights I have seen and taken part in between the years of 1902 and 1914, when I enlisted and went overseas with the First Battalion of Canadians, where I put two years in the trenches before being sent home after being wounded four times.

J. P. (KID) GRANT, *Oba, Ontario, Canada.*

I AM living up here where we have an ex-fighter, Fred Fulton. All I can hear up here is how he lasted 18 seconds with Jack Dempsey. People don't seem to recall when he fought such great battlers as Sam Langford and Willie Meehan. The same Willie Meehan that holds a win over Jack Dempsey. I try to tell people that Fred was licked by the greatest champion that ever lived.

Fred Fulton beat men who would have given any present-day fighter a nice evening. The Gibbons, Miskes and Langfords were all good enough to be champions, but they had too many good fighters to get by.

GEORGE PHELPS, *Grand Rapids, Michigan.*

(Editor's Note—You are correct. Fred was an excellent White Hope. Fighting today, he'd probably be tops.)

A QUICK END TO TITLE FIGHT

The time was February 7, 1882. A ring was pitched in front of the Barnes Hotel in Mississippi City.

Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan were in there for the heavyweight crown that Ryan had won from Joe Goss in 87 rounds a year and eight months prior. The purse was $5,000.

"John L." was the victor, walloping Paddy Ryan into submission in nine rounds, which contained only eleven minutes of fighting. In those days a round could be a gesture or a day.

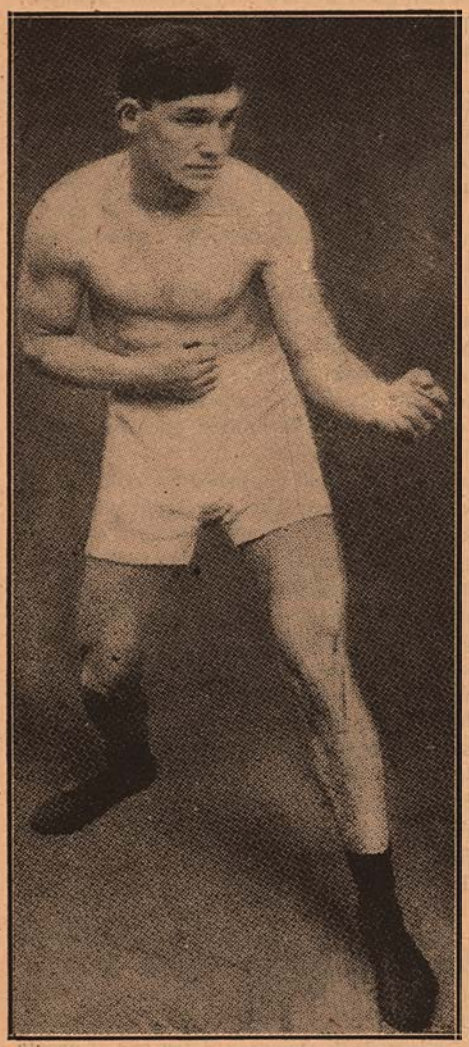
Ryan's jaw had been broken in two places.

Back in his dressing room, Paddy discovered that while he had been fighting some rascal had stolen his clothes containing all of his money—$300. He was flat broke, for the conditions of the bout were that to the winner went the entire purse.

Willie Lewis, Bon Vivant

Recent Death Recalls Colorful Career of New Yorker Who Played Important Role in Popularizing Boxing in France

By JERSEY JONES



Willie Lewis in a familiar fighting pose during his ring career.

ONE of the most colorful figures the rugged prize ring has produced was counted out for the last time when Willie Lewis died recently in New York's Polyclinic Hospital, across 50th Street from Madison Square Garden.

Lewis may not have been the greatest ringman of his era, which spanned from 1900 to 1915, but he wasn't far from being the most popular. Willie played an important role in establishing boxing in France, and he was a tremendous favorite with Parisians of the pre-World War 1 period.

Class, color, personality—call it what you will—the gay, carefree Irishman from the rough-and-ready Gas House District of New York's lower East Side fairly teemed with it.

Lewis could fight. He never was a champion, but he probably could have been one had he attended strictly to business. The monotonous training routine was too much of a nuisance and a bother at times, and Willie wasn't the sort to let anything interfere seriously with what the Constitution of the United States guaranteed as his inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. His was the philosophy that in this world it isn't how *long* one lives, but how *much*. There was very little that Willie missed; he played a crowded schedule.

Lewis may not have been the originator, but he was the one who perfected and glamorized the "one-two" punch—a straight, jolting left followed in a split second by a whizzing right. The two fists, fired almost simultaneously, landed with the speed and precision of a rattler's thrust. Lewis flattened many an opponent with the one-two.

At his peak, Willie never was more than a welterweight, but he frequently stepped out of his class to tangle with middleweights, and, on occasion, even heavyweights. A few pounds here and there meant little to him. During his campaigns in Europe, it was not unusual for Lewis to take 'em on up to 200 and over. When he flattened Jewey Smith in their third and final outing in Paris, Willie scaled 143 to the South African's 205.

BEING Irish, fighting came naturally to Lewis. And fortunately for him, since a kid had to know how to handle himself in the rough, rugged neighborhood in which Willie was born and bred.

Lewis was not yet 16 when he fought his first professional bout as a featherweight early in 1900. His rise was rapid. Before the year was out, he was battling ten-round windups.

Lewis really began to hit his peak as a lightweight in 1903, when he swapped wallops with the likes of Willie Fitzgerald, Kid Stein, Joe Tipman and Billy Gardner.

Though flattened by Sam Langford in two rounds in Boston in 1904, Lewis had the satisfaction of dropping the dreaded Tar Baby in the first with a left hook. Knocking Sam down really was something in those days.

During his colorful career, which embraced some 150 battles, Lewis didn't miss many of the good ones. Joe Gans, Mike Donovan, Harry Lewis, Jimmy Gardner, Amby McGarry, Sailor Burke, Honey Mellody, Charley Hitte, Dixie Kid, Stanley Ketchel, Billy Papke, George Gunther, Cyclone Johnny Thompson, Kid Henry, Frank Klaus, Jeff Smith, Mike Gibbons and Georges Carpentier were among the better ones he met. He didn't always win, of course, but his victories far outnumbered his losses.

One of Willie's top performances was a six-round newspaper decision he punched out over Joe Gans in old Madison Square Garden in 1906. The result was something of a sensation at the time, since Gans was claiming both the lightweight and welterweight titles. Lewis whipped him handily, being credited with five of the six rounds.

As Lewis looked in later years when he managed fighters.

IN HIS later years, Lewis maintained that his toughest battle was the first of three meetings with Sailor Burke.

"I had a lot of tough fights," Lewis would say, "but that affair with Burke was a real brawl."

The scrap was held at the Fairmount Club in the Bronx during the summer of 1909. Burke, a thunderous puncher, had a ten-pound pull in the weights, and was generally favored to win.

During a vicious exchange toward the close of the first round, the Sailor nailed Lewis with a right to the chin. Down went Willie. Stunned though he was, Lewis disdained a count, staggered to his feet, and somehow managed to last through the remaining seconds of the round.

In the next frame, Lewis connected with his one-two, and it was Burke's turn to hit the deck. He landed flat on his back, and just about succeeded in beating the count.

In the third, it was Lewis who went down, one of Burke's explosive rights dropping him in a heap. Willie was hurt, but gamely pulled himself to his feet at eight. As Burke tore in with what he confidently expected would be the finisher, Lewis instinctively fired his own right. The Sailor ran smack-dab into it. Burke teetered for a moment, then toppled forward. As he fell, he landed on the still staggering Lewis, and the two dropped to the canvas. To all intents and purposes, it was a double knockout, but just as Referee Billy Joh started to toll over the rivals, the bell clanged.

Realizing the folly of slugging with the heavier Burke, Lewis switched his tactics in the next stanza, and for two rounds out-

boxed the Sailor. Then, in the sixth, as Willie sidestepped one of Burke's rushes, he turned and whipped over a sizzling right. It caught the gob flush on the chin. As Burke reeled, Lewis measured him for another right, and dropped him for the full count!

THE best fighter Lewis ever met? "A tough question to answer," Willie would say. "Ketchel was great. So was Langford. And Gans. But if I had to make a definite selection, you'd probably be surprised at my pick. It would be a fighter you don't hear much about nowadays—that namesake of mine from Philadelphia, Harry Lewis.

"No, we weren't related. Harry was Jewish, and one of the most skilled mechanics I've ever seen in any ring. What he didn't know about boxing wasn't worth knowing. Just look over his record some day, and you'll get an idea. Harry specialized in belting out guys who were never belted out before. He was an artist in feinting and countering. His punches only went a few inches, but what authority they packed!

"Frankly, I don't know how I fared as well as I did with Harry. He usually belted my ears off in the early rounds, but somehow I seemed to outlast him and finish the stronger. We fought half a dozen times, but never could seem to settle our differences. Two of our scraps, over the 25-round route in Paris, were called draws."

It was in 1908 that Willie made his first jaunt across the Atlantic. Boxing was just becoming popular in France, and Lewis was in the vanguard of the first American contingent to invade the land of the lily.

Willie clicked from the start. His flamboyant personality immediately caught the fancy of the Parisians, and when he wasn't belting out some hapless Britisher in the ring of the Cirque de Paris, he was a familiar and popular figure along the gay boulevards. Willie loved life, and he found an ideal outlet for it in the French capital.

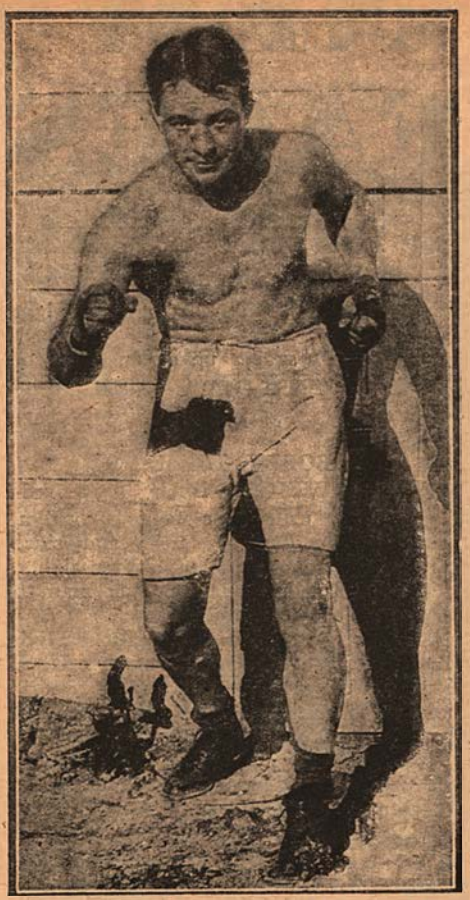
Until he hung up the gloves and called it a career in 1915, Lewis was a regular commuter between Europe and America, and his fistic activities were fairly evenly divided between the two.

LEWIS liked to reminisce about his experiences in France. "Funny, the tricks life can play on a guy," he would say. "When I first landed in Paris, there were no good French fighters. The sport was new over there, and the kids were just beginning to learn what it was all about. For a while, my opponents were either Britishers or fellow-Americans.

"There was a frail, skinny kid who used to hang around the quarters where I trained with Joe Jeannette, Jim Stewart and the other Yanks. He probably didn't weigh more than a hundred pounds at the time, but he seemed so earnest that now and then we'd put the gloves on with him and give him a few pointers in *boxe l'Americaine*.

"The kid proved an apt pupil. He was naturally fast, and boxing came easily to him. As he grew older, and put on weight, he became a mighty good fighter. Copying a lot of my stuff, particularly the one-two, he developed one of the fastest right hands I've ever seen. It wasn't long before he was an idol with his people.

"The kid was to be the first European to beat me over there. He was just 20, and had grown into a welterweight by 1912. It



Lewis fought then seconded Stanley Ketchel (above) in latter's last two fights.

was inevitable that we would meet. Up to then, my toughest battles there had been with Americans — Billy Papke, Harry Lewis, Dixie Kid. In nearly five years, and probably 50 bouts, I had never lost to a Britisher or a Frenchman. But that kid finally snapped my streak. He licked me in a 20-rounder. And he did it with a lot of the stuff he had learned from me! He was too good a pupil, Georges Carpentier!"

WE RAN into Lewis one afternoon a few years ago, when Rocky Graziano, then the hottest thing in the fight industry, was being labelled "The Second Stanley Ketchel."

"I've never seen Graziano fight," Willie said, "but from what I hear of him, he's a long, long way from being another Ketchel. Rocky, I understand, is a wild swinger, who can do a lot of damage if he lands, but he's wide open, and knows nothing of boxing. If he's as crude as I hear he is, he certainly is no Ketchel. Stanley—or Steve, as folks preferred to call him—was one guy who knew how to place his shots. He could call 'em with either hand. And how he could clout!

"Did you know I was identified with Ketchel in his last two fights? They were both in New York, at Tom O'Rourke's old National Sporting Club. I fought him in one, and seconded him in the other.

"I had never seen Ketchel in action before I stepped into the ring to square off with him. It was in May, 1910, and I had just come back from one of my jaunts to France.

"Ketchel outweighed me about ten pounds, but I was used to giving away weight, and that didn't bother me.

"I had heard so much about Steve, however, that I took it easy in the first round, feeling him out, to see what he had. What he showed wasn't anything sensational, and just before the bell I let go a right. If it had connected a bit lower, it probably would have done some damage, but it was high, landed on Ketchel's cheek, and made him blink.

"I came back to the corner and told my manager, Dan McKetrick, that Ketchel was an overrated bum. 'If he can't fight any better than that, I'll flatten him this round,' I said.

"Dan got excited. 'Don't get fresh with him,' he hollered in my ear. 'This guy is dynamite if you get him mad. Just take it easy, behave yourself, and box.'

" 'Bunk," I said to McKetrick. 'I'm going out and show him a few things.'

"Well, that was my purpose, but I never did get around to it. Ketchel must have been expecting something of the sort. I remember starting the one-two, and that's all I do remember. They told me later that Ketchel waited for my lead, then weaved in fast, ripped a left to the body and a right to the chin. I wouldn't know. I lost track of everything when the roof caved in on me. Could that Ketchel clout!

"And what a guy! The next morning I was moping around the house when I heard a rapping at the door. I answered it, and there was Ketchel, grinning. 'Come on,' he said, 'grab your hat; we're going out for a drink.'

"I SAW a lot of Ketchel the next two weeks," Lewis continued. "I had a saloon in 14th Street in those days, and it was a popular spot with the sporting fraternity, particularly the fight crowd. Steve came in often.

"Well, this day we got to gabbing about this and that, and spicing our conversation with frequent gulps from the cup that's supposed to cheer.

"Ketchel had been there about an hour, and we both were feeling more than a trifle high, when I suddenly remembered he was fighting that night. His opponent was Westchester Jim Smith. I reminded Ketchel of it, and he said what was the difference if he celebrated before or after.

"I tried to get him out of the place and back to his hotel for some rest before the fight. But nothing doing. Ketchel was feeling too happy about everything. I was feeling quite happy myself by then. Finally, he insisted that I had to work in his corner, and we bound the deal with a few more snorts.

"We got to the club all right, but to this day I'm not sure just how we did it. It was lucky for Ketchel that Smith wasn't too good a fighter. As it was, Westchester Jim gave him plenty of trouble, until Ketchel fought himself sober. Once his head cleared, Steve went to work. In the fifth, he belted Smith on the chin, and the show was over.

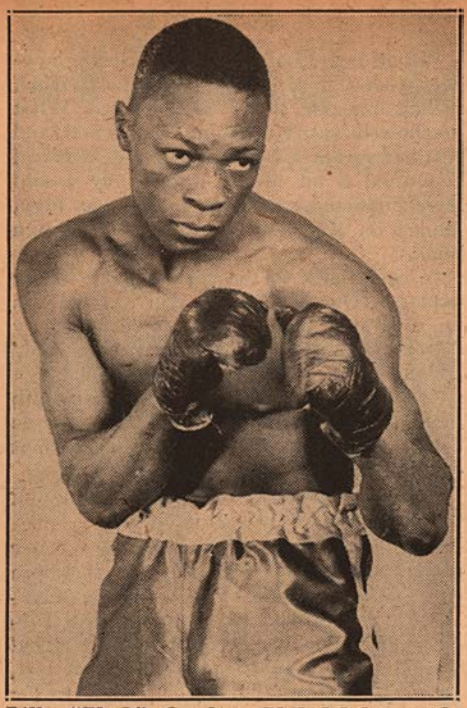
"That bout was in June, 1910, and, as it turned out, it was Ketchel's last fight. He left New York a day or two later, and never fought again. As you know, he was shot and killed by a ranch hand who had gone berserk at Colonel Dickinson's place in Conway, Mo., four months later.

"An amazing character, Ketchel! And a great fighter."

(Continued on page 35)

NEW FACES

By HARVEY THORNE



Billy "Flash" Gordon, Philadelphia middleweight.

BILLY "FLASH" GORDON

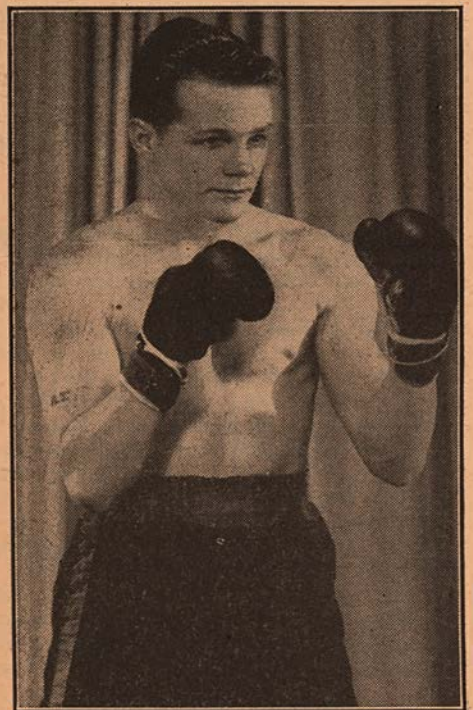
TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Billy "Flash" Gordon is another unbeaten youngster whose fine start in the pro ranks augers well for his future ring career. A tall, gangling Negro middleweight from Philadelphia, now residing in Fall River, Mass., he has run up a string of 16 consecutive wins.

Gordon fought as an amateur prior to joining the army. While in service he won three championships, during which time he scored 36 victories.

As a pro he has defeated Cleve Bailey, Buddy Farrell, New England middleweight champ Norman Horton, Mike Saad, Randy Ingram, Bruce Ubaldo and an upset victory over highly-touted Joe Rindone, among others. He is managed by Frankie Camuso and trained by George Gibb, former lightweight contender.

The "Flash" shapes up as an excellent prospect and much should be heard from him shortly.

* * *



Ex-Marine from Brooklyn, N. Y., Bobby Tighe, is a middleweight who shows promise.

BOBBY TIGHE

MIDDLEWEIGHT Bobby Tighe, red-headed ex-Marine from Brooklyn, turned pro in October, 1948, and since that time has won nine of his ten fights, holding a decision over the only man to defeat him, Gus Cossifos.

After attending Fort Hamilton High School in Brooklyn, Tighe joined the U. S. Marines while still quite young and now at the age of twenty has launched a brilliant start as a professional.

Among his victims are Bill Partin, Joe DeSena, Tony Cennano, Mike Azadian, Emerson Charles, Jules Krulewicz, Paul Hawks and Roland Mensel.

As yet Bob has not shown any devastating knockout punch, but considering that he is only a beginner his record denotes rapid progress in his short term of fighting.

Tighe is managed by Oscar Feldhamer and trained by Andy Gregory.

* * *

CLARENCE "OH" HENRY

CLARENCE HENRY, Los Angeles newcomer, spent several years learning what it was all about by boxing in the simon-pures. His amateur career culminated in his winning several National and International championships in 1948.

In July of the same year he started off on his professional trail and to date he has been undefeated in eight bouts. He won five of his skein via the ice-delivery route.

Al Timmons, Don Wagner, Tommy Jessen, Billy Kinard, John Curtis, Harry Wills and Don Angen have all met defeat at the hands of Henry.

His manager, Harry Shall, says of Clarence, "'Oh Henry' is the sweetest youngster to come along in a long time on the Coast."

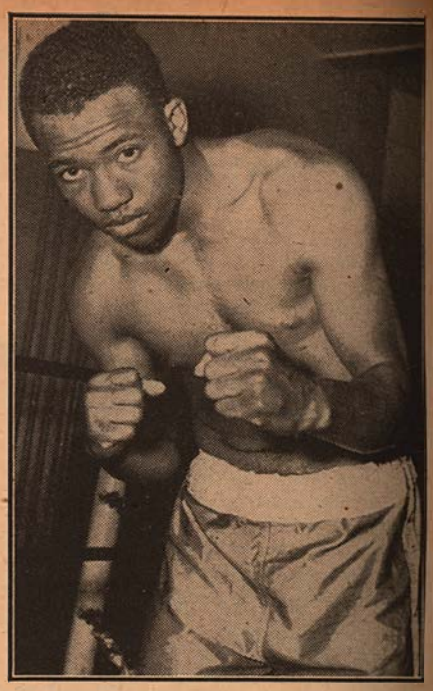
* * *

JOE DOMINIC

THE news that Bernie Reynolds, rated one of the nation's better young heavyweights, had been held to a close decision in Newark, N. J., by a comparative unknown, Joe Dominic, may have been a surprise to a lot of boxing folks. But not to Jack Larkin, veteran manager of Garfield, N. J.

Larkin, of course, may have been slightly prejudiced in the matter, since he was managing Dominic, but Jack has been around this business too long to let his enthusiasm run away with his common sense. Larkin was sincere in his prediction that Dominic would give Reynolds a real argument, and events substantiated his optimism.

Dominic may not be awarded any medals for graceful footwork or fancy boxing, but he's about as rough and tough a mauler as there is in the ranks of the up-and-coming young heavies. A native of Holyoke, Mass., Joe was an all-around athlete in high school, but boxing rated No. 1 with him. As a student of Staunton Military Academy, he not only won his alma mater's heavyweight title, but for two years was undefeated in interscholastic competition. He also engaged in a bit of amateur boxing on the side, and ran off 18 straight wins in the simon-pures.



Clarence Henry, Los Angeles heavyweight.

It was slightly more than a year ago that Dominic decided to try his luck in the professional ring. Gymnasium workouts with Gus Lesnevich convinced him he could make the grade. His outing with Reynolds was his 22nd in the money ranks, and his record to date shows 16 wins (eight by knockouts) and two draws against four defeats. When not fighting, Joe chauffeurs for his manager, driving Larkin and his other battlers here and there for their ring dates.

Joe Dominic, Holyoke, Mass., heavyweight.

MILKMAN TURNS FIGHTER

By SID FEDER

CHARLEY FUSARI is a milkman, and anyone knows a milkman not only gets up before the chickens—he's the guy who wakes the rooster up in time to wake the chicken.

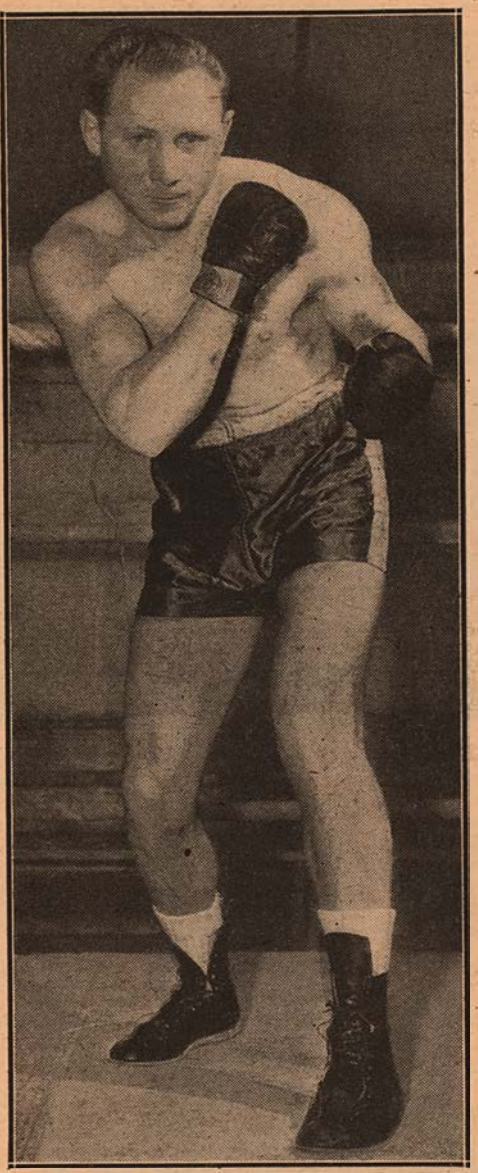
So, you'd think that if a milkman was going to be scared of anything, it wouldn't be because it was early. Funny thing, though—that's how it was with Milkman Charley of Irvington, N. J., who also does a bit of welterweight walloping when he isn't leaving two Grade "A" and a pint of heavy cream, please, on the back porch.

The sight of the crowd was always getting him shaky and tightened up the early part of any fight, and before he'd level off, he'd leave only an unimpressive impression. Now, lots of youngsters get that all-gone feeling the first time in the Garden. But Charley had it so bad someone even suggested that he drive his horse and wagon into the ring and dismount, carrying six bottles of homogenized and two buttermilk, just to feel more at home. But the commission said no—because who was going to watch Charley's horse while Charley was busy belting?

It can be reported now that Charley apparently has lost that "I want to be alone" feeling. He demonstrated this on Friday the 13th (of May) simply by walking out and punching a hole in the Vince Foster bubble in 2 minutes, 26 seconds, thereby chilling the hottest article since Mexican chili.

"Makes me happier than getting married," proclaimed his manager, Vic Marsillo, an alleged comedian. "The way it was, he'd take one look at the crowd and he'd tighten up like your belt after a turkey dinner. Then, in a couple of rounds, he'd warm up and forget the crowd. We even thought of making contracts read that we'd start fights with the fifth round and work out to both ends."

(It should be explained that, despite rumors, Marsillo is not the comedian who killed vaudeville; he merely maimed it somewhat.)



Charley Fusari whose kayo of Vince Foster puts him in line for a welterweight title shot.

IT TOOK Charley only five or six large wallops on Foster's anatomy to disclose that underneath the latest Nebraska wildcat lurked a meek tabby. By getting out from under that shakiness, the milkman can be expected to make regular deliveries among the very best welterweight society, a matter which gives the 147-pound department a large shot in the arm. In fact, the welters are beginning to take on the complexion of the liveliest division around, if champion Ray Robinson cooperates. And, what with Fusari and Kid Gavilan and Gene Burton in the east and Fred Dawson in the west, poor Ray won't have a place to hide any more.

It's not that Fusari's on a comeback, because, like the little woman hollering to be taken out for an evening, Charley "ain't never been away." He's only 23 now—was born in Sicily, incidentally, came to this country when he was six. The Foster flip-flop was his 36th knockout in 64 fights, which is an extra-base slugging average that would have satisfied Babe Ruth. A guy just doesn't go through five years and 64 fights, losing only four decisions—all of them disputed—unless he has it.

SOMEONE once said it takes five years to "make" a fighter—to acquire the tools of the trade and the savvy and the answers to all the $62.50 questions that pop up of an evening. If that's the case, Charley's about ready now. He's somewhat of a surprise package, too, because he's a skinny blond who looks like he'd be strictly a fancy dan with a creampuff punch. Then he lets the high hard one go—and the creampuff has a rock in it.

Manager Marsillo is particularly gleeful about Fusari's "new look," because it means he may yet be the manager of the welterweight champion, instead of the sucker who gave away a possible world heavyweight champ to hang onto a wobbly welterweight.

You remember, Vic as partners with Felix Bocchicchio in handling Jersey Joe Walcott. Then Vic found Fusari, and after a while Felix hinted—out loud—how if they were partners with Walcott, it ought to work too, on Fusari. In those days, Jersey Joe was famous only as a father of six kids out of Camden and Fusari was rushing up the trail, so Vic dissolved the partnership.

"You keep all of Walcott," he settled, "and I'll keep all of Fusari."

Well, then Walcott won everything but the decision from Joe Louis and Fusari began sailing into storms. It looked like Vic had pulled the worst deal since the Indians gave New York away for one beaded necklace and two bottles of firewater (or was it vice versa?).

Now, though, it appears Marsillo isn't just "a pretty face with naught behind it," as Snuffy Smith puts it in the comic strip. The Foster flattening was Fusari's tenth straight win, and while that's practically standing still compared to the 45-in-a-row Milkman Charley racked up when he first started, still ten straight isn't just an overnight hope either.

Some of us thought Fusari was ready 'way back at the end of 1946, when he bowed into the Garden and, after the usual shaky start, gave Chuck Taylor, from the coal mines, such a going over in seven rounds that Chuck must have thought John L. Lewis called a strike on him. Chuck had won six out of seven up to that clambake.

Incidentally, in the semi-windup that night, a Cuban banger name of Kid Gavilan outpointed one Johnny Williams, and now here are Gavilan and Fusari right up there front and center among Ray Robinson's challengers.

AFTER that one, the boys and girls said, "Well, let's see what happens when Fusari tangles with Tippy Larkin; we'll deliver the verdict then." A lot happened—and it all happened to Tippy. Larkin hadn't lost a fight in four years, and was fresh from winning the world junior welterweight championship.

Fusari caved the roof in on him. He *(Continued on page 38)*

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By STANLEY WESTON

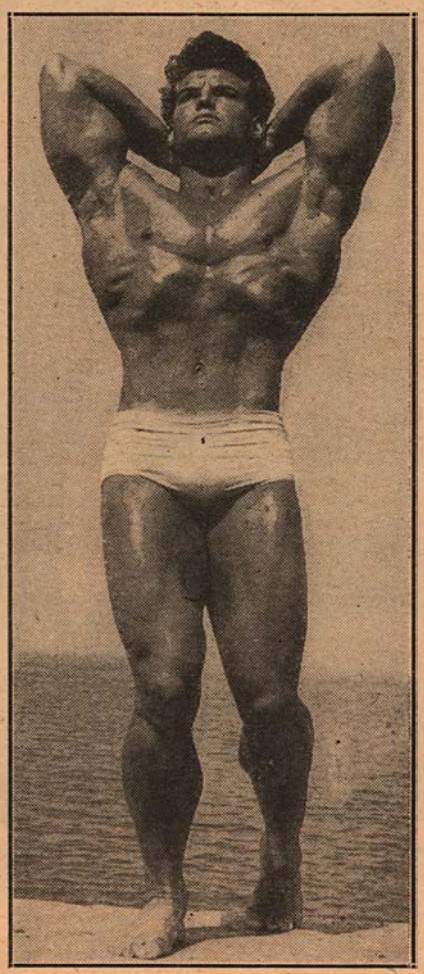
Ovila Asselin, handsome Canadian, who puts on thrilling exhibitions.

TONY LANZA is the nearest thing to a jack-of-all-trades in the wrestling business today. Several wrestlers have hobbies, such as Everett Marshall, who grows onions in Colorado, Chief Little Wolf, who hunts and fishes in his spare time, and Jimmy Londos, who operates hotels and has a real estate business. But Tony Lanza, besides being a top grappler, is a boxer, a judo expert, an author, and to top it all, is probably the finest physique photographer in the business. Tony has received awards for his photography work from South Africa, Great Britain, Italy and the United States, as well as from his native Canada. The self-portrait of Tony and that of Asselin, which appear on this page, were both taken in Lanza's Montreal studio.

A master of human anatomy, Tony displayed some of his judo pressure holds on your reporter during his recent visit to New York. It is nothing short of amazing what this man can do by simply touching a certain nerve in a person's body.

We asked him if he used these nerve tricks while engaging in professional matches, and he replied that he doesn't like to practice them unless his opponent has him in a critical position and as a last resort he will open his bag of secrets to gain his freedom. Lanza is completing negotiations with a New York promoter to perform in this section.

Ovila Asselin is one of the most colorful stars in Canada and as can readily be seen by looking at the cut on this page, one of the best looking boys in the game. At the age of 17, Asselin won the title Mr. Quebec of 1947. He weighs 216 pounds and stands an even six feet tall. Asselin, like his tutor, Tony Lanza, has hopes of coming



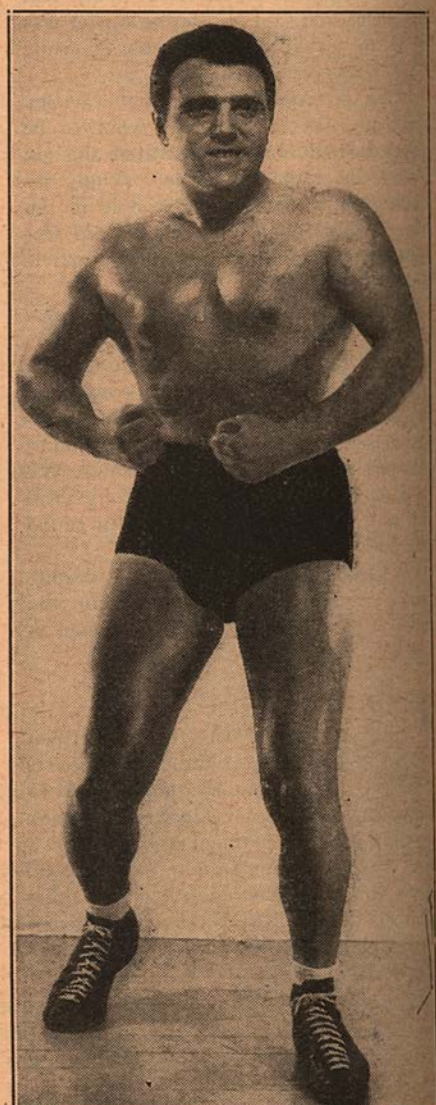
Steve Reeves, Mr. America of 1947, who has a pot of gold awaiting him if he decides to turn to pro wrestling.

to the United States and engaging the leading grapplers we have to offer. I am certain that the American mat fans would welcome the likes of Lanza and Asselin.

DOTS AND DASHES . . . Promoter Frank Tunney of Toronto, striving to give a show a shot in the arm, proposed a match between two bearded wrestlers, the Cardiff Giant and Big Ben Morgan, with the loser agreeing to shave off his whiskers right in the ring. Buddy Baer, of boxing fame, was the referee and the Cardiff Giant was the winner. Morgan, as was stipulated in the pre-match arrangement, was shorn of his heavy growth right before the vast audience. Oh, well, he saved the price of a shave anyhow.

Bronko Nagurski gained the title from Dean Detton back in 1939. . . . John Pesek, the Nebraska Tigerman, is showing his stuff in Canada. . . . Wilbur Nead is recovering from the broken leg received at the hands of Argentina Rocca. . . . Jack Pfeffer, the Mike Jacobs of matdom, is packing them in in Columbus, Chicago, Toledo and points West. If anyone can bring the sport back to the Golden Days it's Pfeffer.

Eric Holmback, who boasts the largest chest expansion of any wrestler, will spend the summer in New Zealand. . . . The folks Down Under have quite a surprise coming when they get a peek at this guy. . . . Leo Garibaldi, Gino's son, is fully recovered from his polio attack of last



Tony Lanza of Montreal, a top flight judo expert and a great photographer.

spring and is back in action on the West Coast.

Jimmy Londos puts his jeweled belt, valued at $20,000, on the line when he works. If he loses, the man who beats him will obtain possession of the trophy. This we have to see!!! . . . Londos was awarded the belt by the Madison Square Garden Corporation after he took the heavyweight championship of the world from Dick Shikat on January 24, 1931.

It's a beautiful object, with the various panels telling the story of wrestling from the days of the caveman to the year 1931.

Frankie Hart, the popular Canadian matman, runs an excellent fishing and hunting lodge in Washagami, Ontario. Hart has made a success of his mat career as well as of his venture as a host.

MAN MOUNTAIN DEAN appeared on a recent nationwide radio program, dressed as a college boy. Dean goes to the University of Georgia, where he is gaining the education he missed as a youth. Man Mountain still wears his famous beard, but the gold-rim spectacles give him that mild-mannered, fatherly appearance.

Dean, a veteran of both World Wars, and one of the first 1918 veterans to enlist the day after Pearl Harbor, is thankful for the opportunity to gain his book learning. It goes to show that one is never too old to learn, as long as the desire is there. Good luck, Man Mountain Dean.

Sandor Szabo, now 40 years old, feels that he has another 15 years to go as a topnotch wrestler. . . . This department has been hearing great things about a youngster out of Youngstown, O., Bobby Ford. Ford is now in California and causing quite a sensation. . . . Herman (Dutch) Rhode, Nature Boy Buddy Rogers to you, was once a cop on the Camden, N. J., police force.

Primo Carnera owes more than he can ever repay to that grand old veteran, Milo Steinborn. Milo took Da Preem under his wing and taught the former heavyweight boxing champion all the little tricks connected with present-day wrestling. True, Carnera was a matman before he turned boxer, but the kind of tactics Primo used in the early days of his career were outdated when he began his present comeback. Steinborn, now close to 60, does most of the paper work in a New York booking office and when a quick substitution is necessary, the old gentleman picks up his grappling trunks and shows the youngsters a thing or two in addition to putting on a wonderful show for the cash customers.

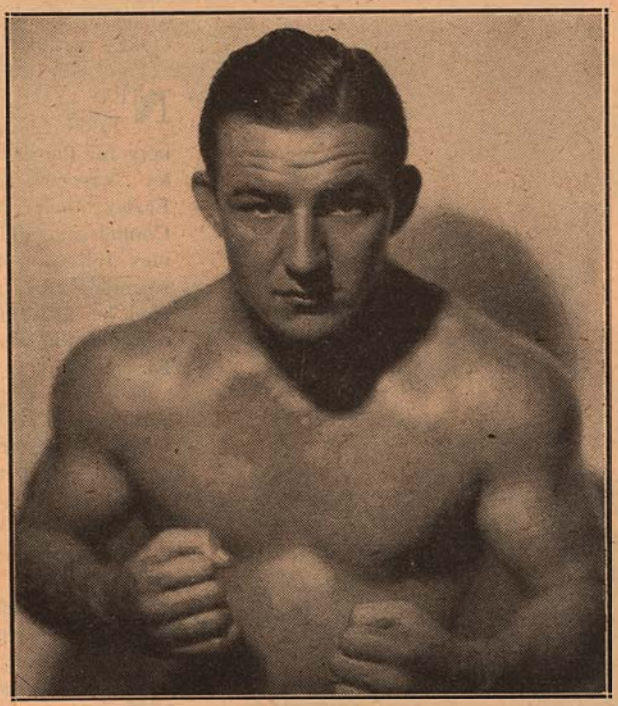
STEVE REEVES, the beautifully-built lad from Oakland, Calif., is playing with the idea of turning wrestler. Steve won the title of Mr. America in 1947 and in Paris gained the crown of Mr. World. We have it on good authority that no wrestler living can hold Mr. Reeves in a full-nelson. 'Tis said that he would merely expand his chest and shoulder muscles and the wrestler would go a-flying. Perhaps!!!

Just in case you might be interested in this man's measurements, here they are: Height, 6 feet 1 inch tall; weight, 217 pounds; biceps, 18½ inches; chest (expanded), 51½ inches; waist, 29 inches; thigh, 26 inches; calf, 18½ inches, and neck, 17½ inches. Steve is 22 years of age. At the present time he has a Hollywood offer to portray Lil' Abner in a movie.

Judging from the way Gene Stanlee went over with the wrestling fans, Reeves should become one of the best paid men in the game if he decides to become a matman.

There is a definite trend in wrestling these days toward the young, handsome, well-built men, who give the onlookers a thrill just by taking off their robe. Knowledge of the sport seems secondary and it can be picked up as the boy gains in experience. Steve Reeves is a perfect example of this observation. He could be an overnight sensation and a rich man if he so desired.

Guess Who?

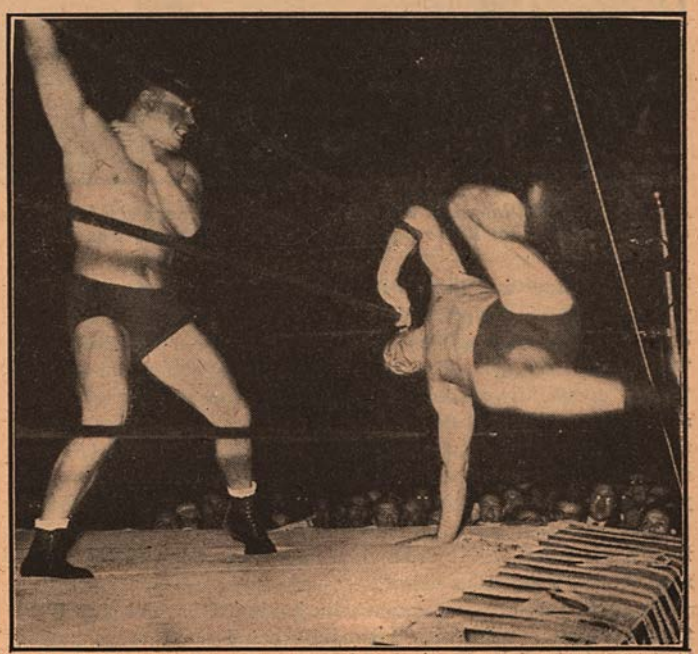


Recognize the man pictured above? Take another good look and see if he doesn't look like the most publicized wrestler since the days of Strangler Lewis. Sure, it's none other than Gorgeous George. This is the way George Wagner looked when he started out in the mat game some fifteen years ago. In those lean days George Wagner worked for a few bucks a night showing in the tank towns around the wrestling circuit. The switch to Gorgeous George proved a bonanza for the perfumed grappler.

CAN a boxer whip a wrestler? That age-old question has come to the fore once again. Without the slightest hesitation we go on record as saying that even the average grappler can pin the best boxer in the world within a few minutes.

You need not take our word for this. The wrestlers' superiority over the boxers has been proven on several occasions. The great Farmer Burns took on the middleweight champion of the world, Billy Papke, and flipped Billy in a flash. Papke, if you recall, knocked out the great Stanley Ketchel.

Still another incident of the wrestler throwing a great of the prize ring, took place at the turn of the century when Ernest Roeber challenged the heavyweight champion of the world, Bob Fitzsimmons. Fitz didn't have a chance from the very start. Roeber grabbed the fighter's long left hand and pulled him to the canvas. Ernest then applied a double arm lock and Fitzsimmons was helpless.



Sandor Szabo tossing his opponent around the ring.

MEMORIES

By NAT FLEISCHER

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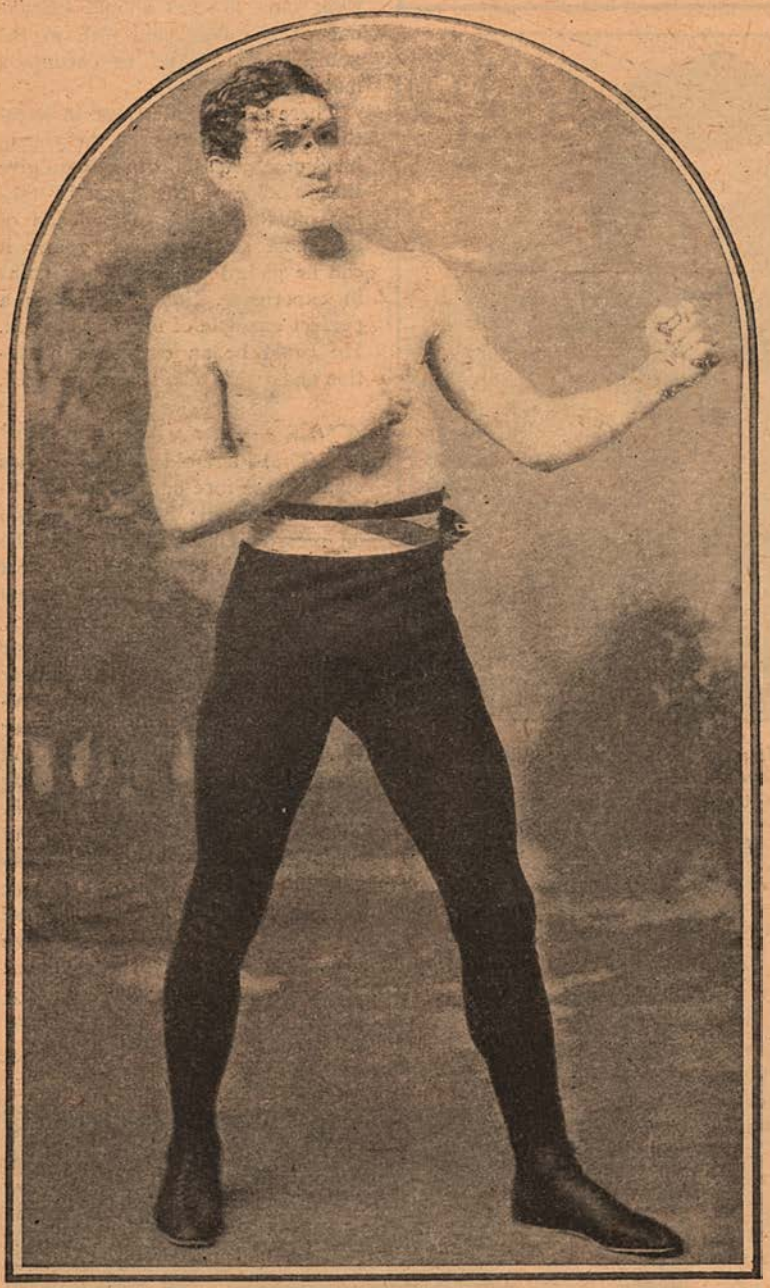


Kid McPartland, knocked out by Dal Hawkins, learned of his defeat only after he had reached his home, so dazed was he.

EVERY now and then, when a fistic celebrity or an odds-on favorite is whipped, the cry of "Fake," or "Double-cross," or "It was in the bag," is raised by those who lost their bets. The "smart money," which quite frequently is nothing more than "dunce dough," is placed on the fighter who is reported to be a "sure thing," yet when the fight is over, such boxer has proved that he wasn't an even money shot against his opponent. I can recall any number of contests in which such cries were raised, yet when it came to proof of collusion, none could be offered.

Why? Because there was no pre-arrangement. The contestants fought according to Hoyle, giving their best and with the better man coming through as victor.

In my 46 years of association with boxing, I haven't seen more than a dozen fights which I candidly could point to as having been crooked. Collusion is a mighty tough thing to prove, but in boxing, a phoney fight is so easily detected that evidence is unnecessary. The scribes and the sports enthusiasts attending such an affair are sufficiently wise to detect "fakes" without the aid of outside evidence.

NEW YORKERS well recall the fight between Eddie Shea of Chicago and Charley Phil Rosenberg for the world bantamweight title in which Charley "kayoed" Eddie in the fourth round. James J. Farley, then chairman of the New York Athletic Commission, didn't hesitate to make known his feelings following that bout, when he declared at the ringside, "Shea will never again fight in New York." And he didn't. Farley not only revoked the license of Shea but also that of Champ Segal, manager of Rosenberg, and in doing that, Jim gained the hearty approval of the fans who were the suckers in a big betting coup.

When Sid Terris was knocked out by Babe Herman at the St. Nicholas Rink back in 1929, the "smart money" raised a howl that the double-cross had been put into action. They declared that Terris had taken a "dive," yet the fight was one hundred per cent on the level.

Word had been passed around Broadway that Herman would perform an Annette Kellerman and thousands of dollars were wagered on Terris, despite the fact that Sid had been kayoed by Ray Miller, Jimmy McLarnin and others and no longer was the invincible dancing master, the brilliant boxer who was often spoken of as the successor to Benny Leonard. Sid had slipped to a low level, and when Herman kayoed him, the charge of "collusion" was made. It is quite easy to charge dishonesty, to cry fake, but those who do so, are usually the small fry betting gentry who like to be in on a "kill."

When Terris was dropped for the count by McLarnin, the East Side gentry that wagered heavily on him cried that they had been let down although in McLarnin, the Vancouver K.O. artist, the division at the time had its best clouter. Herman pointed out to his accusers that Terris, not he, was carried out of the ring, and as for Terris, he had been softened for the Herman slaughter by previous clouters, hence there was no reason to suspect any wrongdoing on the part of either fighter.

WHEN Jack Johnson was matched to fight Jim Jeffries, stories were broadcast by some of the nation's leading writers telling of an arrangement that had been entered into by which Johnson was to "lay down" for Jeff who, it was generally conceded, was not in the best condition to tackle the Galveston Negro. Bob Edgren, in particular, kept harping on this point in all of his stories. He despised Johnson and went out on the limb to do him harm. He told how Jeff had the bout "in the bag," how Johnson had accepted money from gamblers to permit the title to go back to the white race and other yarns of a similar type.

These stories got under Johnson's skin. He was hot under the collar and vowed to get his vengeance. He emphatically denied that he had "sold out."

Coming to me one day he remarked: "You can bet all the tea in China on my chances. I not only will knock Jeffries out but I'll give him such a shellacking that they'll never again say that I was bought by gamblers to toss the fight. Bet until it hurts," he told me. "Don't stop until I tell you."

That's how confident Jack Johnson was of beating Jeff and how determined he was to make the writers of those "dive"

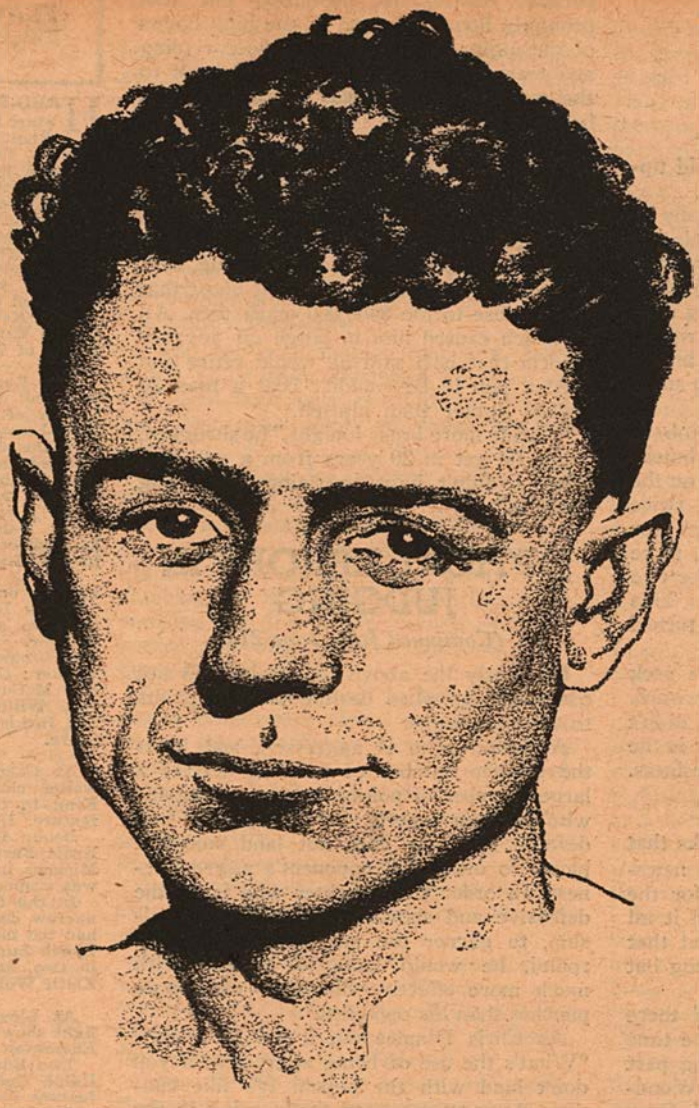
stories swallow their words. Johnson's sole ambition was to prove to the world that he was a real champion and he answered all the "In the bag" stories by giving Jeffries one of the worst trimmings a heavyweight ever received in a championship bout. His knockout victory gave "smart money" one of the severest drubbings in the history of the ring.

I'VE often been asked about "faked" fights. My answer has always been the same. Now and then you find some culprit who tries to put one over on the public, but the fight fans are too smart not to quickly note a phoney when they see one and the fellow who is guilty of collusion finds that his drawing power as an attraction soon reaches a low that forces him out of competition.

The LaMotta-Fox fight in 1947, in which, after a minute investigation, the District Attorney and the Boxing Commission cleared LaMotta of wrongdoing, proves my point. Though found not guilty, LaMotta suffered heavily financially as a result of the public's charges that he had not given his best in that bout.

Reinstated, Jake had to start all over again to convince the fight fans that he was deserving of their support.

You can't fool those who pay the freight. Form reversals in boxing bring about nasty talk, especially when topnotch talent is concerned, hence it behooves such fighters to give the fans what they expect.



Sid Terris, whose kayo at the hands of Babe Herman brought forth cries of collusion.

ONE of the biggest betting coups in ring history took place in the old Madison Square Garden on August 30, 1900, when Jim Corbett knocked out Kid McCoy and also knocked the props from under boxing. That kayo brought about the repeal of the Horton Law, putting an end to legal boxing in the State of New York.

The principals in that contest were brought for a hearing before Tim Sullivan, New York's strongest political power, and each declared that the fight was on the level. But the charges brought against McCoy by his wife, who insisted that she was in on the deal and knew all about it from the time that Corbett and the Kid had signed their agreement to fight in the Garden, caused the Governor of New York to order the repeal of the Horton Law.

In later years Corbett emphatically denied that he had McCoy "lay down" for him and the public believed him. The evidence in the case, however, was strongly in favor of the public's assertion that Kid McCoy had been in collusion with big time gamblers and that he had been handsomely paid to have the bout end early thereby giving the betting commissioners a chance to make a big killing.

RECENTLY I bumped into Kid McPartland, at one time famous as a fighter and later as a referee in New York but now engaged in selling sports goods. The veteran of many tough ring battles, grey-haired but still as erect as he was in the days when he was recognized as one of the best fighters in the lightweight division, was in a reminiscent mood and when old-timers get together there is no halting their conversation on the "good old days."

McPartland, who had fought George Kid Lavigne, Joe Gans, Dal Hawkins and Terry McGovern, among other greats of the roped square, decried the poor calibre of present-day fighters and offered the opinion that, aside from possibly a dozen men, the talent in each division would have been easy meat for the stars of yesteryear.

"We had clever boxers as well as terrific hitters in my time," remarked the Kid, "whereas today you can count outstanding talent on the ten fingers of your hands. I can name a dozen welterweights of my day who could have knocked the daylights out of the cream of the middleweights and light-heavies of today."

That undoubtedly is so, when one considers how difficult it is to obtain ten ranking fighters for each division. In only three of the eight divisions are the ranking men of today comparable to the top men of the McPartland era. The old-timers among us will admit the greatness of Willie Pep, Ray Robinson and Joe Louis. I doubt that even in McPartland's heyday they came much better than this trio, outstanding among present-day pugilists.

We were discussing knockouts, knockdowns and famous ring battles in which the kayo wallop figured prominently and the Kid told me an amusing story of his fight with Dal Hawkins, who, he said, was one of the hardest hitters the ring has ever seen. "No man could hit an opponent any harder on the chin than could Hawkins," he remarked. Then he amusingly told what happened when he fought Dal.

Hawkins had knocked him into a jellyfish in the fifth round. The kid lived in Brooklyn at the time and after the fight, he decided to ride home on a trolley car. The usual number of hangers-on, despite his kayo, followed McPartland back to the City of Churches to see the Kid home. Some of his intimates talked of the fight and McPartland entered into the spirit of the thing, even agreeing to a grave error he had made by leaving an opening for Hawkins' terrific left hook, a haymaker if ever there was one in boxing.

McPartland's brother was in the party and sitting on the Kid's side he began to explain how the Kid had fallen, then went into minute details of what had been done in an effort to restore him to normalcy. The brother told how they had helped him down the steps and to his dressing room.

Then, said Kid McPartland, "I knocked 'em all for a twister when with all the seriousness in the world, I inquired:

"'Who won the fight between Hawkins and me?'

"They looked at me with an astonished gaze. Here they were discussing my fight and me apparently listening to the discussion, yet I didn't realize what they were talking about. My brother, aided by a few friends, took

(Continued on page 38)

BRUCE BACK IN HEAVYWEIGHT SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from page 6)

and no one has ever accused our mild upcountry cousin of that before.

He seemed to be burned up personally at each fan and "expert" who made Mills the 5 to 6 betting choice and who predicted that once this night's work was over, Woodcock would be back on the railroad by next morning. For instance, the chin wasn't tucked behind the left shoulder—a bit of caution that caused American fans to sneer in '46.

He couldn't have done a better job of fricasseeing Freddie if he had used a butcher's block and cleaver. He had Mills on the floor for a two-count in the first, twice for four and one counts in the third, for two in the eighth, nine in the tenth, three in the 12th, twice again in the 13th, for two and ones, and then the grand finale. This final artistry was a right hand that turned the lights out at 1:27 of the 14th.

"It caught me on the back of the neck and dizzied me," Mills related afterward. "I didn't know what happened. I didn't even hear the count. That Woodcock is the best right hand puncher in the business. He'll whip Savold."

SAVOLD, proving to the local folks that he can read and write, turned newspaperman and "covered" the fight for the London *Daily Graphic*, and wrapped it all up in a neat package by pointing out that "Woodcock never looked like anything but the boss."

Mills, mind you, didn't just stand there like Big Ben and let Bruce strike the time on him. Perhaps the most interesting part of the "new look," in fact, was that Woodcock was practically gushing blood from nose and mouth from the second round on; that his left eye was cut in the third and nearly shut tight in the fourth, and that he fought the last eight rounds with a blister on his right foot that would have taken a couple of shilling pieces to cover. When it was over, you could not have picked the winner on looks.

It is well known that Freddie isn't afraid of anything with two hands and a face. And for five rounds he waded in and let go. For those five rounds he had a chance. But Woodcock speared his rushes with the left and crossed over the right, and by the end of the fifth, it was obvious Freddie had picked the wrong kipper this night.

THE knockdowns gave Woodcock the first and third and his body punching took the fourth. A left hook that staggered Woodcock, and a large bundle of lefts that shook him gave Mills the second. The fifth and sixth were even, with Mills' jabs on Bruce's bleeding proboscis countering Woodcock's rights.

From then on, though, Woodcock took just about every round. It looked like curtains for Mills in the seventh, in fact, but Woodcock couldn't quite get the big one over after hurting Freddie. A right cross brought the blood pouring from Bruce's nose again like catsup on a hamburger in the ninth.

In the tenth, Mills tried one final desperado, rushing in, swinging, but was promptly floored. In one of the high points of the night, he came off the floor ripping and tearing and connected with a hook to the mouth. But that was strictly the last hopeless gesture.

Besides their assorted lumps and bumps, each fighter took home some $56,000, which will cover the cost of arnica and bandages, and leave a bob or two to ease the pain.

All told so far, Woodcock has toted some $300,000 take-home pay from the ring, and, win or lose against Savold, he'll boost that pretty close to the $400,000 mark then. All of which caused him to laugh off advance reports that he'd said he would retire and open a pub if he couldn't beat a man 20 pounds lighter than himself.

"I made more brass tonight," he shrugged, "than I'd get in 20 years from a pub. Besides, I didn't have to swing a bar rag doing it."

OPTICAL ERRORS IN JUDGING

(Continued from page 21)

Obviously the above four points do not count equally when dealing out the points to the contestants.

A fighter who is aggressive and lands the greater number of punches derives a larger number of points than his adversary who exhibits superb ring generalship and defense but who does not land sufficient blows to offset his opponent's aggressiveness. In order for a fighter who is on the defensive and shows superb ring generalship, to garner the majority points in a round, he would have to counter with much more effective blows or with more punches than his opponent.

As Chris Dundee put it the other day, "What's the use of being aggressive if you don't land with the punch. It's like running along an escalator that's going in the opposite direction . . . what happens? . . . ya get nowheres fast!"

The Eagan point system used in New York follows:

"The points, one to four, take into account all the elements that go into winning a round—clean hitting, effective aggressiveness and defense.

"(1) One point is scored for the boxer winning the round by a bare shade, zero for the loser. If the official must actually reflect and consider which boxer won the round, he will give one point to the winner.

"(2) When the round is a clear win, two points will be credited to the winner and zero to the loser.

"(3) If it is a one-sided round, the winner will receive three points and the loser none.

"(4) If it is a one-sided round plus one or more knockdowns, the winner of the round will receive four points."

The above covers a bout under normal conditions.

When a fighter loses a round on a foul, two points are taken from the losing fighter and given to the winner and the loser receives no points.

The above should be a guide to better judge the bouts that one sees in the Empire State. It will help in appreciating the complex problems that referees and judges must contend with and the rhubarbs that arise from a disputed decision.

FLASHES IN FISTIANA FROM WESTERN CANADA

By WALT MARLOW

HARD-PUNCHING Stan Almond won his 16th start in 17 tries, handing Oakland's Tommy Rhett a thorough going-over. With the advantage in almost every department from a physical point of view, Almond battered the game Rhett to the canvas in the third and sixth rounds. Despite his great superiority, however, he was unable to keep Rhett down for keeps.

The fight drew 1400 into Exhibition Gardens, and the gate was $2,100.

The supporting card, all bouts being six-rounders, saw one of the best Promoter Principe has assembled to date.

Paul Kennedy, Portland welter, continued to win in Vancouver with a kayo victory over Dick Evans of McChord Field, Wash.

Baby Ray Jones, a cutie who can punch, copped the nod over rough and rugged Al (Pinkie) Cowan of Spokane in another welter feature. They hammered each other from bell to bell.

In the six-round opener, the other half of the Almond family, Frank, iced Joey Edmunds at 2:50 of the second. It was Frank's first outing in eight months, and his fourth pro victory.

At Calgary—Buddy Washington, Spokane, knocked out Wilf Desjardin, Calgary lightweight, in the fifth of a scheduled ten.

In the semi-final, Jimmy Nolan, Calgary, knocked out Hurley Angeloin in five.

Bobby Daly, Calgary, won the other half of the two sixes with a split verdict over Hal Kilgour.

In fours, Dave Boyer drew with Mickey Walker; Clint Murphy decisioned Steve Ganger; Bill McCutchon drew with Doug Cunningham; Eric Williams held Keith Wolford to a draw, and Jackie Warfield copped a split nod over Billy Starr.

At Calgary—Jimmy Nolan, Western Canada welter champ, hung the K.O. sign on Ruben King in the fourth of a scheduled ten in the feature. Nolan had too much class all the way.

Bobby Daly, fast becoming one of Promoter Ernie Farr's leading performers, stopped Lucky Mickens in the fourth of the semi-final. Mickens was suspended by the commission for not trying.

In the fours, Mickey Walker, Calgary, won a narrow decision over Dave Boyer; Blain Palmer had too much class for Kenny Angevine; Danny Lynch hung the T.K.O. sign on Mike McGinnis in two, and Eric Williams gained a draw with Keith Wolford.

At Lloydminster—The oil town saw its first fight show since pre-war days when Gene Mason, Edmonton promoter, staged a rousing show.

Two Edmontonians, Jackie Sorenson, 130, and Ralph Goddard, 138, provided the action in the feature presentation, with Sorenson scoring one of the few K.O.'s of his career. After being down for a nine-count in the third, Goddard was unable to answer the bell for the fourth when a bad cut over his left eye forced the commission doctor to stop the contest.

In the semi-final, Will Smith, Edmonton, 146, took only 1:40 to dispose of Stanley James, 149, Swansea, Wales.

The special event produced the best fight of the night, when Don Price, 138, Calgary, T.K.O.'ed Johnny Wynnyk, 137, Edmonton. The end came in the fifth round after both had staged a Pier 6 brawl.

In the prelims, consisting of Lloydminster kids, Bobby Ruhl drew with Charlie Morlidge; Don Williams decisioned M. Messier; Hayden Evans drew with Rodney Webb, and the same verdict came up in the Jackie Ross-Merle Ferber opener.

STRAY SHOTS—Boxing has hit an all-time low in Vancouver . . . . Promoter Al Principe has not only got main-event trouble, he's also faced with a shortage of good prelim talent . . . . Terry Forrest, a newcomer to the Coast fistic horizon, continues to win. Forrest at this writing is unbeaten in ten tries . . . . Vancouver's Bill Brenner, campaigning in New York, has four straight wins to his credit . . . . Calgary is the best fight town in Western Canada. The month of May saw Promoter Ernie Farr stage three shows, and they all made him money . . . . In Edmonton, the game has slipped back into its accustomed status. Promoter Gene Mason, like Principe in Vaucouver, is faced with a terrific talent shortage . . . . Jimmy Nolan, Canadian welterweight prospect, who operates for Ernie Farr in Calgary, now has 18 K.O.'s to his credit. In three years of boxing, Nolan has been beaten only twice . . . . Raleigh Sligar, Tacoma, is reported as being back in the promotional driver's seat in that town.

Good unattached fighters contact the writer. There is plenty of work in Western Canada and on the Coast for boys who want to FIGHT . . . . We can be reached at 1165 Davie Street, Vancouver, B. C. . . . . Roddy MacDonald, Edmonton middleweight, who has really slipped, recently dropped another decision to Eddie Halligan, Spokane middle. The fight was staged in Ponoka, Alberta, and the promoter was that ever-persistent gent, Gene Mason . . . . All for this month.

WILLIE LEWIS, BON VIVANT

(Continued from page 27)

WHAT would Lewis have nominated as the greatest scrap he had ever seen?

"Another tough assignment," Willie would say. "I've seen a lot of great ones. Dempsey and Firpo couldn't be topped for thrills. For an exhibition of perfect boxing, you couldn't match the job Benny Leonard turned in against Lew Tendler in their second bout.

"But for a gruelling, knock-down-drag-out affair, I don't think I've ever seen anything to compare with the 49-round brawl between Joe Jeannette and Sam McVey in Paris early in 1909. That really was something to remember.

"Jeannette and McVey had met in a 20-rounder two months before. Sam got the decision, but the fans didn't like it. They howled and hooted, and littered the ring with papers, programs, lorgnettes, opera glasses, canes, hats, women's mesh bags, hat-pins, and the Lord only knows what else.

"Oh, yes, there were plenty of women at the ringside. Boxing was a craze in Continental society at the time, and the ladies, God bless 'em, were just as enthusiastic as men—and even more impulsive in expressing their likes and dislikes.

"Well, the unpopular decision given to McVey could mean only one thing—a return bout. Joe and Sam were rematched, and this time the bout was set for a finish.

"Jeannette and I were stablemates, managed by McKetrick, and Dan asked me to work with him in Joe's corner.

"Talk about your opening nights at the Metropolitan Opera House! You should have seen the Cirque de Paris that night! Flowers all over the place, women in their fanciest gowns, men in evening clothes, and jewels that could have financed a couple of World Wars! The Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, George Gould, Countess de Castellaine and the rest of the social cream really made a night of it!

"Well, the bout got under way, and for thirty rounds Jeannette absorbed one of the most vicious pastings I've ever seen any fighter take. In the first nineteen rounds, McVey had Joe on the canvas twenty-one times! How Jeannette survived that beating is something I never expect to know.

"But they never made 'em any gamer than Joe. He kept plugging away, and gradually the tide of battle began to turn. About the thirty-second round, I remarked to Joe that he looked better than McVey. 'Sure, I'm better,' he grinned, 'and I'm going to win.'

"Jeannette's body punches were beginning to slow McVey down, and Joe then shifted his attack to the face. In the thirty-ninth round he dropped Sam with a crashing left hook to the chin. That was the beginning of the end. By the forty-second round, both of McVey's eyes were closed, his nose was broken, and his face battered almost beyond recognition. Amazingly, despite the terrific facing he had taken, Jeannette was practically unmarked.

"At the end of the forty-ninth, McVey was a pitiable sight. At the bell, he swayed in mid-ring, blinded and groping. He couldn't find his corner, and his seconds had to lead him there.

"When the gong rang for the fiftieth, McVey stumbled to his feet, but couldn't see. His handlers half carried, half led him to ring center, and put his gloved hand in Jeannette's.

"'I can't see you, Joe,' he groaned. 'Even if I could, I couldn't lift my arms. I've gone as far as I can. You win.'

"THAT was a fight, and one I'll never forget. It was after three o'clock in the morning when we left the arena, a happy but mighty tired crew.

"And can you imagine that guy, Jeannette! You'd think, after that gruelling affair, he'd have only one idea in mind—a long rest, with plenty of sleep. But not him.

"It was about four o'clock before I hit the hay. I had a fight coming up the following week with Honey Mellody, but figured this was one morning I'd pass up my roadwork. I'd already done plenty of it climbing up and down those ring steps, working in Jeannette's corner. What I needed now was not more roadwork, but a large load of sleep.

"I couldn't have been in bed more than two or three hours when I was dragged out of my slumbers by an incessant pounding on the door. Groggy, I stumbled out of bed. It was Joe, in his road togs.

"'Thought I'd keep you company this morning, Willie,' he said, 'and work some of the stiffness out of me.'"

Lewis remained an active figure in boxing circles for several years after his own ring career ended.

In 1916 he trained a former stablemate, Frank Moran, for the latter's meeting with Heavyweight Champion Jess Willard in old Madison Square Garden—Tex Rickard's first promotion in New York.

Later, Willie tried his hand at refereeing, then went in for managing fighters. Two of his best were Abe Goldstein, who became world bantam, and K.O. Phil Kaplan, a ranking middleweight.

Lewis gradually drifted away from the fight scene, and in recent years had worked as a bartender in a popular Eighth Avenue tavern near the Garden.

Willie always was one to appreciate a good story. His own was finished off with a grim touch of whimsy. He was buried on his 65th birthday!

BENNETT, ABORIGINE, HITS THE JACKPOT

(Continued from page 14)

and outgeneraled him all the way, raining blows from all directions. In the seventh round, with one eye completely closed and bleeding from the mouth, Paras was finished.

After a four-month layoff Bennett came in against Bernie Grant, the No. 1 contender for the Australian featherweight title, and lost a twelve-round decision. It was Grant who had handed Elley his only other loss not mentioned, early in 1947.

The following month he stopped Bernie Dunn in eight rounds at Brisbane and was then ready to start off 1949 and his meteoric rise against international competition.

At that time the famed Famechon boys of France were on an Australian tour and Emile, the eldest and world ranked as a flyweight contender, was pitted against Elley. On January 15 they met at Melbourne and the crowd went wild with joy when Bennett stopped Emile in the eleventh round. Previous to that, THE RING Magazine, noting the progress of Elley, had ranked him 14th in the world in the bantamweight division.

While Bennett then proceeded to score a knockout over Jean Jouas, another Frenchman, in the seventh round, Emile Famechon was defeating Mickey Hill, the Australian flyweight champion. They met at Brisbane in a rematch and Elley finished off Emile in the fourth round.

SO HIGHLY regarded was Bennett now by the management of Stadiums, Ltd., that they imported the second ranking bantamweight of the world, Cecil Schoonmaker, as an opponent for him. They met at Sydney Stadium before 13,500 fans on May 23 and though the American Negro, by sheer boxing brilliance, was able to win the first, second and fourth rounds, it could be seen that Bennett was not extending himself and that as the fifth round came up he was fighting faster and appeared stronger. He outfought and outpunched Schoonmaker in this session.

The end came in the sixth round. After coming out of a clinch, Elley knocked his opponent's right guard down with a sweep of his left hand and then sent over a short right-hand punch which might be described as a half-uppercut, half-jolt, to the American's chin. Schoonmaker sat down and then slowly sagged sideways, sprawled out until the count ended.

The fight was over and Elley Bennett was a hero to 7,500,000 Australians, for in him they saw a coming champion, a man to bring back in part the glory of the prize ring once held by their country. A purse of 2000 pounds was given him as a gift.

Some day Elley Bennett may buy his little fishing boat and go back to the quiet little village of Urangan, but right now he belongs to the boxing world and all Australia.

NAT FLEISCHER SAYS:

(Continued from page 20)

persons. Willie was the first top notch fighter to appear in a Parisian ring and so enthusiastic were the Frenchmen over his workouts in the gymnasium, that he soon had a flock of kids following him and asking for boxing instruction.

This he gave them and among the lads was one who later became famous as the Orchid Kid, handsome Georges Carpentier. Carpentier began boxing as a flyweight after Lewis and Jeannette had urged him to take up the sport and he held the title in every division through heavyweight. He reached the top in the light-heavyweight rank in which he won the world crown and he also fought Jack Dempsey for the world heavyweight championship.

A few months ago when Georges came to America as the guest of the Tournament of Champions to see Marcel Cerdan and Tony Zale fight for the middleweight crown, Carpentier visited Willie Lewis in the hospital and there they reminisced. The Frenchman told reporters after his visit that he owed everything he knew in boxing to Lewis and Jeannette.

"They taught me many tricks. I learned how to throw a punch with the full weight of the body from Lewis and Jeannette and Willie taught me how to move about the ring."

THE "OLD SALT" and "LITTLE SERGEANT"

(Continued from page 24)

From Tacoma Waterman went to Portland where for four years he had nothing but success. But the wanderlust was in the navy nomad and he moved to California, then back again to the Northwest, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma.

Waterman guided Doc Snell, Tacoma bantam and feather to the big time, saw him beat several men who were title-holders or later to be champs, McLarnin, Phil Rosenberg, Tod Morgan, for instance. Joe worshiped the little towhead Snell who today has become quite independent as a Seattle tavern operator.

Joe took Bud Ridley, the Little Dempsey, to the heights, advised Bud to quit at the right time, as he did Snell, and today Ridley is near retirement from the navy yard service at Bremerton, Wash. Bud, too, is well to do, has property and real estate holdings.

Waterman was a master showman. In the years he handled boxers or matched them he developed no end of main eventers in the Northwest, including Ah Wing Lee, the Chinese lightweight who made and saved his money. Joe played an important part in the career of Joe Kahut, the Oregon heavyweight, using his experience in matching Kahut properly.

Snell, Ridley, Kahut and other boxers Joe gave particular personal attention to bore deep affection for the boy who was born in Malden, Mass., who came west to Denver to box and join the navy and go on from there.

IT WAS with Frank Churchill and the Tait Brothers, the Barnums of Borneo, carnival and circus pioneers of the Orient, that Joe gave the Filipino people their first taste of boxing and guided them to the high place the little brown brothers have won in the game.

Pancho Villa and Ceferino Garcia attained world titles, flyweight and middleweight. The greatest Filipino fighter of all time, Joe says, and the Taits agree, was Gaudencio Cabenela, alias Kid Dencio, featherweight and lightweight, who died after a bout in Australia years ago.

Waterman gave me the correct information on the start of the Filipino in the fight game and was to have given me more details of his career, but death intervened. Joe had long desired to write a book and, as he said:

"I'll call it *Prizefighter*. That's it, just plain *Prizefighter*. I'll prove fighters are made not born . . . hungry, poverty stricken kids looking above the stench of their slum environments, clutching to a boxing glove to give them fame and fortune.

"You hear all the time about punch-drunk fighters. That's bunk. I've never seen a real punch-drunk fighter, at least not punchy from ring beatings. Fighters take no more punishment than do football players or hockey players. Listen, fighters live longer than any other athletes . . . look at Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, aw, I can name a mile of 'em. Remember Muldoon? Remember O'Rourke? Look at Abe Attell, Lew Powell, Jack Kearns.

"There's no more colorful, dramatic, humorous sport in the world of man than boxing. Sure there are bad characters but take a peek at politics and many professions and businesses, the great monopolies. Naw, boxing is all right. Too many people have established a phobia on the game. When a boxer is killed the press screams.

"When a grid player, a baseball player, an auto racer or other competitors in sports are killed . . . well, it's unfortunate, an accident. Bah, the injustice done boxing is terrible. But, listen, the game will thrive as it always has. It's man's nature to keep it alive."

Marino, like Joe, had equal ardor in defense of the ring sport, but they're gone now, much to the loss of their great Northwest, who enjoyed them through the Roaring Twenties and the tapering Thirties. They both were aiming to carry on in these late 40's, eyeing the 50's, hoping for continued life. But they were marked men, sick and tired old-timers. Perhaps that is why each was found with a smile on his face. Perhaps they saw new life and hope in the great arena somewhere out there . . . far away.

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MAXIM CASHING IN ON DECADE'S EFFORT

(Continued from page 17)

verdict over his home town rival. On the other hand, Charles, who flattened Moore in their last meeting on January 13, 1948, had to go all out to get the verdict over Maxim.

Charley Johnston, Moore's manager, has been yelling murder over the N.B.A. American title designation given the Maxim-Lesnevich battle. At this writing Moore has an all-winning record thus far in 1949, with a win over a previously unbeaten Philadelphia heavyweight, Harold Johnson, highlighting along with the Bivins accomplishment.

A Maxim-Moore fight would undoubtedly go over in Cleveland in view of Moore's win over Bivins in Maxim's home town but in the light of past performances Doc Kearns will undoubtedly prove hard to corner by the Moore forces. As a smooth boxer, Moore is in Maxim's class, plus being a much harder puncher. A bout between the two must be rated a toss-up.

Out on the Coast, Leonard Morrow, a dynamic blaster, is again shaping up as a menace. Morrow, whose one-round knock-out of Moore last year astounded the boxing world, belted over good Billy Smith in his most recent triumph and looks like a tremendous puncher. Punchers are an old story to the "cute" Maxim, however, and the Coast clouter might find the Clevelander's canniness too much for him at this time.

MAXIM, married and father of a little girl, has finally moved into a spot where he may at last realize something for his years of arduous campaigning. No box office sensation up to now, he deserves a better return than has been his fortune throughout his career, when his skill and the calibre of his past opponents is considered. In the Lesnevich fight, Gus galloped off with $50,000 while the winner had to settle for $15,000. This will probably be the other way around when and if the two meet again.

FROM BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

By ALFREDO PORZIO

AT Luna Park—Oscar Flores and Jose Rios, both 140, drew in a contest of 12 hard rounds. Elmo Gudino, 147, won a thriller from Rufino Farias, 145, in the eight-round semi-final. Jorge Taltavull, 136, drew in a hard-fought fight with Jose Genovese, 132, in six rounds. Angel Olivieri, 140, K.O.'ed Felix Guzman, 142, in the fifth. The bouts drew 26,000 pesos or $5,405.

At Luna Park—With 30,000 people present, the sensational Jose M. Gatica, 136, beat Valeriano Mesa, 135½, by a K.O. in the first round. This victory places Gatica as the best lightweight in South America.

In the semi-final, Angel Olivieri, 139, beat Luis Penedo, 137. The best bout of the evening was a six-rounder in which Dante Nolasco, 149, drew with E. Jover, 157. In the first six-rounder, Juan Olmedo, 145, K.O.'ed Luis Loman, 152, in the fifth round. The gate was 103,350 pesos or $21,486.

At Stadium Bristol, Mar del Plata—Roberto Gimenez, 137, beat J. Tapia on points.

At Luna Park—The hard-hitting Pedro Cobas, 159, left no doubt as to who the winner was when he stopped Conrado Vera, 161, in the first round. Cobas, along with Gatica, will be the season's sensation here. The eight-round semi-final, and the best fight of the evening, was won by Enrique Jover, 157, who K.O.'ed the unbeaten Hector Cerruti, 160, in the sixth. A six-round match was won on points by Luis Sanchez, 132, over Roberto Apulliesse, 136. In the second preliminary, Juan Olmedo, 145, beat Felix Fuzman, 142, on points. Total gate was 33,142 pesos or $6,891.

At Luna Park—The Uruguayan champion lightweight, Romero Rodriguez, 137, stopped Jose Jurado, 134. Jurado went down in the first and fifth rounds and took the count in the sixth. The match was scheduled for 12 rounds.

In another scheduled 12-rounder, Roberto Gimenez, 135½, stopped Julio Tapia, 138, by a K.O. in the fourth round with a clean blow to the liver. Juan Olmedo, 145, beat the Chilian, Guillermo Pizarro, 142, on points. Dante Nolasco, 149, still unbeaten, beat Antonio Moyano, 154. The gate was 19,543 pesos or $4,063.

AL WEILL SEES NINE MAJOR ATTRACTIONS

(Continued from page 4)

I invited Weill to discuss Weill. I suggested that he tell his story from the start.

"I was not brought up in an environment of boxing," Al replied. "Quite on the contrary. I got into the game through a side door.

"I was born Armand Weill in the town of Gebwyler, Alsace-Lorraine, when that territory was held by Germany. The date was December 28, the year 1893. That makes me 55, no?

"Everybody worked in our family. My father dealt in horses. My mother had a notions shop, and also made weekly travels around the neighborhood.

"I was 13 years of age when my father brought me to New York. My mother remained in Alsace.

"Pop did not like it here. Doubtless if our whole family had moved here he would have stayed. But he got homesick after six months and went back, leaving me with my grandmother here.

"I was enrolled in Public School No. 32 in New York. I attended that institution for precisely 133 days. I needed those 133 days to get my working papers."

"I GOT a job with a house which designed wallpaper, flower arrangements and the like. I did not go for it," Weill chuckled.

"Then for three years I sold chiffon, veils and such, wholesale. I finally got myself a good job, but my mother's death threw me off the beam, and I was out hunting again.

"Up to this point I had had no connection with anybody who knew a left hook from a ripe banana.

"Then fate took me to Canarsie. Dan, have you ever been in salubrious Canarsie, suburb of salubrious Brooklyn?

"Carnarsie in those days was a poor man's Coney Island. I ran concessions there.

"I had a side line. I danced with a girl partner in contests for money prizes. I was the Texas Tommy champion of Carnarsie and environs."

I examined the now plump Monsieur Weill for dancing evidences. Here was a one-time disciple of Terpsichore! Now he didn't look it. But, he assured me, "I still am light on my feet." I suggested, "Don't let it go to your head."

Weill gazed out the Garden window. He seemed to be seeing things in the distant past.

"My parents were dead," he continued. "I was on my own. And then it happened. I became friendly with a preliminary fighter.

"His name? Andy Brown. We roomed together in Yorkville. I got Brown fights, he led the claque for me in dance contests.

"I got to like boxing lots better than dancing. I met Jack Dempsey when he came to New York in 1916, and was associated with his camp when he fought Wild Bert Kenney, John Lester Johnson and Andre Anderson.

"YOU must remember John the Barber," Al said. "Well, he got Dempsey. The Barber also had the Harlem Sporting Club on East 135th Street and Madison Avenue, now part of the Harlem Negro Belt.

"John, Lew Raymond and Sammy Golden ran the Harlem and they made me preliminary card matchmaker.

"Later I managed preliminary fighters. Then Dan McMahon of Albany engaged me to represent him in New York. At one time, Charley Goldman and I had 19 boxers.

"In 1927, Jess McMahon, owner of the Harlem, became matchmaker in the Garden and turned the Harlem club over to me. By then it was called the Olympia.

"Jess and the Garden had a falling out, so he took his club back.

"In 1932, I made the matches for the Queensboro. Simon Flaherty lost the property. I lost out there.

"Tim Mara landed the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium for boxing and hired me as his matchmaker. Then I took over Ebbets Field on my own.

"Coney Island Velodrome, New Haven Arena, Boston Garden, Queensboro again, away from boxing for four years, back with Mike Jacobs when he took over the Garden and the Hippodrome.

"I had an argument with Mike. I wanted to match Henry Armstrong with Lew Ambers. He said, 'Armstrong and Barney Ross.' I resigned and went back to managing fighters. That was in 1938.

"I had Ambers, Marty Servo, Archibald—three champions. I retired them all.

"Any time I retired a fighter I made him sign a ten-year contract with me, dollar a year, so that he would not be talked into going back into the ring by some smoothy, and getting his noggin chopped off.

"I had Arturo Godoy that night in the Garden when Joe Louis got a ten-round split decision.

"I had a dozen fighters, then the war. I lost nearly all of them. Later, promoted in Washington. I did well there. Big gates, Griffith Stadium, and the Uline Arena. However, I was of New York. And here you find me this Summer day in the Garden, back home."

And there you have the life, times, and opinions, hopes and plans of Armand Weill, one-time dance contestant, now matchmaker in the biggest fight organization in the country.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

(Continued from page 22)

over the landscape. Wolgast was demanding a return match. Freddie Welsh, the Britisher, had begun to hound the new champion. From down Los Angeles way, Mexican Joe Rivers was howling for a crack at Willie.

AN implicit believer in the power of actions over words, Oliver decided to have Murphy fight his way into a popular demand for a match with Ritchie.

His base of operations established in 'Frisco, Murphy got his campaign under way New Year's Day, 1913, by whipping California Frankie Burns.

An elimination bout with Wolgast was next on the schedule. It was set for Washington's Birthday, with the understanding that the winner would be nominated for a title meeting with Ritchie.

In twenty rounds Murphy and Wolgast were unable to reach a satisfactory settlement. The decision was a draw.

A return match was in order, and two months later, on April 19, Tommy and the former champion got together again. This time the New Yorker was returned the winner.

IT was at Murphy's training quarters one afternoon that a handsome, rather shy youngster approached St. Denis. He toted a batch of drawings under his arm, and wanted Walter to look them over.

Ambitious young writers and cartoonists, eager to break into the newspaper business are regular happenings in the day's work of a sports editor. (Ask Nat Fleischer; he certainly knows.) But St. Denis was impressed with the youngster's exceptional talent, and particularly with a drawing he had made of Murphy.

The kid, who said his name was Ripley, and his age 19, was working on a San Fancisco daily, but he was aiming for New York, where such illustrious Californians as Bill McGeehan, Bob Edgren, Tad Dorgan, Hype Igoe and Rube Goldberg had become outstanding figures in the newspaper field.

"You've got a distinctive style, and original ideas; I like the way you handle boxing," said St. Denis. "I could use a good sports cartoonist, but I cannot promise you anything definite right now. If you ever get to New York, look me up, and I may be able to do something."

DESPITE his victory over Wolgast, Murphy was sidetracked by Ritchie when the latter decided on his first title defense. Rivers was picked as the opponent, and the match set for July 4 in San Francisco.

Disgusted, the New York delegation packed its bags and headed back East.

It was some five or six months later that a caller dropped in on St. Denis in the cubbyhole that served as the *Globe's* sports department. It was Ripley. Taking St. Denis at his word, he was looking Walter up.

The visit resulted in the young Californian becoming a member of the *Globe's* sports staff. His assignment called for a daily cartoon on any timely athletic topic.

Not only a brilliant artist, but a clever writer, Ripley was given a thorough education in sports. He covered boxing, baseball, automobile racing, track-and-field, football, tennis, golf, swimming, horse racing and anything else that came along.

It was natural that from time to time Ripley would run across unusual happenings, and it was a collection of these oddities that led eventually to his first "Believe It Or Not" in 1918.

(P. S. Harlem Tommy Murphy finally was given his crack at Willie Ritchie and the lightweight title. On April 17, 1914, the New Yorker lost a twenty-round decision to the champion in San Francisco.)

A Correction

In the April issue of THE RING, Tom Ephrem, reporting the fights down south, erroneously stated that Johnny Wilder, of Macon, Ga., who defeated Bill Harmon in a light-heavyweight bout at Tampa, Fla., is a Negro. He is not. THE RING Editor regrets the misstatement.

Johnny Wilder lost to Paul Goodwin at Jacksonville, won a six rounder from Manny Gomez at Sarasota and then beat Harmon in four rounds in recent months.

MEMORIES

(Continued from page 33)

immediate care of me. They figured that something was wrong and feared that I had suffered a brain concussion. They took me to a hotel, where I remained all night and in the morning, when they found that I was talking more rationally, they breathed a sigh of relief."

THAT same condition was in evidence when Johnny Dundee was knocked cold by Willie Jackson. About an hour after the fight, while Johnny was still sitting in his dressing room with scribes and his handlers working over him, Dundee, in full ring attire, kept muttering:

"Come on, come on, let's get this fight over. I'm tired waiting. What's all the delay about. Is Jackson ducking? I've got a date. Let's go."

About two hours later Dundee finally came to. His befogged brain had cleared and now he was rational. He was told what had happened and saddened by the event, he sat in his chair for a long time before his mentor could get him to go to a hotel. He realized that he had been knocked out for the first time and he took the defeat to heart.

Dundee tried for revenge in several subsequent battles, but each went the limit, some eight rounds, others ten and still others twelve-rounders.

WHEN Georges Carpentier came to America to fight Jack Dempsey for the world heavyweight title, he trained at Manhasset, Long Island, the home of Jack Curley, who handled Gorgeous Georges' American affairs. When interviewed by the newspaper reporters one day, Carpentier remarked:

"When I have fought Dempsey for the title, should I be defeated badly, I shall retire and spend the rest of my days in France. There is nothing more horrible than the thoughts of finishing as a chopping block when a fighter's days in the ring are over."

Yet, the most tragic mistake the gallant Frenchman made during his brilliant career was when he returned to the ring to fight Battling Siki, the grotesque champion of the jungle. The lure of the roped square was so hard upon Carpentier that he went on and on until he was a mere shell of a once great fighter.

When still light-heavyweight king of the world, he fought Siki at the Velodrome Buffalo, in Paris. Gallant, debonair, he stood blowing kisses to his countrymen, and waving to several members of the fair sex sitting at the ringside. They returned the greetings with thunderous applause. They had come to make what they thought a Roman holiday at the expense of the untamed Senegalese.

But to their surprise, the idol of the French not only lost his crown but was smashed as a boxer. Gloom replaced gaiety in Gay Paree's sporting circles. No sooner had Siki been shouldered as the vanquisher of Carpentier than he ran amok. A few hours after he had won the crown, he was dashing along the boulevards of Paris in an automobile with a donkey tied to the car. Later he sauntered with a lion cub at the end of a chain. He was the despair of the gendarmes, the butt of gamins.

Carpentier was the only champion who started as a flyweight and fought through every division. He won the title in every class in France.

His fight with Dempsey was the beginning of a new era in boxing. Socially, it dragged boxing out of the gutter. Financially, it introduced to the sport the million-dollar gates and from a promotion point, it gave birth to a new type of ballyhoo artist.

MILKMAN TURNS FIGHTER

(Continued from page 29)

tipped Tippy over so often that the referee stopped it in the ninth, probably figuring that if Tippy was floored once more, people might get the impression he was part of the canvas, which would never do.

THE RING made Charlie "Fighter of the Month," and the National Boxing Association rated him among the top five welters.

"Fusari has enough of everything," RING editor Nat Fleischer wrote. "He'll be ready for Ray Robinson in a few months."

So, Milkman Charley lost his next two starts. What a lot of us overlooked was that he was still a youngster, still learning, and hadn't yet been asked the questions about the cuter tricks of the trade, like the bobbing and weaving and mauling that clutching Tony Pellone used to confuse them with, and the crouching and bobbing pudgy Eddie Giosa used for laughs.

In each case, though, there were more arguments over the decisions than you'll find in a Four-Power conference. Pellone fought in spurts and spots, maybe 30 seconds a round. It impressed one judge and the referee. The other judge, Jack O'Sullivan, one of the most respected men in the business, balloted for Fusari. Jersey Jones, writing in THE RING, patted O'Sullivan on the back for "refusing to be swayed by Pellone's tactics."

AGAINST Giosa, the crowd was for Philadelphia Eddie. Any time he threw a punch—it could miss by the length of Jimmy Durante's nose—the fans yelled and cheered. Fusari could have offered two quarts of cream free to every customer—and he still would have been ignored.

It was strictly a case of the crowd "rooting a fighter in." The judges gave it to Giosa; referee Arthur Donovan called it a draw. Wrote Jersey Jones: "Fusari wasn't given any the best of it by the officials."

Charley got back on the track with a four-round sleeping pill for Joe DiMartino, who'd gone through two years with only one loss. But before 1947 was out, Fusari dropped another fifty-fifty affair, to Johnny Cesario. Early in '48, he took on a welterweight, Red Priest; moved right into Red's back yard in Boston for it. He got what might have been expected—which wasn't the decision. THE RING's New England correspondent reported the crowd of 12,438 "booed loudly."

Two months later, Charley went right back to Boston. This time they had to give it to him. He won only eight of ten rounds. That about completed Fusari's education with cuties. No one has ever come close to him since. He ran out 1948 with three straight knockouts, including another quickie over Tippy Larkin.

This year, before Foster, he also put the cooler on Rocky Castellani, who'd been voted the young man most likely to succeed. Even as recently as that, though, he showed that early nervousness, and Rocky had him on the floor in the first couple of minutes.

Right then, he probably realized that it wasn't the crowd you had to watch, but the other guy in the ring. So, with Foster, things were different. He turned the lights out in round one, and everyone went home early. Charley knows a milkman has to get to bed early so he can be up on time.

WESTERN NEW ENGLAND

By GEORGE ROSS

AT Holyoke, Mass.—Jimmy Warren boxed his way to a victory over Teddy (Red) Davis in ten rounds. They are lightweights. Mal Evans of New Bedford, Mass., won a six-rounder from Edgar Gallant of Gardner, Mass. Both are lightweights. Freddie Veratti of Springfield, Mass., won a six-rounder from Bobby Cesar of Troy, N. Y. (Welterweights). Larry Jones of New York won a six-round decision over Ike Martin of Baltimore, Md., in a six-round bout (Light-heavyweights). Bobby Carson of Springfield won a T.K.O. over Ranky Carroll of Springfield in the first round (Welterweights).

Harry LaSane won a close ten-round decision over Timothy (Buddy) Hayes of Boston in a good main bout. LaSane slapped, cuffed and flicked to gain the fancy of the fans and officials. They are featherweights. Phil Berman of New York lost a six-round bout to Jack Harris of Troy, N. Y., in a six-rounder (Light-heavyweights). Talbert Anderson of New York won a six-round decision over Bobby Henry of Albany, N. Y. (Lightweights). Johnny Carr of New York won a six-rounder over Mal Evans of New Bedford, Mass. (Feathers). George McCoy of Holyoke was K.O.'ed by John Hicks in the second round of a four (Welterweights).

At Holyoke—Jimmy Warren of New York won a ten-round main bout from Jean Richard of Montreal, Can., in a hard-fought go. Rolly Johns of Albany, N. Y., won over Eddie Johnson of Worcester, Mass., in a six (Welterweights). Lewis Cote of Montreal won over Lou Bell of Lewiston, Me., in six rounds (Lightweights). Freddie Veratti of Springfield won a five-round decision over Johnny Luz of New Bedford (Welterweights). Roger Lessard of Manchester, N. H., scored a K.O. over Frankie Glass of Albany in the second round of a five-rounder.

At Holyoke—Harry LaSane of Houston, Tex., scored a K.O. over Jose Garcia of New York in the fourth round of a ten. Garcia gave the fans four good rounds (Featherweights). Bobby Rosado of New York won a six-round bout from Rolly Johns of Albany. Angel Chavez, San Pedro, Calif., lost a six-round bout to Billy Paul of Boston (Welterweights). Bobby Carson of Hartford, Conn., won a six-rounder from Teddy Burke of Albany (Welterweights). Leo Brown of Albany won over Milton Lightfoot of Boston in five rounds.

At West Springfield, Mass.—Orlando Zulueta of Cuba won a ten-round bout from Jimmy Collins. The bout was close. Zulueta took the first four rounds with his rapier left jab, but Collins wore him down with his body punishment to carry the end of the setto. The cold night was Zulueta's excuse for not doing better. Tommy Jessup of Springfield staged a comeback at the expense of George Bradford Smith, whom he K.O.'ed in the fourth. Sal DiMartino of Hartford scored a five-round kayo over Sammy Walker of Springfield (Welterweights). Irish Tommy Mack of Springfield won a six-rounder over Jack Krulewicz of Valley Stream, L. I., and Herb Tessier of Springfield won a four-rounder over Joe Ricardo of Valley Stream (Welterweights).

At the Century Stadium, West Springfield—Dennis Pat Brady of Hartford and Joey Carkido of Youngstown, O., fought a torrid ten-round draw. Sal DiMartino won an eight-round semi from Mike Kobella of Pittsburgh, Pa. Lou Bell of Lowell, Mass., lost a six-rounder to Charlie Donovan of New York (Lightweights). Danny Falcone of Manchester, Conn., won a six-rounder over Billy Roberts of Hartford (Featherweights). Art Suffoletta of Bridgeport, Conn., stopped Blond Tiger of Lowell in the third round of a six (Lightweights).

North Adams, Mass.—Doc Williams of North Adams kayoed Kenny Harris of Philadelphia in the fifth. Herb Tessier decisioned Bill Sanders (Middleweights).

WOODCOCK'S FEAT

(Continued from page 13)

by Willard, and Kearn's handlers feared that the Soldier was booked over a similar route. But they finally brought him round.

Willard for the first, and probably the only time in his life, was trained to a hair when he won the title from Johnson in Havana. It was his good condition and natural powers of endurance that pulled him through. There was a vast difference between the lithe, leopard-like Johnson that subdued Jeffries at Reno, and the poorly conditioned Johnson of Havana. He had trained faithfully, but fast living previously had taken its toll.

Jeffries was ambidextrous. In his prime he could put over a kayo with either hand. He had absolutely nothing left when he faced Jack Johnson, not even his once notable endurance. Which is the history of the downfall of most champs as their conquerors caught them slipping, although none, except perhaps Sullivan, had struck the downgrade to the extent that Jeff did.

DEMPSEY'S fame as a left-hook artist has passed into a legend. Yet, though Jack wielded a devastating left hook that invariably started his opponents on the trail to defeat, it was his right that usually finished the job.

Never was man more aggressive in the ring, but remember—Dempsey was also one of the most effective counter-hitters that ever lived! He weaved forward to draw a lead, slipped under the punch, and shot over that dynamite left hook. Immediately the left landed, Dempsey followed with a lightning right, and it was "curtains" for the other fellow.

There was far more science to Dempsey's style than he was ever credited with. Most folks simply listed him as a gorgeous slugger, without reference to the cunning generalship that dictated his every move.

Gene Tunney was not a one-punch finisher, but he could hit with deadly accuracy, and the ripping, tearing quality of his blows had long-lasting effect on men he defeated. The late Bartley Madden, who was kayoed by Tunney in eight rounds, in 1925, told the writer that the body punishment he received on that occasion slowed him up so, that he never quite regained his old-time fighting form.

Tunney was a masterly straight hitter, and the speed of his left jab won the admiration of Jim Corbett, who had specialized in that particular blow himself. Gene also used a smashing left hook, and one of his best punches was a right jolt over the heart that was warranted to take a lot of fight out of an opponent.

MAX BAER used to unleash a wicked right swing. During the second year of his ring career, or to be exact, in 1930, he kayoed Frankie Campbell on the Coast with this punch. Campbell failed to rally from the beating he received and died. It was Baer's looping right to the jaw that gave Max Schmeling his first setback in this country, and resulted in victory for the Californian.

Baer then got a title-shot with Carnera, and annexed the heavyweight crown, winning on a technical knockout, in 1934. That his right had lost none of its viciousness was demonstrated shortly afterward, when he crashed it on King Levinsky's jaw, and outed the tough Chicagoan in two rounds.

But stepping along the gay playboy trail put a cramp in Baer's punching efficiency, and the year following he took a hiding over a fifteen-round route from Jim Braddock without showing a trace of the walloping power he once possessed.

The story of how he announced his retirement, after sustaining a four-round kayo by Joe Louis, thought better of it, and essayed a comeback, is still fresh in the public mind. He regained something of his old fistic status by turning the tables on English Tommy Farr, who had previously taken a decision over him.

WHEN Jim Braddock, who took the title from Baer, was a light-heavyweight, he was some pumpkins as a puncher. Jim used a right cross to the jaw with stunning effect. When Tuffy Griffiths came here from Chicago in 1928, with a long string of quick knockouts to his credit, Braddock took him on at the Garden. Early in the second frame Jim crossed that right on the jowl, and Tuffy went out like a snuffed candle.

In beating Baer, many years later, Braddock stuck to jabbing tactics and left-handed Max out of the picture. It was noticeable that Jim didn't have the old right-hand destroyer punch any more. When he lost the title to Louis he dropped the Negro with a short right to the head at the start of the bout, but there didn't seem to be much behind the wallop, for Joe was "up and at him" in a jiffy, and won rather easily on a kayo in the eighth round.

In his last engagement before retiring, Braddock edged out a well-deserved decision on points over Tommy Farr, but it was clearly evident that his days as a knockout puncher were a long way behind him.

Schmeling's best stock-in-trade was a right to the jaw, delivered sometimes at a straight angle, or again in an overhand sweep. It was of no account against Louis, in their second battle, although it worked havoc with Joe the first time. Whether it is still loaded with knockout powder, nobody knows, as the champion gave Max no time for much experiment in that way. Max was smothered and shattered under a hurricane of exploding fistic bombs before he even realized what was happening.

The pet punch idea never bothered Joe Louis, who seemed to be capable of slamming 'em out with either fist from any direction. Many a fighter has stowed away an opponent with a wallop delivered entirely at random, and later has sworn gravely that he had "the successful attack figured out in advance."

WHEN the hunt for a White Hope to dethrone Johnson was in full swing, Tom O'Rourke had Al Palzer in tow. Palzer was a big husky chap who could punch hard but knew nothing of boxing's finer points and was too dumb to learn.

From over the sea came "Bombardier" Wells, British champion. He was matched with Palzer before a New York club. Wells was an ideal athlete in appearance, tall, beautifully proportioned, and a classy boxer.

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Also he could throw an awful wallop with his right.

But he couldn't stand up under a stiff rap on the jaw, and was liable to fold up if hammered around the mid-section. The latter weakness proved his undoing in the scrap with Palzer.

For two rounds the clever Englishman jabbed and cut Palzer to ribbons. It was a splendidly scientific exhibition by the Briton, who occasionally varied the program by crossing a right and tumbling Palzer over. Early in the third round, Palzer, by this time a gory sight, had just beaten the count by a second after being on the floor.

Al lowered his head and charged in regardless. He was swinging both hands, and his right glove accidentally thudded into the Bombardier's tummy. Down went Wells —and out! It was victory for Palzer, but a victory snatched from the jaws of defeat.

Thereafter big Al was wont to boast how craftily he laid for the Bombardier to land that stomach punch, until the Englishman left an opening, and the belly-paralyzer sunk home for the kill.

Charley Dosserick helped O'Rourke second Palzer. One night Charley happened into a barroom where Al was expounding for the benefit of his hearers the subtle strategy by means of which he conquered Wells. As the new arrival strolled up, Palzer appealed to him for confirmation.

"That was how it happened, wasn't it, Charley?" he queried.

His erstwhile second grinned scornfully.

"That's how it wasn't," he replied unfeelingly. "Why, you big lug, you didn't know where you were or what you were doing in that third frame. You were licked to a frazzle. You had your eyes closed tight when you bulled into Wells and landed the luckiest wallop that ever saved a scrapper from being counted out. You were born with horseshoes in both mitts, you clumsy stiff."

Palzer made an unsuccessful attempt to laugh that one off. Whenever he again discussed his amazing victory, he took pains to assure himself that the plain-spoken Charley was nowhere in the vicinity.

Sellout of RING Record Book Proves Keen Interest in Boxing

For months the viewers-with-alarm have been mournfully predicting a slump in boxing. But you'd have difficulty proving any slump by the unprecedented call for the 1949 issue of THE RING Record Book.

Within three months after the edition was placed on sale, every copy was sold, and scores of orders, unable to be filled, have been returned to their senders.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

BOXING is at a low ebb in California these days, particularly in the Los Angeles area. The boycott on Hollywood Stadium, numerous poor attractions at the Olympic and lack of local drawing cards in the smaller cities, are the main reasons for the slump.

The game in the 'Frisco area has not fallen off as much as in the southern part of the state, as there is no quarrel between promoters and managers up there and a number of Bay District youngsters are developing into good drawing cards. Johnny Gonsalves, Leonard Morrow, Grant Butcher and Dave Whitlock are becoming as good cards in the north as the Docusen brothers, Enrique Bolanos and Manuel Ortiz are in the south.

However, there is no real lack of interest in the sport on the part of the public, as is proven every time an attractive fight is staged, but such attractions are too few and the boxing fans are losing faith.

The much-talked-of go between Maxie Docusen and Carlos Chavez took place at the Los Angeles Olympic. While a good fight and the result was as expected, it was not as closely contested or bitterly fought as had been anticipated. Docusen was too fast and sharp for Chavez, even beating Carlos at his own game—infighting—and the stocky Mexican was credited with only three of the ten rounds.

Chavez answered the opening bell with a rush and concentrated on a body attack, but before the round was over, Maxie had evened it up with straight punches to the head. Docusen copped the second and third heats at close quarters with short, snappy uppercuts. Chavez waged an offensive in the next three rounds that evened up the score, but the fast pace took much out of the veteran and he was no threat after the sixth.

Docusen punched Carlos hard and often in the late rounds and he was badly messed up at the finish, bleeding from mouth, nose and cuts over both eyes. The majority of the packed house were for Chavez, and most of the 3000 fans turned away were probably also followers of the colorful Mexican battler. Docusen weighed 133, Chavez 132. The fight grossed $25,000.

In the six-round semi, Al Bernal, 123, and Manuel Hernandez, 123, fought another torrid draw and the fans again tossed money into the ring.

In the four-rounders: Frankie Daniels, 162, defeated Al Hernandez, 162; Ray Perez, 143, bested Frankie Ray, 146; Lonnie Hudson, 144, stopped Tony Corrales, 142, in the fourth; Dave Gallardo, 125, nodded Chivo Amador, 131.

Chalking up his third straight knockout since his arrival in California, Jimmy Carter, 134, New York Negro, stopped Mario Trigo, 136, in the eighth round at the Ocean Park Arena. The first two heats were even and Trigo won the third, but the Mexican was spilled for a no-count during a hot exchange in the fourth and receipted for some heavy punching in the fifth.

Mario did all right in the sixth, but was decked for a two-count in the seventh, and when dropped twice in the eighth, the referee raised Carter's hand.

In other bouts: Ralph Guttierez, 144, K.O.'ed Frankie Ray, 145, in the third; Bobby Harris, 153, defeated Tommy Lee, 157, in four; Clifton Lester, 149, decisioned Rocky Slater, 154, in a four; Jack Grijalva, 160, won over Jackie Condon, 158, in four; Billy Crawford, 132, stopped Cheatem Mariano, 135, in the third.

The welterweight champion of Arizona and the Hollywood Stadium—Charley Salas, 146—knocked Lawrence Brown, 148, back into the preliminary ranks in the seventh round of their bout on the "home grounds"—Hollywood Stadium, that is. Brown, fast and flashy, but just another fighter, was outclassed in every round. Salas came out at the opening bell determined to score a kayo and almost accomplished it in the opening round. Brown was decked for an eight-count and barely lasted out the heat.

Lawrence was floored again for nine in the second frame, and when he was dumped early in the seventh, after having received a bad pummeling in the sixth, Referee Benny Whitman called it quits.

In another ten-rounder, even more one-sided, Jackie Blair, 129, Dallas, stopped Baby Joe Diaz, 136, Tampa, in six rounds. Blair punched Diaz at will for five rounds and floored him in the sixth. When Diaz complained of a sore ear at the end of the round, Referee Joe Stone figured that the Baby had had enough and he hoisted Blair's glove.

In three four-rounders: Tommy Yamaoka, 118, defeated Augie Yerratt, 124; Bob Terrance, 144, nodded Pete Servin, 146, and Russell Dungey, 126, won from Tony Pelliteri.

For five rounds, Johnny Duke, 159, of Seattle, was encountering little trouble whipping Ray Dioses, 160, Los Angeles Mexican, for Ray was wide open and seemed to be hitting at someone else. But things got tougher for Duke in the sixth, and in the seventh Dioses put on a blitzkreig that won the round handily. Ray kept the fighting close in the eighth and ninth, but Duke lambasted the Mexican lustily in the final round to win by a wide margin.

In supporting bouts: Al Carlisle, 160, San Diego, whipped Tommy Lee, 157, in six; Roberto Cruz, 135, El Centro, K.O.'ed Leonard George, 132, Beaumont, in the third; Juan Cochran, 121, Puerto Rico, defeated Tony Orosco, 126, Tia Juana, in four; Bert Mendoza, 162, Cucamonga, nodded Boots Nelson, 160, Los Angeles, in four.

There must be something to those stories of "home town" decisions rendered at Juarez, Mex. There is no other way to account for Harold Dade being held to a draw by Jesus Fonseca in that city a few months ago. Their return bout at the Los Angeles Olympic was no contest. Fonseca was credited with winning one round, the first, when he charged out with fists flying, causing Dade to give ground.

However, this writer believes that the little Negro could have taken this round, too, if he hadn't preferred to use strategy, taking a "blueprint" of Fonseca as he cleverly evaded his onrushing foe. The Mexican is a gamester and he tried hard all the way, in spite of the lacing he was receiving. Fonseca packs a good punch, too, but could find no place to put it, Dade being much too elusive for the rangy youth.

Harold didn't have the power to dispose of the El Paso battler, but one would have needed an adding machine to tab the number of times he hit him. Dade weighed 124, Fonseca 122.

In the six-round semi, Frankie Daniels, 166, Bakersfield Negro, continued on his winning way by outboxing Joe Cardenas, 168, San Bernardino.

In the four-rounders: Tony Espinoza, 130, whipped Cadillac Clemmons, 128; Bobby Harris, 153, decisioned Chicago Frankie Chavez, 158; Pat Quinn, 123, nodded Juan Cochran, 123; Mel Martinez, 135, beat Carl Arakaki, 134.

When one of the contestants has iron in his fists and glass in his jaw, the contest most always ends by a knockout. Arturo Barron, 142, Los Angeles Mexican, has those ingredients in his make-up, so, his clash with Bolton Ford, 138, Pittsburgh Negro, at the Ocean Park Arena, was expected to end that way. And it did. This time it was Barron who took the sleep.

Ford won the first two rounds with a body attack and when Barron carried his guard low in the third, Bolton whipped over a right to the jaw that stretched Arturo out like a rug. The bell rang before the referee could finish the count, but Barron was unable to come out for the fourth.

Other results: Pat Quinn, 121, defeated Russ McCarty, 120; Roberto Cruz, 132, bested Cadillac Clemmons, 128; Clifton Lester, 146, tacked another defeat to Jimmy Stewart, 147; Jackie Condon, 159, outpointed Jack Grijalva, 161; Tony Espinoza, 132, nodded Cheatem Mariano, 135. All four-rounders.

Joe Waterman of Los Angeles, one of the best known and most liked men in the boxing game, passed away during the month. Waterman died of a heart attack at Tacoma, where he was matchmaker of the local club. Joe had suffered from a heart ailment for many years and had spent much of the time in hospitals. He had reached the age of 61.

Waterman had long been regarded as one of the country's foremost matchmakers, and his promotions at Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland and Tacoma were among the most successful ever staged in those cities. And prior to promoting, Joe had managed a number of topflight boxers. Few men in the boxing game have had as many friends as Joe did and few will be more grieved at time of their passing.

Too bad that Corky Gonzales of Denver couldn't have appeared at Hollywood Stadium under different circumstances (with no "strike" on, that is), for he is a clever and colorful youngster, and being a Mexican boy, he could do well in California. In easily whipping Chico Morales of Tampa, Gonzales looked like the best boxer seen at the Stadium in months. Not that Morales is much, but it was the manner in which Corky did it.

Morales is a cagey defensive boxer and he was on a bicycle much of the time. (How about that? I was under the impression those fellows down south were tired, slow-moving guys. Why, these southern boxers recently seen in the Hollywood ring run like refugees from a track team.) Gonzales executed a fast left jab and crossed a sharp right to cop nine of the ten rounds. Corky weighed 124, Morales 125.

Other results: Rudy Campa, 145, San Fernando, iced a Bobby Jackson, 144 (all the way from Florida), in two rounds; Hank Thurman, 193, disposed of George Abinet, 194, in the third; Tello Cruz, 140, stopped Ernie DeFrance, 135, Wichita, in the second; Chuey Padilla, 142, chilled Baby Aguilla, 141, in the fourth; Ricardo Palacios, 144, Mexico, decisioned Baby Felix, 143, in four.

Believe that I will start a petition to outlaw hunting. (Aside to my pal, Ted Culbertson: Aw, I'm only fooling.) The critics of boxing are still harping about the many deaths occurring in the ring. (There were eight in the United States during 1948.) Well, I've just been reading that 16 hunters were killed within 11 days of hunting in Oregon last October and during those same 11 days there were five killed in Colorado. There were 170 killed throughout the country during the deer season last year.

In the only fight staged at Sacramento during the month, Paul Kaylor, 153, Sacramento, stopped Dean Hubbard, 158, Reno, in the sixth round at the Sacramento Auditorium. The bout was slow for four rounds, but the fireworks really started in the fifth. They swapped punches all through the round and both were bleeding freely at the end of the session.

Hubbard's cuts became more serious in the sixth and the club physician ruled him out. Kaylor having had the best of the contest, was declared the winner by T.K.O.

In supporting bouts: Joe Lopez, 131, Sacramento, defeated Aaron Joshua, 125, Rangoon, India, in the six-round semi; Andy Leios, 110, Stockton, won over Speedy Rudy, 114, Honolulu, in a six; Billy Corona, 135, Sacramento, nodded Oscar Price, 132, Madera, in four.

Until some really colorful heavyweight crops up, the big fellows will not excite boxing fans in these parts. Two of our better local heavies, Freddie Beshore and Dutch Culbertson, met in a ten-rounder at the Los Angeles Olympic, but although the bout figured to be close and hard fought, one of the smallest crowds of the year turned out for the go. Unfortunately, they both lack what it takes to thrill the crowd.

Culbertson won five of the first six rounds, jabbing Beshore at will and nailing him with uppercuts as he came wading in. But the plodding blond kept up the attack, occasionally getting in some hooks to the body. Culbertson tired badly after the sixth and Freddie began landing looping punches to the head. Dutch was too weary to keep Beshore at bay in the late rounds and Freddie finished fast to get the nod.

In other bouts: Lou Bernal, 135, decisioned Ralph Lara, 134, in the six-round semi. The action was slow. Roy Daniels, 152, stopped Morris McFarland, 153, in the second; Frankie Ray, 146, K.O.'ed Ray Bacall, 145, in two; John McFall, 178, disposed of Howard Todome, 175, Oklahoma, in the second; Tony Corrales, 144, whipped Jimmy Stewart, 146, in a four.

Max Baer said a mouthful when he declared: "The referees of California, as a whole, are incompetent." When one has an opportunity to compare our referees with those elsewhere, it is evident. Our ring officials have poor judgment, not only in rendering verdicts, but also in knowing when and when not to halt a bout. We do have a few good referees, but that is not enough. All of them should be competent. Incidentally, Max Baer, himself, is a really good referee.

The switch-hitting style of Mario Trigo, 133, Monterrey (Mex.), was too much for Bolton Ford, 136, Pittsburgh Negro, in their ten-rounder at the San Diego Coliseum. Trigo was in command throughout, making Ford's attempts appear very amateurish.

In other bouts: Baby Mathis, 137, San Diego, and Lonnie Hudson, 143, Los Angeles, fought six rounds to a draw. Each was in a groggy state several times; Baby Ike, 148, Los Angeles, K.O.'ed Flash Gordon, 147, San Diego, in the second; John McFall, 178, Los Angeles, and Bob Galston, 169, San Diego, drew in four; Leonard George, 136, San Diego, decisioned Roberto Cruz, 134, El Centro, in a four.

If Art Aragon could have caught up with Benny Black and made him hold still until Art could park one solid punch on Benny's chin—Aragon would still be "Atomic Art" of Hollywood Stadium. But Black is fast, cagey and apparently unaccommodating, so Aragon had to be content with the ten-round decision, garnered at much embarrassment, due to considerable missing in the early rounds and complete exhaustion at the finish.

Aragon cornered Black in the sixth and belabored him with both fists, but Benny's bicycle came to the rescue. Although tired, Art decked Black for a nine-count in the eighth, but was so weary at the end of the round that Benny was able to jab out an edge in the final two heats. Black, a despised 10-to-1 underdog, was cheered by the crowd for his "moral victory." Aragon weighed 139, Black 146.

In the six-round semi, Jackie Blair, 127, Dallas, had much the best of Ricardo Palacios, 136, Mexico, but received only a draw for his efforts, getting as bad a deal on the decision as he did on the weights.

In the four-rounders: Tommy Yamaoka, 119, stopped Aaron Burl, 123, Seattle (3); Eddie Talavera, 132, whipped Curtis James, 132 (4); Sam Ellis, 154, and Earl Flynn, 148, drew (4); Frank Dominguez, 142, and Cager Norris, 146, technical draw, due to eye cuts (1).

Recalling that there were fewer eye cuts at the time I was boxing, 35 years ago. (Dern it, this long white beard keeps catching in the typewriter!) I decided to have another look at the gloves I used in my last bout. (Dern you, too, Billy

Infel!) Well, although those gloves weighed but four ounces, it was easy to see that they would not cut or break the skin as would the gloves used today, even though the present-day gloves are much larger. The old gloves were padded only with hair, they were pliable and soft, and there was no padding to become hardened, lumpy and heavy. Possibly here is one of the solutions to the cut eye hazard.

Up-and-coming Rudy Garcia, 126, won handily over Al Arenas, 128, another of the Los Angeles younger set, in a ten-rounder at the Los Angeles Olympic. Although an exciting fight and hotly contested all the way, Garcia punched too fast and too hard for Apple's Al, copping eight of the ten heats. Rudy was the aggressor and Arenas sometimes caught him coming in with hard rights to stop him in his tracks, but in most cases, it was Garcia who did the damage.

Arenas made a gallant effort in the final round, having a bit the better of it, but he looked the loser he was, with bloody features and swollen eyes.

In the six-round semi, Tommy Lee James, 150, defeated Baby Ike, 146, having the youngster in a bad way at the final bell.

In remaining prelims: Georgie Mendoza, 126, K.O.'ed Felix Ayala, 130, in two rounds; Barry Grady, 127, a cutie of Detroit, decisioned Johnny Rivera, 126, in four; Bobby Harris, 155, whipped Tommy Lee, 154, Honolulu, in a four; Clifton Lester, 146, beat Jimmy Stewart, 146.

The old, old story, "Stopped, due to an eye cut," is the tale of the Clarence Henry-Billy McClure setto, which was halted and declared a draw in the seventh round at the Ocean Park Arena. Henry, 187, had decked McClure, 200, for nine in the fifth and was ahead on points, but it was his noggin that opened the gash over McClure's eye, so Referee Joe Stone ruled that a draw was the fair verdict.

In supporting bouts: Mike Buha, 192, St. Louis, and Willie McCoy, 175, fought to a four-round draw; Tommy Harris, 160, iced Al Currier, 155, in the opening canto; Shorty Padilla, 170, bested Enoch Lee, 174, in four; Andy Ramos, 132, and Roberto Cruz, 132, drew in a four; Ben Cervantes, 130, decisioned Billy Crawford, 133.

I am not trying to be funny when I write that I believe that better decisions would be rendered if the judges were compelled to wear earmuffs, well-padded ones to keep out all sound. Often, many of the ringsiders who have a few dollars bet on one of the contestants will loudly exaggerate everything their favorite does and belittle the efforts of his opponent. I am positive that I have seen judges influenced by these tactics. To render correct decisions under such circumstances, the judge must be courageous, clear-thinking and broad-minded, as well as competent. That is expecting a lot of a man. How many do you know?

Although highly regarded in fistic circles of the Northwest, Joey Velez of Spokane was unimpressive in his ten-rounder with Jackie Blair of Dallas at the Hollywood Stadium. Against an orthodox boxer, Velez is no doubt a pleasing fighter, but he is at a loss on how to beat a southpaw, or at any rate, was in this clash with Blair. It was thought that Velez would belt Blair out in short order and the bout was attended by the smallest crowd in Stadium history.

Velez was best at the infighting, but could seldom get in close, Blair pulling away and countering sharply. Joey was an easy target at the long range fighting and he was behind going into the final round. But although tired, Velez made a rally in the tenth that earned him the draw. And there can be little doubt as to the verdict being the correct one, as all three judges tabbed it 55-55. The weights were: Velez 132, Blair 129.

In other bouts, all four-rounders: Elmer Beltz, 145, defeated Bob Terrance, 142; Ricardo Palacios, 138, whipped Ernie DeFrance, 135; Eddie Talavera, 131, nodded Mac Gallardo, 136; Dave Barrios, 128, beat Augie Yerratt, 125; Rudy Campa, 147, won over Earl Flynn, 148.

The dramatic finish of the bout between Richard Jones of Los Angeles and Hank Herring at the San Diego Coliseum made up for the numerous rounds of infighting that held little interest for the spectators. Herring had a lead going into the eighth round and he had just hurt Jones with body blows and was trying to finish the job—when it happened!

Jones lashed out with a left hook to the chin and down goes Hank. The local boy regained his feet at the count of nine, but was an easy target and Jones poured it on with both fists. Herring, out on his feet, fell into the ropes and the referee declared it over. Each weighed 145.

Other results: Ray Perez defeated Baby Mathis (6); Flash Gordon and Tommy Lee fought to a draw (6); Shorty Padilla and Bob Galston also ended up even (4); Tony Corrales, of course, whipped Jimmy Stewart (4).

IF IT'S BOXING
YOU WILL READ ABOUT IT
IN THE RING

With no real attraction to offer, Matchmaker Babe McCoy arranged another of those "talent shows" for the Los Angeles Olympic. As stated in this column on other occasions, McCoy and Promoter Cal Eaton stage such shows more to give the prelim fighters a payday than for any other reason. These men know that these "small frys" never draw at the Olympic (it is equivalent to staging a dog-and-pony show in a big, three-ring circus tent), and they would save money by keeping closed, but—well, that's the way they are and that's the way we like 'em.

The most attractive thing about this talent (?) program was the pro debut of Jack Selznick, 226-pound Jewish heavyweight, and not because he is related to the big movie producer, either. But because he is the protege of Bill Miller, the best press agent and cleverest boxing writer on the Pacific Coast, if not the entire United States. ("Buts" on that cigar, Bill!)

Selznick won his bout, a four-rounder, over Jim Howard, 205, by scoring a nine-count knockdown in the final round. Jack was behind on points at the end of the third. He is crude, slow and easy to hit, but he is game, rugged and packs a wallop, so, who can tell?

J. J. Cracknell, 150, finished fast for a close, questionable decision over Henry Roberts, 148, after six uninteresting rounds.

Manuel Hernandez, 124, broke up the tie with Al Bernal, 122, by copping the nod after six fast heats. They had fought five draws.

Dave Gallardo, 126, was awarded the win over Roosevelt Bonner, 126, in a hard-fought six-rounder. Bonner decked Gallardo just before the final bell and seemed entitled to a draw.

Roy Daniels, 153, decisioned Al Hernandez, 157, in four.

Enoch Lee, 172, nodded Shorty Padilla, 169, in a four.

The smallest crowd in years turned out for the show.

I have often received letters from Californians in other parts of the world, especially from men in the Service, inquiring why boxing news of their home towns was not mentioned in this column. Well, fellows, here is the answer: Your home town promoter does not always—sometimes never—furnish THE RING reporters with such news.

It is the aim and desire of THE RING to print and record every fight staged anywhere in the world each month, and the reporters of this magazine spend much time and effort to secure such information, but we must have the cooperation of the promoters, and some of them are too busy. (Y'know, there is some chinning to be done down at Louie's, or there is a gin rummy game over at Al's, etc.) Promoters, my eye!

Having their shows published in THE RING is of inestimable value to the small clubs. It is such publication that often enables these small-time promoters to secure the services of boxers that they otherwise never would have been able to contact.

(This is one of those "beefs" that I had to get off my chest. I feel much better now and only hope that you, the reader, haven't been too bored.)

Incidentally, there were fights staged at both San Jose and Fresno during the month, even though they are not written up. The writer endeavored to secure the results, but the promoters were so, so-o-o-o tired. Ho, hum. Oh, heck, let's go fishing!

LEST I FORGET—Apparently, California is to be very much in the fight between the independent promoters and the new big Joe Louis combine. Babe McCoy of Los Angeles and Jimmy Murray of Oakland represented the California promoters at the meeting of the independents in New York last month. George Parnassus of Los Angeles went along as representative of the Boxing Managers' Association . . . . After nine years of partnership, Manuel Ortiz and Tommy Farmer have split up. It is too bad, *as both are swell fellows. It was the bantam champion who insisted on the split and he will probably regret it later on, for, as a manager, Farmer was shrewd, and as a friend, he was loyal . . . . Rudy Cruz, Gus Wilson's cagey lightweight, has caught on in Australia, where he has won both his starts . . . . Cecil Schoonmaker, who did not fare as well over there, has returned to Los Angeles . . . . Wirt Ross has sold Freddie Beshore's contract to Ralph Gold of Oakland. The price is said to have been $5000 . . . . Ralph Gambina has sent Willie Bean, Los Angeles Negro heavyweight, to Eddie Walker for a campaign in the East. Bean is fast, boxes well and punches hard, but there has been something in his makeup that has made him an uncertain quality. Walker is capable of getting Willie the opportunity, so we shall see . . . . Oakland sure turns out the surprise packages! Remember the surprise victories scored by Earl Turner, Chester Slider and Leonard Morrow? Now Johnny Gonsalves, with only 12 pro bouts under his belt, ups and holds Maxie Docusen to a draw . . . . Sid Flaherty's promising featherweight, Jimmy Savala, chalked up his 21st victory in stopping Billy Herrera in four rounds at Fresno. (Gee, maybe I shouldn't have said that, it probably is supposed to be kept secret.) Well, this is it. In closing, may I remind the reader, when writing regarding matches on the Coast, for services of a boxer, photographs, or just information, kindly enclose a self-addressed envelope for the answer. Thanks.

I'll be seeing you In Sunny California. Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

RING QUESTION BOX

Ed Ted Wagonlander, Flint, Michigan

Q.—In a mixed bout between a wrestler and a boxer, what does the record show in the matter of victories? Will doing push-up training by a boxer retard the boxer's speed and make him muscle bound?

A.—The average favors the wrestler by a big margin. Push-up exercises, if taken with small weights, not the heavy ones used by strong men and wrestlers, won't affect you any. They won't make you muscle bound nor retard your speed.

Walter Haughey, New Hyde Park, N. Y.

Q.—What was the date of the Carnival of Champions that was held in the Polo Grounds.

A.—September 23, 1937.

Q.—Was Marcel Thil really the middleweight champion of the world or only recognized as such in certain parts of the world?

A.—Thil was recognized as champion in most parts of the world except by the New York commission.

Q.—If he was champion, from whom did he win his title?

A.—Thil had defeated Gorilla Jones, the N.B.A. champion, and subsequently defeated every champion in that class except the New York commission titleholder.

Q.—Did Barney Ross fight Ceferino Garcia more than once in their careers?

A.—They fought twice, Ross winning both, a ten round decision in 1935 and their fifteen round welterweight title bout in 1937.

Q.—Did Garcia ever campaign as a middleweight and win the world's championship and if so whom did he defeat for the title?

A.—Garcia did fight as a middleweight and defeated Fred Apostoli for the New York version of the title.

Q.—Did Sixto Escobar ever fight as a featherweight? I thought the Escobar-Jeffra fight was a featherweight contest and if it wasn't, who was featherweight champion at that time?

A.—Escobar fought as a featherweight at the tail end of his career but his 1937 fight with Jeffra was for the bantamweight title. At the time Petey Sarron was featherweight champion, losing the title to Henry Armstrong a month after the Escobar-Jeffra fight.

Jim Di Grazio, Asheville, N. C.

Q.—Did Jeffries fight after the bout with Jack Johnson?

A.—Only an exhibition with his brother Jack in 1921.

Harry Di Filipi, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Has any book on the life of Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons been written? Where can I get copies?

A.—Yes. Bob Davis wrote one called "Ruby Robert" and Fitz wrote his own life story many years ago but neither can be purchased now. As for Jeff, two books appeared on him also, one by himself called "Jim Jeffries' Life Story" and the other, "Two-fisted Jeff" by Hugh Fullerton. Neither is now available. Out of print.

Mark Shelbourne, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—In your record book you state that no one round kayo took place among the flyweights. Is that correct?

A.—No, it was subsequently corrected. Jackie Paterson knocked out Peter Kane in 61 seconds of the opening round.

Stan Wilcox, Wichita, Kansas

Q.—Do you rate Dempsey a greater fighter than Jim Jeffries? If so, why?

A.—No, I think that Jeffries was a greater all around fighter. Many of the oldtimers would place their bankroll on Jeff as the greatest of all fighters, but I stick to Jack Johnson.

Robert Rivard, Donnacona, Que.

Q.—Has Willie Pep ever fought Montreal's Marcel LaChappelle

A.—They have never met in a regularly scheduled bout.

Ebbie Meyer, California

Q.—What was the correct name of Young Peter Jackson? I refer to the fighter who was in his prime during the days of Joe Walcott?

A.—Sim Thompkins.

Maurie J. Harkins, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—From where did the parents of James J. Jeffries come?

A.—His mother, Rebecca Boyer was Pennsylvania Dutch. The town of Boyerstown, Pa., was named after her ancestors. The father, Alexis C. Jeffries, was born in Scotland. He was of Scotch-Dutch mixture.

E. Wagonlander, Flint, Mich.

Q.—What years did Maxie Rosenbloom hold the light-heavyweight title? From whom did he win the title and by whom was he beaten to lose the crown?

A.—After Tommy Loughran gave up his title in August, 1929, Maxie Rosenbloom was recognized by the N.B.A. as champion and Jimmy Slattery won the New York State Athletic Commission tournament. On June 15, 1930, Rosenbloom defeated Slattery to become undisputed champion; he lost the crown to Bob Olin on November 16, 1934.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

WITH all the headline activity going on in the boxing business these busy days and nights, high and mighty New York has become lost somewhere in the merry shuffle.

Championship and semi-championship attractions are being scattered all over the landscape—but there's nary a one tossed into New York. And this normally thriving, bustling community of ours is supposed to be the capital of the biffing world!

The opening round eliminations to determine, if possible, a logical successor to Joe Louis as heavyweight champion pitted Joey Maxim against Gus Lesnevich in Cincinnati, Bruce Woodcock against Freddie Mills in London, and Ezzard Charles against Jersey Joe Walcott in Chicago. The start of the next round will have Woodcock, winner over Mills, squaring off with Lee Savold in London.

Detroit was picked for the Marcel Cerdan-Jake LaMotta middleweight title brawl.

The Ray Robinson-Kid Gavilan outing for the welterweight laurels has been shifted to Philadelphia.

Out in Los Angeles, Ike Williams and Enrique Bolanos will make another effort to get together in a lightweight championship engagement.

Willie Pep has signed for a featherweight title meeting with Eddie Compo in Waterbury, Conn.

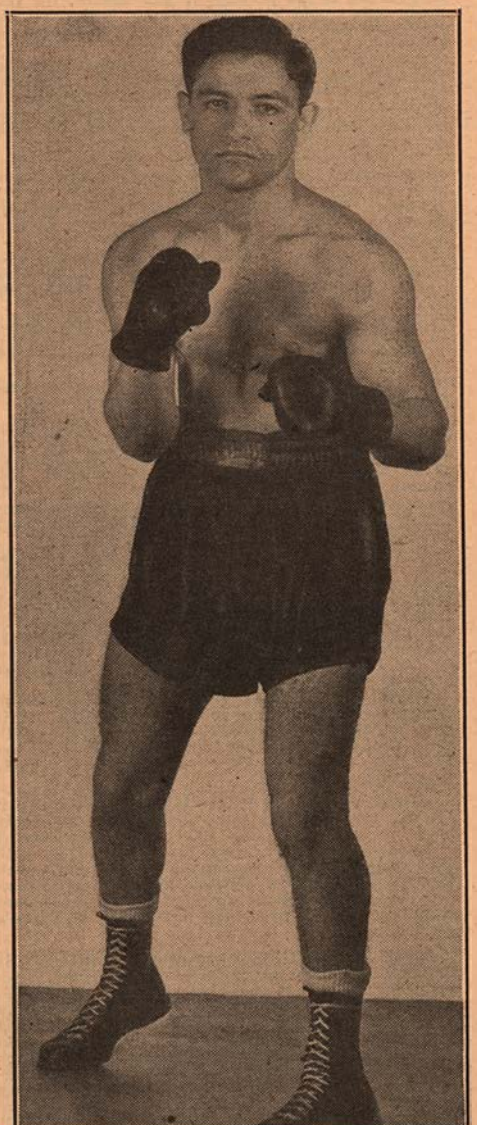
Manuel Ortiz is considering a flattering offer to journey to Australia and put his bantam crown on the line for Elley Bennett to shoot at.

Several European centers are bidding for a Rinty Monaghan defense of the flyweight title, with Honore Pratesi of France and Terry Allen of England as the favored challengers.

Meanwhile, New York's major fistic plans have been snarled up in a Boxing Managers' Guild strike against Madison Square Garden for a larger cut of the radio and television swag. Until that tangle is unravelled, there is no chance of any fights being staged in the Garden or the ball parks.

The mess probably will be cleared up by the time this appears in print, but already it has been a costly wrangle for the feuding parties, and is likely to prove a lot more costly before it is finished. Several dates have been lost to the Garden—and to the managers who would have had fighters on those cards. The strike also was responsible for moving the Cerdan-LaMotta shindig to Detroit and the Robinson-Gavilan affair to Philadelphia.

For the moment at least, big-time boxing has been taken away from New York and spread out on an extensive itinerary of a Cook's Tour. Which, while tough on the subway circuit, probably is a good thing for the sport in general. There's nothing like letting the other guys get into the act occasionally.



Eddie Compo, clever New Havenite, will face Willie Pep in Connecticut's first all-state meeting for world featherweight title.

THAT was an interesting dispatch out of Washington recently concerning Phil Krug, the old Harrison, N. J., middleweight. Congress was said to be considering a payoff of $800,000 for a demolition torpedo patented by Krug and three associates nearly 15 years ago.

While in the submarine service of the Navy during the First World War—he enlisted the day the United States got into the mess, April 6, 1917—Krug began to tinker with the idea of a new type torpedo. A shipmate became interested and teamed up with Phil. Back in civilian life after the war, they continued their experiments, with two other chaps getting into the act. The torpedo finally was perfected and patented in August, 1934.

Krug, who has been operating a tavern in Harrison since his retirement from the ring in 1928, also has patented an invention which "revitalizes" beer, but he hasn't put it into production as yet.

Phil never was a champion, but he was a remarkably clever boxer and good enough to step along with the best 147-154-pounders of the '20s. He did most of his fighting in and around Newark, and among the better ones he met were Jack Britton, Mike Gibbons, Soldier Bartfield, K. O. Phil Kaplan, Lou Bogash, Dave Rosenberg, Bryan Downey, Georgie Ward, Mickey Walker and Dave Shade. He was managed by Hughie Gartland and the Old Professor, Billy McCarney.

We recall an important role Krug played in helping Gene Tunney tune up for his meeting with Tom Gibbons at the Polo Grounds in 1925—the bout that put Tunney in line for a crack at Jack Dempsey and the heavyweight title the following year.

Gene had selected Tom Luther's picturesque spot at Saratoga Lake for his training camp. We ambled along with him to get things ready. Sitting around the porch of Luther's hotel, we discussed the sparring partners Tunney planned to use.

"I've got to get somebody with a good left hook," said Gene. "Gibbons' best punch is a hook, and if I'm to win this fight, I've got to find a way to check it. Who's the best left-hooker you know who'd be willing to come up here for a week or two?"

"The best one around is a middleweight, Phil Krug," we said. "He is fast, clever, and uses a left hook pretty much as Gibbons does. But he may not be available. He was operated on recently for appendicitis, and has been out of the hospital only a few weeks. It may be too risky for him to box with you."

"Oh, I won't hit him," Gene promised. "I'll have enough big fellows to punch with. All I'll want Krug for is to keep pegging hooks at me, so I can concentrate on ways to handle them."

Krug was contacted, and agreed to fill the order. How well Tunney profited from those sessions with the Harrisonian was

amply illustrated when Gene completely immobilized Gibbons' pet punch, handed Tom a thorough lacing, and knocked him out in the twelfth.

Since that Thanksgiving Day of 1901, when Young Corbett breezed in from Denver to stun the boxing world with a sensational two-round kayo of supposedly invincible Terry McGovern in Hartford, Connecticut has consistently rated as one of the nation's outstanding featherweight centers. Through the years, the Nutmeg State has come up with a steady production of top title-pounders, among them three world champions, Louis Kid Kaplan, Bat Battalino and Willie Pep. So far as we can recollect, however, the impending meeting of Pep and Eddie Compo will be the first feather title match in Connecticut with an all state flavor. With Willie hailing from Hartford and Eddie from New Haven, the Municipal Stadium in "neutral" Waterbury has been selected for the site, with July 12 as the date. The bout is expected to gross $75,000.

The St. Nick Arena's late lamented boxing season may have come to an end, but its memory lingers on. In squelching a recent blaze in the Arena, firemen found it necessary to use gas masks to combat the fumes. One caustic critic was prompted to observe: "Our fight fans must be a hardy lot; think of what they went through with no protection."

With its boxing department idling around, awaiting settlement of the Managers Guild strike, Madison Square Garden found a way to keep one member of its expensive staff busy for a while—tub-thumper Francis Albertanti was shipped on loan to Detroit to help with the Jordan-LaMotta ballyhoo for Promoter Nick Londes. . . . Recovered from illness and injuries that kept him out of action for eight months, Charley (Zivic) Affif, colorful Pittsburgh middleweight, is back in training. . . . Marty Servo, who gave up the welter title rather than fight Ray Robinson in 1946, is now tending bar in a tavern in the Times Square district. . . . One of the nation's better young heavies, clever Joe Gheshul of Bayonne, has had his ring career temporarily halted by an appendectomy.

The disastrous effect a major labor disturbance can have on a community was amply evidenced by the gates reported at George (Korn) Kobb's first two outdoor shows of the season in Elizabeth's Twin-City Bowl. Cards that figured to draw about $3,000 played to $900 and $400. The long drawn-out strike at the Singer Manufacturing Company, which put 7,000 employees out of work, and halted an estimated $750,000 weekly payroll, was the main part of the answer.

Humbert J. Fugazy, who gave Tex Rickard some tough competition in the '20s, is playing around with the idea of getting back into the field of promotion. He may try an outdoor show or two at Ebbets Field. It was in the Brooklyn ball park that Fugazy drew $461,689 with the Paul Berlenbach-Jack Delaney light-heavy title affair in July, 1926. Another of his extravaganzas was the Italian Hospital Fund carnival at the Polo Grounds the previous July, which crossed a half-million with Harry Wills and Charley Weinert, Harry Greb and Mickey Walker, and Dave Shade and Jimmy Slattery.

Short, short story: On crutches for six months as a result of a broken leg, and threatened with a pronounced limp for the rest of his life, a young Australian, Des Williams of Melbourne, was induced by try a boxing training routine in an effort to remedy the trouble. He not only lost the limp, but displayed such a natural aptitude for boxing that he decided to take it up seriously. So far, he has been doing all right for himself.

Up-state New York apparently hasn't heard of the "recession" that is supposed to have overtaken the fight business. In recent months, new local highs for receipts were set in two centers there. First, Jake LaMotta and Joey DeJohn drew $31,000 in Syracuse, then Lee Sala and Joe Taylor played to $25,000 in Binghamton. . . . And Buffalo is chattering of a likely $75,000 gate if the Lee Oma-Joe Baksi bout materializes.

If the Queensboro Arena insisted on switching its regular night from Monday, why did it have to pick Thursday, and run in competition with the Fort Hamilton Arena? The outdoor clubs have tough enough going without bucking each other.

Fully recovered from injuries suffered in an automobile accident, Davey (Red) Allen, popular Yorkville feather, is back in training.

After importing Willie Bean all the way from Los Angeles, Eddie Walker turned him over to wholesaler Chris Dundee for Eastern distribution.

It was a stunning enough jolt for Ray Arcel to chaperon Tommy Yarosz all the way to Honolulu to blow a decision to Carl (Bobo) Olson, but, adding insult to injury, a crippling maritime strike chopped an expected $35,000 house down to $16,000.

Angelo Pucci and Carmine Biletti seem headed for a fine summer at Meadowbrook Oval, Newark. Improving each time out, their first three dates hit $3200, $5100 and $5600.

Willie Ketchum's smooth young Bronx lightweight, Jimmy Carter, is doing well for himself in California rings. His first three starts produced knockouts over Nick Dias, Archie Whitewater and Mario Trigo.

With Ray Robinson appearing in an exhibition with Al Tribuani, and Maynard Jones trouncing Johnny Wilson in the top spot of the regular card, pro boxing returned to Wilmington, Del., recently, after a two-years' absence, and drew $8,000 at the ball park.

Petey Mack, Feather Star of '20s, Is Counted Out

One of the best featherweights and most popular attractions in New York's metropolitan area during the '20s was counted out for the last time recently when Petey Mack died suddenly from a heart attack in his native Jersey City. He was 46.

An Italian lad (right name, Peter DeMatteo), Mack crowded more than 100 battles into a busy career that started in 1922 and finished in 1930. A good boxer, and stiff puncher, he missed very few of the outstanding ringmen of his weight. Among those he fought were Irish Johnny Curtin, Willie Shugrue, Spencer Gardner, Jackie Gordon, Bud Dempsey, Johnny Kochansky, Allentown Johnny Leonard, Mickey Brown, Jack Sharkey, Joe Glick, Cowboy Eddie Anderson, Mike Ballerino, Babe Herman, Red Chapman, Andre Routis, Dick (Honeyboy) Finnegan, Sammy Dorfman, Carl Duane, Dominick Petrone, Al Singer and Benny Bass.

A younger brother, Georgie, also was a good featherweight, though he never quite attained Peter's status. Georgie's best performances were two close bouts with Tony Canzoneri early in the latter's career.

The month's results:

Against a background of a rainy night and vast rows of empty seats, Mike Jacobs and his 20th Century Club officially passed out of the boxing scene. Mike himself was present for the last show staged by his organization in Madison Square Garden. The card attracted only 6,814 customers and a gross gate of $16,338. In the ten-round windup, chunky Robert Villemain, 158½, the bustling Frenchman, proved too busy and durable for the Arkansaw Traveler, Pete Mead, 157½. The scrap, a bruising affair, was fairly even at the half-way mark, but Mead couldn't keep pace with the tireless Villemain and faded toward the finish. Frankie Abrams, 147½, Detroit, edged out Gene Boland, 154½, Scranton, in the semi-final eight. In sixes, Aldo Minelli, 145, Italy, whipped Sonny Levitt, 148, East Side, and Georges Chape, 157½, France, tossed a real jolt into the clients by flattening Billy (Killer) Kilroy, 157, Paterson, in the first. In fours, Bobby Morgan, 151½, Elmhurst, beat Frank Formichella, 147½, Summit, N. J., and Andy Viserto, 134½, Bronx, outpointed Jimmy Fredericks, 133, Mount Vernon.

The indoor season's finale at Sunnyside Garden produced a decision for Tommy Englehardt, 153, young Astorian, over Vince Mazac, 153¾, Seymour, Tex., in a top eight. In another eight, shifty Al Ferello, 126¾, Bronx, had to hustle to grab a draw with aggressive Henry Schillizi, 130½, Middle Village. Bobby James, 160, Jamaica, had too much of a weight advantage over Jimmy Taylor, 152½, West Side, and won in six. In a scheduled four, George Washington, 180½, Birmingham, Ala., used Eddie Blair, 180½, East New York, as a cherry tree, and chopped him down in the second. In other fours, Bud Coley, 149, Chicago, clipped a decision from Paul Hawks, 140¼, West Side, and Shaun McGuinness, 128, Toronto, had the better of the milling with Johnny Salamone, 127, Bronx.

The outdoor campaign, as usual, was ushered in by Fort Hamilton Arena, which reported an encouraging turnout of 4,300 clients and a gate of $6,376. In the headliner, Vinnie Cidone, 158, edged out his Coney Island rival, Herbie Kronowitz, 159, in a bruising ten. Kronowitz was the better boxer and copped the vote of Judge Arthur Susskind (Young Otto), but the other judge, Joe Agnello, and the referee, Gus Galli, thought Cidone's aggressiveness and infighting entitled him to the decision. Billy Brenner, 150, Vancouver, B.C., beat Dom Marchese, 153, Red Hook, in a rough semi-final six. In another six, Bruno Lijoi, 137, Brooklyn, decisioned Louis Quiles, 136, Jamaica. In fours, John Cagnone, 150½, East New York, outfought Joe Ricardo, 147, Mexico; Tony Conn, 150, Bensonhurst, beat Jackie Krulewicz, 146, Valley Stream, and Joe Conigliaro, 159, East New York, drew with Tony Bove, 150, Bath Beach.

One of the better young heavyweight prospects hereabouts, 19-year-old George Kaplan, 185, of Brooklyn's Brownsville sector, made it eleven straight wins, and seventh via the kayo route, when he flattened Ernie Conyer, 192, Camden, N. J., in the fourth of a scheduled eight topping the Ridgewood Grove's final card of the indoor season. In the semi-final, Walter Haines, 140½, Brooklyn, stopped Jimmy Allen, 137½, Philadelphia, in the second. Ernie Toretto, 163½, West Side, whipped Ruben Miller, 158½, Columbus, Ga., in six. In fours, Ray Kelly, 154, Brooklyn, drew with a borough rival, Ray Bryan, 159½; Jose Cardenas, 129½, Mexico, decisioned Billy Proctor, 129½, Harrisburg, Pa.; Johnny Giaco, 129½, flattened another Brooklynite, Bill Brady, 134½, in the first, and Bobby Brown, 160, Brooklyn, put away Lew Perez, 156, Puerto Rico, in the fourth.

An exciting time was had by one and all at the Coney Island Velodrome's opening outdoor show. After four rounds of butting, biting and kicking, the main event between Livio Minelli, 148, younger of the Italian brothers, and Vinnie Rossano, 147½, Red Hook, was halted by the club physician when a nasty gash over Rossano's left eye—the result of Minelli's billygoat tactics—was bleeding profusely. Vinnie protested, tried to slug the doctor, battled with his seconds, and finally was quieted by special police. The State Athletic Commission fined the fighters $100 each and slapped them with 30-day suspensions for "acts detrimental to the good of boxing." Durante Colette, 137, Italy, decisioned Charley Donovan, 138½, East Side, in the semi-final eight. Larry Shaw, 165, Brooklyn, celebrated his return from Europe by whipping Warren Peterson, 170, Jamaica, in six. Nick Edwards, 127, Brooklyn, kayoed Larry Mullins, 132, Bronx, in the first, and Paul Hawks, 149, West Side, drew with John Cagnone, 153, East New York, in four.

Postponed one night by rain, the Queensboro Arena's inaugural was staged in weather that would have been more appropriate for polar bears. It was too chilly for the boys to hang around very long, and the 700 clients shivered through a card that consumed only 43 minutes, 55 seconds of actual fighting time—less than 15 full rounds. The main event was the shortest of the lot. Making his first appearance in a North American ring, Alfredo Prado, 135½, Argentine lightweight champion, used only two punches, a left hook and a right cross, to flatten the Cuban veteran, Charley Cabey Lewis, 127½, in 42 seconds. The only bout to go its scheduled route was a six in which Carmine Vitale, 160½, Jackson Heights, beat Al Evans, 155, Montreal. In the other scraps, Jimmy Casa, 157½, Yorkville, stopped Marty Daquis, 168, South America, in 2:48 of the second; Billy Murphy, 136¾, Brooklyn, kayoed Freddie Smith, 134½, Bronx, in 54 seconds of the fifth, and Eddie Davis, 206, Harlem, halted Israel Quitron, 181, Puerto Rico, in 2:11 of the second.

Though bothered somewhat by his opponent's pushing and wrestling tactics, Hy Melzer, 140¾, West Side, won handily enough over Freddie Monforte, 135, Red Hook, in a bruising eight at the Coney Island Velodrome. Harry (Herschel) Haft, Brooklyn, was too rough and tough for Johnny Pretzie, 191, Valley Stream, and stopped him in the fourth of the semi-final. In the prelims, Ken Lovegroove, 161, Paterson, N. J., outpointed Vern Turner, 164, West Side, in six; Bobby Tighe, 153, Bay Ridge, put the quietus on Joe Ricardo, 149½, Mexico, in the fourth, and Leo Pietras, 184½, Toronto, halted Walter Spiro, 188½, East Side, in the third.

The sharper punching of Joe Miceli, 145, East Side, offset the aggressiveness of Freddie Menna, 148½, Corona, in a busy ten at the Fort Hamilton Arena. Bruno Lijoi, 136, Brooklyn, outfought Bobby Nicholas, 136, Hackensack, N. J., in a bruising semi-final six. Another six produced a decision for Massa Sanna, 126, Italy, at the expense of Hector Rodriguez, 124, Red Hook. Two of the three fours wound up in stalemates, Juan Laboy, 124, Puerto Rico, fighting on even terms with Rafael Laboy, 125, West Side, and Johnny Neely, 149, Brooklyn, splitting the honors with Richie Noggin, 151, East Side. In the other four, Ben Jones, 151, East New York, stopped Tony Conn, 149½, Bay Ridge, in 1:23 of the final frame, Referee Jack Watson intervening to save Conn from further punishment.

Irish Jimmy Flood, 160¾, Yorkville, did well to grab a draw for himself with the more experienced Herbie Kronowitz, 159½, Coney Island, in a rousing ten at the Queensboro Stadium. What Flood lacked in boxing finesse he equalized with aggressiveness and lusty punching, and at the finish the scorecards of the three officials came out with an even total. Judge Jack Gordon saw it 4-3-1 for Flood, while Judge Harold Barnes gave the same count for Kronowitz. Referee Jack Hulbert split the score right down the middle, 4-4 in rounds and even in points. Two sixes produced kayoes, Johnny Breeze, 126½, Paterson, N. J., blowing over Tim Healy, 122, Coney Island, in the fifth, and Carmine Vitale, 158½, Jackson Heights, halting Norman Kelly, 155, Detroit, in the fourth. In fours, Larry Morgan, 144, Brooklyn, won over Jimmy McGirt, 149, West Side; Clarence Mosley, 131, Brooklyn,

whipped a borough rival, Larry Mullins, 132, and Leo Pietras, 182½, Toronto, outfought Eddie Davis, 206, Harlem.

Held to a draw in a previous scuffle in Hartford, rough-and-tumble Paddy DeMarco, 136½, of Brooklyn's Navy district, won handily over Clem Custer, 137, Detroit, in a return meeting at the Coney Island Velodrome. DeMarco was too boisterous and durable for the visitor, and all three officials credited him with seven of the eight rounds. Carmine Fiore, 136, Greenpoint, kayoed Benny Smith, 131, Hartford, in the fifth of the semi-final. Castro Calderone, 123½, Puerto Rico, punched out a win over Jerry Cartright, 131, Hartford, in six. Knockouts shortened all three fours, Matt Daniels, 166, Washington, D. C., flattening Mel Kirsch, 160, East Side, in the first; Orville Holt, 118½, Oklahoma, stiffening Joe Rodriquez, 116½, Puerto Rico, in the second, and Nick Edwards, 125¼, Williamsburg, halting Joe Devlin, 127, West Side, in the fourth.

The Fort Hamilton Arena promises to be lucky stamping grounds for young Vinnie Cidone. A headliner there for the second time in the club's first three shows of the season, the Coney Islander, 160, made it two-for-two by stopping Gene Boland, 156¼, Scranton. Cidone opened a cut over Boland's left eye in the third, and concentrated on it until the Pennsylvanian was practically blinded. In the eighth, Boland went down for nine. Unable to defend himself when he arose, Referee Ruby Goldstein called a halt with only three seconds of the round remaining. Jimmy Demetrios, 148, East Side, polished off Frankie Kruski, 146¼, Roosevelt, L. I., in the fifth of the semi-final. Nazzarano Vitale, 138, New Haven, decisioned Charley Donovan, 136, East Side, in six. In fours, Tony Amato, 160, Guttenberg, N. J., batted out a win over George Holzman, 157, Bayonne, N. J.; Tony Bove, 147, Bath Beach, trimmed Jackie Krulewicz, 147, Valley Stream, and Max Osario, 123, Puerto Rico, finished ahead of Shawn McGuinness, 121½, Toronto.

In a slow, dull affair that didn't produce more than a half-dozen solid punches, undefeated Roland LaStarza, 187½, Bronx, ran his winning streak to 32 by decisioning the veteran Jimmy Carollo, 206¾, Corona, in ten at the Queensboro Arena. It was Carollo's first start in 14 months, and he showed the effects of the long layoff. In the semi-final six, Roger Donahue, 155, Ridgewood, outpunched Ben Jones, 152½, Tarboro, N. C. Another six wound up at the end of the first, Bobby Morgan, 153, Elmhurst, being credited with a kayo over Johnny McKenzie, 145½, Cambridge, Mass., when an ugly gash over the latter's left eye prompted the club physician to call a halt. In fours, Vincent Martinez, 144¾, Paterson, won over Jimmy Burgos, 149¾, Puerto Rico; Johnny Cagnone, 151½, East New York, beat Paul Hawks, 150, West Side, and Primo Relano, 128, Harlem, kayoed Cliff Bordies, 124, Bay Shore, in the third.

Aldo Minelli, 144¾, the oldest but lesser of the Italian brothers, had too much of everything for Angelo Morganti, 147½, and won by himself at the Coney Island Velodrome. All three officials —Referee Jim Freeman and Judges Bert Grant and Sam Robinson—came up with identical cards, crediting Minelli with seven of the eight rounds. Returning to the ring after an absence of two years, young Joey (Red) D'Amato, 147, Youngstown, O., polished off James Suber, 144½, West Side, in the second of the semi-final. Unbeaten Johnny (Sonny) Luciano, 142½, Paterson, ran off his 17th straight pro win by outslugging Paul Hawks, 148, West Side, in a rough six. In fours, George Daly, 143½, East Side, whipped Al Fieri, 142¼, West Side; Jimmy Burgos, 148, Puerto Rico, trimmed Eddie Casala, 150½, Brooklyn, and Larry Morgan, 142, Brooklyn, stopped James McGint, 146, West Side, in the last frame.

After watching him in action against rugged Al Guido at Meadowbrook Oval, Newark, it isn't difficult to understand why Tippy Larkin refuses to stay retired. The 31-year-old Garfield Gunner, who started fighting back in 1935, still is too good for the ordinary welterweights. Scaling 144 to Guido's 147½, Tippy turned in a scintillating exhibition against the Bronx slugger. Larkin was credited with eight of the ten rounds, with the second even, and Guido having an edge in the sixth. That Tippy has lost none of his box-office appeal was indicated by the turnout of 2,682 which jammed the bandbox arena, and contributed $5,631.75 to the till.

Larkin's record is one of the most unique we've ever run across. In 139 bouts, Tippy has dropped only three decisions—two of them in his preliminary days, and the last one in 1939 when the veteran Jack (Kid) Berg outscrambled him in Garfield. All Tippy's defeats in these last ten years have been by knockouts—and there have been seven of them. In order, he's been flattened by the late Al (Bummy) Davis, Lew Jenkins, Beau Jack, Henry Armstrong, Charley Fusari, Ike Williams and Fusari again. In recognizing his unusual boxing skill, there has been a tendency to overlook Tippy's own punching power. He has belted out 56 of his 139 opponents, and a .400 mark is fair hitting in any league. If it weren't for his fragile chin, Larkin would rate as one of the ring's all-time greats.

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES! . . . Madison Square Garden and the Boxing Managers Guild have settled their differences. The new radio-television payoff arrangement calls for main-event fighters to receive $1000 each for Friday night cards (whether staged in the Garden or at the St. Nick Arena) and $350 for the Monday night St. Nick shows. The previous deal netted the windup fighters only $212 each at the two spots. . . . Unless there's a sudden change in present plans, there will be no major summer fights in the Garden, but the organization is hoping a major card or two will materialize for outdoor presentation in either the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds. . . . The Garden expects to open its fall season early in September, with the St. Nick getting under way a few weeks later.

For the hunch-players, there may be something in Kid Gavilan's decision to condition himself at Parksville, near Liberty, N. Y., for his August 11 welterweight title scuffle with Ray Robinson in Philadelphia. As a training base, the Catskills have been lucky for short-enders in important bouts. It was at Loch Sheldrake that Jimmy Braddock tuned up for his surprising win over Max Baer, and it was at Napanoch that Max Schmeling prepped for his sensational upset of Joe Louis in their first meeting. It also was at Loch Sheldrake that Marcel Cerdan trained for his affair with Tony Zale.

Granting that Rocky Graziano could use a couple of tuneups after his long layoff, we cannot figure where he is doing either himself or boxing any good by digging up the likes of Bobby Claus for "opposition." What Rocky needs is legitimate competition—not too tough at first, perhaps, but tough enough to give him the workouts required. In digging up Claus, who had been knocked out NINE times in 18 previous starts, Graziano's board of directors stretched its ideas of safety a bit too far. It's things of this sort that have kept Wilmington, Delaware, from being one of the best fistic centers along the Atlantic seaboard. (Remember that Red Cochrane-Midget Doyle whatsiz in 1945?) Some folks never learn.

IOWA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

KEOKUK, Iowa—Jack McGinnis of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, claiming the lightweight amateur title of Iowa, scored a three-round decision over Leo Martin of Keokuk, in a recent boxing card staged here. Charles Davis and Maxie Meyers, fighting at 138 pounds, battled to a draw decision in three. In the 112-pound class, Bob Rodriquez of Cedar Rapids gained a split decision over Donny Glasgow of Keokuk in three. In another fast 112-pound bout Glen Lester of Cedar Rapids won a split decision over Connie Darling, also of Cedar Rapids. In two 147-pound matches, George Weiny won a decision over Bobby Lester of Cedar Rapids in three, and Rodney Krome of Keokuk took the verdict over Dick Bishop of Cedar Rapids in three. In a three-round light-heavyweight bout, Texas Elmer Smith won the decision over Glenn Welcher of Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

Sioux City, Iowa—Trinity College and high school, where such fighters as Tuffy Griffiths, former heavyweight contender, and Connie Curry, former bantamweight and featherweight contender, went to school, has closed its doors.

The Mail Bag—To J. W. C., St. James, Minnesota: Get THE RING Record Book, and you will find the records you asked for. To Jack M., Sioux Falls, S. D.: From the records the account of the bout between Tom Gibbons and George Ashe states: "Gibbons landed a hard left to face and when Ashe raised his hands, Tom shot a short right to the body. Ashe went down and out. Time 28 seconds." To B. Y., Los Angeles, Calif.: I have no record of any such fighter and he did not fight in Sioux City at any time. To Sam D., Detroit, Mich., write to THE RING Book Shop, and get "Training for Boxers," by Nat Fleischer. Learn something about the sport —join the amateurs or some boxing club in Detroit. To F. B., O'Neill, Nebr.: List yourself and your boxers in the "Managers' Directory" of THE RING and get "How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer" from THE RING Book Shop. To J. C. at Norfolk, Nebr.: Floyd Hayes covers boxing for Nebraska for THE RING and mail your news to him.

Last Minute Sparks—Bob Burns, former Sioux City Golden Gloves boxer and three-time titleholder, has joined the athletic staff at Washington High School in Sioux Falls, S. D. . . . Ted Tassos is promoting wrestling cards at Ottumwa, Iowa. . . . Amateur boxers from this section can reach E. Q. Hoberg, A.A.U. commissioner, by writing to him at 1604 Ross Street, Sioux City, Iowa. . . . Ty Dillon, well-known Sioux City boxing figure, is reported on the sick list. . . . A dandy little Mid-West magazine called "Fistiana" coming out of Omaha has reached our hands. . . . Before signing off we would like to mention again that our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Street, Sioux City, Iowa, and news for this spot must be in our hands by the fifth of each month, and when you mail results of your boxing cards please send date, correct weights and complete names of boxers.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

BUFFALO boxing promoters are satisfied they will have to uncover some new drawing cards. The boys who made the headlines here during the past few years are definitely going downhill. It was not so long ago that Phil Muscato could hold his own with the best but when Phil met Enrico Bertola, the Italian heavyweight, he took a pretty fair lacing. Bertola won a unanimous decision.

Promoter Jack Singer now says he intends to give Henry Brimm every chance to meet topnotch middleweights. In short, Singer will try to build up Brimm into a card.

Despite the early spring reports that there would be a lot of boxing staged in Civic Stadium during the summer, these hopes will hardly be brought about. The main bout situation here is rough. More new faces must be shown and a number of good prelim boys should be given an opportunity to develop. The Muscato boys—Phil and Joe—have been game and willing fighters but have seen their best ring days. Joe Matisi, another good puncher, is also going downhill.

As for Joey De John—the boy is a good puncher, but there is doubt as to his stamina. He has been knocked out three times in a little over a year's time—twice by Pete Mead and once by Jake LaMotta. Joey was on his way to victory each time but tired and wilted under merciless punching.

The Fairview Club has Lee Oma pretty well tied up and Lee is the best drawing card around these parts. He stopped Fitzie Fitzpatrick and beat the rugged Austrian—Jo Weidin—in as rugged an encounterer as one would wish to see. Weidin put up a splendid showing against Speedy Lee but it wasn't good enough to win.

WRESTLING—Big Ed George has had a great wrestling season with his Upstate A.C., but during May attendances fell off. Big Ed is a pretty smart businessman. He decided he'd fold up until next fall. Said George: "The fans won't go indoors during the hot weather. Promoters are only kidding themselves by trying to lure them in." There may be some summer wrestling in Jamestown and Erie and perhaps Oil City.

Johnny Swanson of Rochester, subbing for Joe Matisi, whipped Ted Lourey in the opening show at the Fort Erie Arena in Fort Erie, June 1. About 1800 saw the show.

ADDITIONAL BOXING NEWS FROM HAWAII

By TED YAMACHIKA

CARL OLSON, middleweight champion of the Territory, won the most important fight of his short boxing career by scoring a unanimous win over highly ranked boxer Tommy Yarosz of Pennsylvania in a ten-round fight held outdoors at the Honolulu Stadium. The once-postponed bout was promoted by Augie Curto and drew a small crowd of 6,353 fans for a gate of $16,915.60.

The scoring of the three officials was lopsidedly in favor of the local boy. Referee Walter Cho voted in Olson's favor 5-2 while Judges Kenneth Olds and Bill Pacheco saw the fight 8-2 and 7-2.

Carl Olson started slowly and lost most of the earlier rounds but he really started going in the seventh and carried the fight to his opponent for the next two rounds and definitely won the fight by a clear margin but not as decisively as scored by the two judges. In the seventh Olson connected with probably the hardest punch of the fight, an overhand right, which nearly floored the Pennsylvanian. But Yarosz recovered quickly and was fighting back at the bell.

In the eighth and ninth rounds Tommy Yarosz, the better boxer of the two, made the mistake of slugging it out with his harder punching opponent. He became so intent on landing his own blows that he left himself wide open and lost both these rounds by taking several hard blows which he could have avoided.

Tommy Yarosz had the shade the better in the argument in the last round when he outboxed Olson by employing his fast left hand to pile up points. This same strategy won him the first, fourth and fifth rounds. But he won these rounds less decisively than Olson did the third, seventh, eighth and ninth and therein lies the story of his defeat. Moreover, Tommy Yarosz made himself look bad by clinching at every opportunity.

Weights for the fighters were Carl Olson 163½, and Tommy Yarosz, 165.

Other results: In the eight-round semi-final Fred (Babe) Herman, 140½, outpunched Philip Kim, 141½, but lost the decision.

Chuck Cureton, 138½, was held to a five-round draw by James Botelho, 136¼. Jaimie Basques, 124, TKO'ed Lou Langley, 125, in the last of a four-rounder. Freddy Gonsalves, 129¼, decisioned Mike Ines, 130½, in the four-round opener.

TITLE REGAINED BY U.S.

(Continued from page 9)

his left arm although he tried to use it. For him to continue as he did, under a constant fire from LaMotta's right, was a credit to the Frenchman's courage. But it was an equally courageous stand that his opponent made considering the swollen condition of his hand as the scribes viewed it after the fight.

The contest was a rugged he-man battle, a brawl that found LaMotta at his best. Only occasionally did either give ground, despite their injuries. Each required special medical attention after the bout, and this was administered by Dr. Nardiello, Madison Square Garden's surgeon, who ordered Cerdan to fly back to New York the following morning for an X-ray examination.

FROM the very start of the bout, LaMotta became the aggressor and seldom did he give way to the defending champion. He switched from a body attack to a head attack and when he saw that Cerdan's defense for the face was nil, due to his inability to use his left, he played a tattoo such as he never before had attempted. Jake suddenly turned boxer, and when the fight was over, Cerdan's face was a mass of red blotches, the bridge of his nose was swollen and bleeding, and a cut under the left eye added to his discomfiture.

Coming back from Detroit to New York on the American Airlines plane, I asked him how come that he and his mentors say that he was hurt with the first punch he tossed, yet he took the next round easily and drew in the third, and did well in the fifth though he lost the round.

"I'm sure it happened then, because I felt pain in the second round and tried to use my left but found it difficult. In the succeeding rounds, I couldn't raise my arm," he answered through an interpreter.

Asked how he felt about the loss, he continued:

"It is the greatest disappointment in my career. I shall come back in August, fight LaMotta again for the title, and it may be my last fight. It will be a case of do or die, and I know I'll regain the crown."

LAMOTTA, the bulldog challenger, fought as he had predicted to me in his pre-bout plans. He rushed his opponent at the clang of the gong and never let up. In a mix-up in the opening round following an exchange, Cerdan was half pushed and wrestled and fell to the canvas, and it was a bewildered champion who went to his corner.

But he quickly recovered and throughout the second round he looked like the Cerdan who won THE RING's Fighter of the Year award in 1948. He tossed punches that landed with effectiveness and rocked Jake's head with rights that carried T.N.T. Two body blows, three to the chin and three right crosses to the head made it appear that LaMotta was in for a tough night and disappointment. But that was Cerdan's last great stand. From then to the finish he began to lose ground steadily. As he used his right repeatedly, the ringsiders wondered why he suddenly went right-hand crazy. They learned in due time.

THE full story of his injury was to come at the end of the ninth round when, battered as he never had been before, tired, dazed, suffering with pain, he slowly walked to his corner a champion in distress, ready to toss in the sponge. The beating he took was similar to what he gave Zale when Marcel won the crown.

Each time that Jake landed on Marcel's mid-section and sides, there was a look of anguish on the face of the champion. He couldn't properly protect himself and he, moreso than the gathering of 22,183 persons who paid a gross of $159,726, realized it.

Jake went after his prey like a greyhound goes after the mechanical rabbit. There was no let-up. He pounded Marcel's body and face, and only his failure to strike with sufficient force to down his man kept Cerdan from being knocked out. But the punches were of a stinging variety.

After the fifth frame, LaMotta worked with precision. In fact, so well did he box and jab his opponent that in his dressing room, where General Kilpatrick of the Madison Square Garden outfit and Colonel Eddie Eagan, chairman of the New York Commission, went to congratulate him, Colonel Eagan remarked:

"Since when did you become a boxer, Jake?"

"Well, when I hurt my left I found I couldn't punch with it, but I could molest Cerdan by poking it in his face. Soon I saw I could do it easily, so I kept it up."

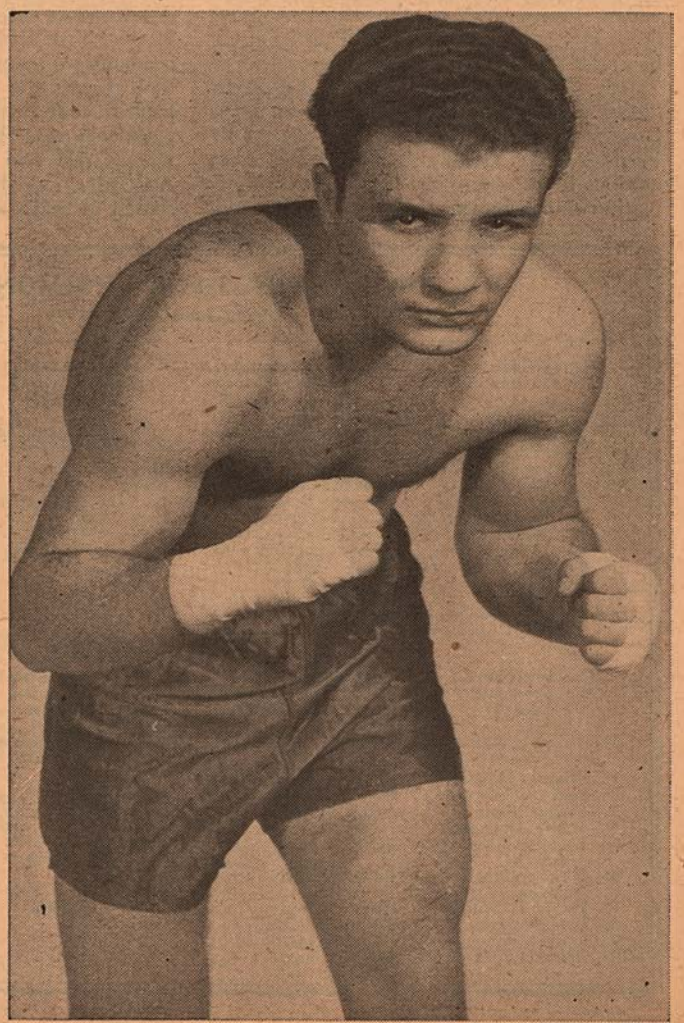
"That's what won the fight for you, Jake," replied Eagan, "and I hope you'll now realize that jabbing and boxing are just a part of the game and that you'll use them more often from now on."

THE last three rounds were ones in which LaMotta kept up a continuous attack that tired him. The dead-game champion only occasionally tossed anything in those sessions. They were so weak they had no effect in halting the battering administered by Jake. The steam was gone. With each passing minute Cerdan became weaker until he was a mere shell of the Cerdan who fought Tony Zale.

Regardless of the injury to the Frenchman, there was no doubt who was the better fighter in the Detroit ring. Marcel didn't have a tired Zale before him. He had a well-conditioned fighting man facing him, a bulldog who wanted to crown his career with a title he had been after for many years, a determined gladiator. For LaMotta the bout was the crowning point of his ring career. For Cerdan, who won the world title in his 99th bout, it meant his exit as title holder after his 100th bout.

Despite adverse conditions, the first title bout staged by the newly organized International Boxing Club, with Jim Norris as president and Nick Londes as his matchmaker, was not as successful financially as had been expected, but $159,726 is not to be sneezed at these trying days. At least the promotion made Detroit and the Mid-West boxing conscious again.

Londes' publicity purveyor, Francis Albertanti, loaned by the Garden, did a marvellous job. When Mid-West papers carry front page headlines almost daily for a week in a boxing match, that's news, and it signifies that the Norris-Wirtz-Louis-Garden combine will bring boxing back to normal in a few months.



Jacob LaMotta, newly crowned king of the middleweight division.

Woodcock Is Fighter of Month

By THE RING STAFF

THIS is the month when the heavyweights come in for special recognition in the ratings. With the National Boxing Association on this side of the Atlantic staging its private championship match to obtain a successor to Joe Louis and the British Board of Boxing Control doing likewise in supporting Jack Solomons' title matches, at least by the end of the summer we should have the two outstanding men whom the public will generally recognize as best fitted to engage in a bout that should definitely decide the new king of the heavyweights.

Regardless of the support offered by the N.B.A. and the British Board to their respective title holder, there can be no world champion, as we have often stated, until the winner of the Charles-Walcott bout, which takes place too late for this issue, meets the winner of the September match in Europe between Bruce Woodcock and Lee Savold. Such a fight will get the recognition which neither the winner of the Chicago bout nor that of the Woodcock-Mills, Savold battles can obtain.

By outclassing Freddie Mills, world light-heavyweight king, who was knocked out in the 14th round, Bruce leaped from seventh to third place. Had the Charles-Walcott contest been decided on time for this issue, Woodcock would have been listed in second place, beneath the Charles-Walcott victor. But based on the results available for the month, he takes his position under Jersey Joe as the third ranking heavyweight, and Lee Savold, long inactive, has been dropped to fourth place.

Joey Maxim, winner of the American light-heavyweight crown in his bout with Gus Lesnevich, is eager to get a shot at Freddie Mills' world title and also is most anxious to appear in the heavyweight elimination tournaments. If listed as a heavyweight, he would rank fifth under Savold, based on his excellent performance in Cincinnati, but since THE RING does not classify fighters in more than one division and Jack Kearns, manager of Maxim, prefers a shot at Mills' title, Joey has been placed as the second ranking contender for world honors in the light-heavyweight class.

For similar reasons, Gus Lesnevich, who emphatically declared after his loss to Maxim that he would concentrate on heavyweights because of the difficulty he had in making the weight, has been removed from the light-heavyweights and placed in the heavyweight section. As a heavyweight, Gus is listed seventh. Lee Oma, rated No. 5, has won eight consecutive fights this year and at least temporarily, has tossed aside his playboy antics to keep in fighting trim. If Oma sticks to the straight and narrow path, he'll figure in the scramble for Louis' crown.

BASED on his knockout of Cecil Schoonmaker, America's ranking bantamweight, and his knockout victories over Emile Famechon of France in eleven and four rounds, respectively, and his kayo of Jean Jouas of France in seven frames, Elley Bennett, who hails from the Bush section of Queensland, Australia, gains the No. 2 post in the bantamweight class.

The aborigine, built much along the lines of the world champion of the division, Manuel Ortiz, is one of the best fighters developed in recent years in the land Down Under. THE RING gave Elley international recognition many months ago by placing him among the rated boxers and he has fulfilled our expectations by his splendid performances. He has earned a title fight with Ortiz and such a battle, staged in Australia, would outdraw any contest presented in that country in many years.

The light-heavyweight division provided the major upsets of the month with the highly regarded Henry Hall dropping a close ten-rounder to Bob Amos. This victory gives the heretofore unrated Amos the No. 5 spot and drops Hall to No. 7. Henry holds a decision over the leading contender, Archie Moore. The other upset was provided by middleweight Carl Olson, the Hawaiian with the Swedish touch, who put the skids under Tommy Yarosz, last month's third ranking light-heavyweight. Though Tommy and his mentor, Ray Arcel, insist that Yarosz should have gotten the award, THE RING considers the opinions of the officials as final. Hence, Yarosz has been dropped a notch and Bobo Olson is placed as the sixth rated middleweight in these international listings.

The very close victory scored by Grant Butcher over Dave Whitlock provided the latter with his first setback after 25 straight wins, including one over Grant Butcher. Each of these lads may soon find himself in the select circle.

The welterweights, still ruled over by Sugar Ray Robinson, remained steady with no drastic changes in position occurring among them.

AFTER being listed for a year as the leading contender for the lightweight crown, Enrique Bolanos has been dropped to second position because his work has been overshadowed by that of Freddie Dawson. Dawson has been whipping everyone in sight, including the top welterweights of the country. Both these boys are among the finest pugilists in the world, and the battle is on between them for the top contender spot. Bolanos and Dawson should meet, with the winner getting the crack at champion Ike Williams. Orlando Zulueta of Cuba regained a position in the ranking as a result of seven straight victories.

Jackie Graves has been dropped to third place in the featherweight class due to inactivity. Ray Famechon replaced Jackie in second place.

Louis Skena, one of the top contenders for the flyweight title for many months, has turned his attentions to the bantamweight class and is now boxing as a full fledged 118-pounder. Skena has been shifted to become the eighth ranking bantamweight.

Big news in the flyweight division was the draw decision given to Dickie O'Sullivan in his contest with the leading contender for the crown, Honore Pratesi. O'Sullivan now holds down the No. 5 ranking and Pratesi remains as the leading contender. Jan Sneyers, the corking Belgian flyweight, came out of nowhere to become the third flyweight in the world as a result of his latest victory over Norman Lewis.

The results of the month follow:

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Bruce Woodcock knocked out light-heavyweight champion Freddie Mills in 14. Lee Oma outpointed Jo Weidin, 10. Johnny Flynn defeated Rusty Payne, 10. Pat Comiskey was held to a ten-round draw by Elkins Brothers.

Bernie Reynolds whipped Cesar Brion, 10, and Johnny Shkor, 12. Enrico Bertola nodded Phil Muscato, 10. German champion Hein ten Hoff was held to a draw by Heinz Scelisch, 10. Johnny Williams outpointed Nisse Anderssen, 8. Gus Jones knocked out Chuck Jennings, 2. Bob Sais drew with Whitey Berlier, 10.

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Ending June 16, 1949

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Title Vacant	World's Champion Freddie Mills	World's Champion Jake LaMotta	World's Champion Ray Robinson
1—Ezzard Charles	Archie Moore	Marcel Cerdan	Kid Gavilan
2—Joe Walcott	Joey Maxim	Steve Belloise	Bernard Docusen
3—Bruce Woodcock	Leonard Morrow	Laurent Dauthuille	Gene Burton
4—Lee Savold	Tommy Yarosz	Bert Lytell	Charley Fusari
5—Lee Oma	Bob Amos	Tiberio Mitri	George Costner
6—Pat Valentino	Dave Sands	Robert Villemain	Frankie Fernandez
7—Gus Lesnevich	Henry Hall	Carl Olson	Johnny Greco
8—Johnny Flynn	Doc Williams	Lee Sala	Tony Janiro
9—Joe Baksi	Harold Johnson	Jose Basora	Beau Jack
10—Bernie Reynolds	Billy Smith	Art Towne	Chico Varona

Lightweights (Not exceeding 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion Ike Williams	World's Champion Willie Pep	World's Champion Manuel Ortiz	World's Champion Rinty Monaghan
1—Freddie Dawson	Sandy Saddler	Luis Romero	Honore Pratesi
2—Enrique Bolanos	Ray Famechon	Elley Bennett	Terry Allen
3—Arthur King	Jackie Graves	Danny O'Sullivan	Jan Sneyers
4—Maxie Docusen	Henry Davis	Memo Valero	Maurice Sandeyron
5—Tommy Campbell	Elis Ask	Bunty Doran	Dickie O'Sullivan
6—Johnny Gonsalves	Eddie Miller	Luis Galvani	Norman Lewis
7—Paddy DeMarco	Harold Dado	Guido Ferracin	Mickey Hill
8—Del Flanagan	Percy Bassett	Louis Skena	Emile Famechon
9—Eddie Giosa	Ronnie Clayton	Stan Rowan	Dado Marino
10—Orlando Zulueta	Eddie Compo	Theo Medina	Peter Keenan

Arturo Godoy bested Johnny Haynes, 10. Maynard Jones laced Johnny Wilson, 8. Rocky Marciano outpointed Dom Mogard, 10. Willard Reed stopped Steve King, 5. George Kaplan flattened Ernie Conyer, 4. Mack Parshay defeated Sid Peaks, 10. Jack Gardner flattened Frank Ronan, 3. Jack London outpointed Reg Andrews, 8. Frank Walker decisioned Charley Collett, 8. George Washington kayoed Eddie Blair, 1, but George was flattened by Mike O'Donnell, 3. Jay Lambert decisioned Johnny Denson, 10. Charlie Norkus stopped Johnny Pretzie, 6.

Lloyd Barnett outfought Paddy Slavin, 8. Frank Wegleski stopped Willie Armstrong, 2. Jim Rouse drew with Jeff Clanton, 4, and drew with Marty Monforte, 4. Leo Peitras stopped Walter Spiro, 3, and beat Eddie Davis, 4. Roland LaStarza outclassed Jimmy Carollo, 10.

Abel Cestac kayoed Adrian Scheepers, 2. Bill Petersen kayoed Freddie Schott, 3.

Johnny Flynn whipped Augustino Guedes, 10. Jim Holden decisioned Teddy Randolph, 8.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Champion Freddie Mills was knocked out by Bruce Woodcock in the 14th round of a non-title go. Joey Maxim won a 15-round decision over Gus Lesnevich.

Carl Olson scored a major upset by taking a close ten-rounder from Tommy Yarosz. Tommy Yarosz laced Chuck Hunter, 10. Bob Amos decisioned Henry Hall, 10.

Dave Sands knocked out Jackie Jones, 1. Grant Butcher took a disputed ten-rounder over Dave Whitlock, and Dave came back to stop Bob Dunlap in 10. Billy Fox kayoed Earl Griffin, 4, but dropped a ten-round duke to Vernon Williams.

Remo Polideri whipped Johnny Denson, 10. Pat McCafferty laced Baby Joe Walcott, 10. Nick Barone kayoed Saint Paul, 8. Clarence Wilkerson decisioned Anthony Jones, 10.

Doc Williams kayoed Kenny Harris, 5. Johnny Swanson outpointed Ted Lowry, 10. Danny Buccroni stopped Billy Norris, 1. Vincent Villaverencio won over Gene Loughridge, 10, but Vincent was knocked out by Nap Howard, 5.

Dennis Powell stopped Tommy Davies, 9. Larry Shaw nodded Warren Peterson, 6. Dennis Powell bested Welsh middleweight champion Tommy Davies to retire, 9.

Battling Blackjack kayoed Wendell Gallant, 4. Pierce Patton belted Angel Martinez, 4. Harry Haft stopped Johnny Pretzie, 4.

Jimmy Casa halted Marty Daquis, 2.

Ross Pippett drew with heavyweight Billy Myers, 12. Sipio Lofton stopped St. Paul, 5.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Jake LaMotta won the middleweight title by knocking out Marcel Cerdan in the 10th round. Jake LaMotta knocked out Joey DeJohn, 8. Robert Villemain laced Pete Mead in 10.

Dutch champion Luc van Dam outpointed Lucien Caboche, 10. British champion Dick Turpin won on disqualification over Robert Charron, 5.

Lee Sala decisioned Joe Taylor, 10. Art Towne kayoed Jose Contreras, 6. George Chape knocked out Billy Kilroy, 1. Billy Gordon defeated Joe Rindone, 10.

Vinnie Cidone licked Herbie Kronowitz, 10, and kayoed Gene Boland, 8. Johnny Duke licked Ray Dioses, 10. Frankie Gimbel halted Jack Snapp, 6.

Joe Pyle took a ten-rounder from Al Couture. Kid Azteca chilled Art Hardy, 5. Joe Rindone kayoed Bob Flanagan, 6.

Randolph Turpin won from Bill Poli on disqualification, 4. Vince Hawkins was too clever for Alex Buxton, 8. Ron Cooper decisioned Alby Hollister, 8. Hollister came back to draw with Bert Sanders, 8.

Alvan Williams won the duke from Don Lee, 10. Jake Kilrain retained the Scottish title by whipping welterweight Willie Whyte, 12.

Herbie Kronowitz drew with Jimmy Flood, 8. Carmine Vitale stopped Norman Kelly, 4. Tim Regan kayoed Phil Roderique, 3.

Joe Curcio laced Vic Costa, 8. Jimmy Beau won from Burl Charity, 8. Bobby Tighe kayoed Joe Ricardo, 4. Ray Pratt won over Jimmy Rice, 6.

Al Couture drew with Ted Brassley, 10. Freddie Flores stopped Jimmy Taylor, 4. Bobby James outscored James Taylor, 6. Jerry Slavin whipped Roy Thomas, 6.

Pedro Jiminez licked Bill McGee, 10. Kenny Lovegrove defeated Vern Turner, 6. Ernest Drummer stopped Dom Scaccia, 2. Leo Brown beat Milton Lightfoot, 5.

Bert Dowdell licked Sammy Mack, 8. Matt Daniels kayoed Mel Kirsch, 1. Jackie Lovatt outpointed Roger Whynott, 8. Ray Pratt stopped Joe McDonald, 5. Tony Baldoni beat Lou Pompey, 8.

Archie Moore lost on a foul to Clinton Bacon, 6. George Hunter won the South African title by outpointing Billy Wood, 10. Mark Hart outpointed Jimmy Carroll, 8. Jock Taylor shaded Pat Stribling, 8.

Tommy Davies retained the Welsh title by outpointing Des Jones, 15. Albert Finch kayoed Bob Cleaver, 7. Bobby Volk decisioned Frankie Gimbel, 10. Alex Buxton edged out George Dilkes, 8. Henry Brimm defeated Louis Gray, 10. South African champion George Angelo halted Alf James, 2. Rex Murphy decisioned Ern Jarvis, 12.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Champion Ray Robinson kayoed middleweight Freddie Flores, 3. Kid Gavilan stopped Cliff Hart, 1. French champion Titi Clavel stopped British champion Henry Hall, 5.

Bobby Lee stopped Honey Johnson, 4. Tony Janiro knocked out Mario Marino, 3. Freddie Dawson defeated Charley Williams, 10.

Chico Varona whipped Vince Turpin, 10. California Jackie Wilson drew with Earl Turner, 12. Jack Braddock flattened Tommy Jones, 1, and trounced Billy Exley, 8. Tito Clavel won the vacant French welterweight title by outpointing Claude Ritter, 15.

Ross Virgo upset Johnny Kaufman, 10. Norman Horton licked Ralph Zannelli in 12 rounds. Gaby Ferland defeated Billy Lee in 8, but Gaby was kayoed by Bert Linam, 7. Jackie Wilson reversed a previous loss to Fairest Norman, 8.

Ronnie Delaney chilled Chuck Hurst, 1. Al Hersh won over Bill Daley, 10. Bobby Dykes whipped Jimmy Sanders, 10. Charley Salas nodded Shamus McCray, 12. Livio Minelli stopped Vinnie Rossano, 4.

Hy Melzer outpointed Freddie Monforte, 8, and Chaforo Martinez, 8. Lester Felton stopped Dick Leland, 1, but lost to Jimmy Sherrer, 10. Tommy Bazzano chilled Francisco Torres, 4, and beat Lenny Trader, 8. J. J. Crackwell won from Henry Roberts, 6.

Dick Wolfe licked Chester Slider, 10.

Jimmy Squadritto belted out Louis Bell, 1. Les Allen whipped Danny McKay, 8. Chico Pacheco stopped Glen Hendershot, 10.

Carey Mace decisioned Gene Hardison, 10. Piet van Staden edged out Jimmy Molloy, 10. Johnny Bernardo halted Jimmy Zaicko, 8. Tommy Sheppard outscored Julius Reed, 10.

Eddie Goodman drew with Bucky Slocum, 4. Gene Salisbury outlasted Country Sherman, 6. Birdie Loffa decisioned Otis Edwards, 4. Ralph Giordano shaded Norman Blair, 4.

Frankie Abrams defeated Gene Boland, 8. Aldo Minelli won over Sonny Levitt, 6. Bobby Burgess took Tommy Petty, 6. Tommy Engelhardt outpointed Vince Mazac, 8.

Bud Coley nodded Paul Hawks, 4. Tony Baldoni defeated Jerry Fleming, 8. Herman McCray decisioned Paulie Jackson, 8. Bill Brenner took a six-rounder from Dom Marchese.

Bobby Morgan nodded Frank Formichella, 4. Paul Hawks drew with John Cagnone, 4. Bobby Rosado decisioned Rolly Johns, 6.

Ronnie Hamlin stopped Jimmy Wilson, 5. Billy Paul nodded Angel Chavez, 6. Bobby Carson kayoed Ted Burke, 2.

Sal DiMartino stopped Sammy Walker, 5, and beat Mike Kobella, 8. Tommy Jessup kayoed George B. Smith, 4. George Price kayoed Tony Gunia, 2.

Augie Para whipped Russ Roller, 6. Fitzie Pruden kayoed Al Highers, 3. Tony DiPelino was knocked out by Joey Cardinal, 5. Benny Walker stopped Young Salvatore, 4.

Terry Moore won from Eugene Hairston, 10. Johnny Dabbs whipped Lalo Gallardo, 10. Sean Regan lost to Bob Berquist, 6.

Paddy Regan stopped Warren Berquist, 2. Calvin O'Neal knocked out Frankie West, 5. Sonny Luciano kayoed Charley Maddox, 4.

Joe Micelli whipped Freddie Menna, 10. Larry Morgan beat James McGint, 4.

Ralph Zannelli upset Norman Horton, 12. Jimmy Sanders drew with Al Hersh, 10. Glen Hendershot defeated Chico Pacheco, 10. Timmy Larkin decisioned Al Guido, 10. Aldo Minelli laced Angelo Morganti, 8.

Terry Young knocked out Robert Takeshita, 8. Livio Minelli defeated Herman McCray, 8. Doll Rafferty kayoed Jackie Armitage, 7. Lucky Jordan won from Vince LaSalva, 8.

Jimmy Nolan stopped Al King, 4. Joe D'Amato chilled James Suber, 2. Johnny Lucignano outroughed Paul Hawks, 6. George Daly defeated Al Fieri, 4. Larry Morgan kayoed James McGint, 4.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Freddie Dawson licked Melvin Bartholomew, 10, and Charley Williams, 10. Undefeated Maxie Docusen was held to a draw by undefeated Johnny Gonsalves, 10.

Enrique Bolanos won a close duke from Harold Jones, 10. Paddy DeMarco was held to a ten-round draw by Clem Custer, but Paddy came back to lace Clem in an eight-round return bout.

British champion Billy Thompson retained his title by kayoing the Scottish title holder, Harry Hughes, 5. Solly Cantor edged out Bert Hornby, 10. Bob Sandberg whipped Harold Jones, 10.

Phil Terranova, now boxing as a lightweight, halted Percy Paris, 6, and Dom Saia in 3. D l Flanagan nodded Freddie Russo, 8. Dennis Pat Brady drew with Joey Carkido, 10.

James Carter stopped Mario Trigo, 8. Orlando Zulueta won from Jimmy Collins, 10. Joe Brown drew with John LaBroi, 8, and then Joe beat Willie Russell, 10. Gerald LaBroi won over Wray Carter, 8.

Art Aragon whipped Benny Black, 10. Johnny Rowe chilled Johnny Castor, 6. Joe Velez drew with Jackie Blair, 10. Durante Colletti decisioned Charley Donovan, 8.

Rudy Cruz outscored Archie Kemp, 12. Lalo Gallardo drew with Juste Fontaine, 10, but Lalo lost to Johnny Dabbs, 10. Frankie Fay kayoed Bob Perkins, 10. Richie Callura drew with Anthony Arnone, 10.

Jean Richard lost to Jimmy Warren, 10. Al Gaultiere repeated a previous win over Keith Hamilton, 10. Jim Keery outpointed Des Garrard, 8.

Alfredo Prado chilled Charley Cabey Lewis, 1. Johnny Russell lost to South African champion Jimmy Toweel, 6. Tommy McGovern was too shifty for Freddie Smith, 8. McGovern also drew with Toweel, 8. Blackie Vanderveer drew with Joey Ortega, 10.

Lew Jenkins won from Jimmy Collins, 8. Keith Nuttall chilled Johnny Garcia, 2. Duke Pressley outscored Marcel Pacheco, 6.

Armando Fiore defeated Ralph Santana, 4. Felix Ramirez licked Ermino Bonetti, 8. Hermie Freeman drew with Tommy Greb, 10. Andy Viserto beat Jimmy Fredericks, 4.

Ernie Hunick knocked out Bobo Drago, 6. Johnny DeFazio whipped Gilberto Gomez, 8. Jackie Weber kayoed Al Gaulteri, 5, and decisioned Jimmy Warren, 10.

Wallace Smith kayoed Don Keeling, 2. Matt Dougherty licked Dick Bagley, 6. Frankie Basil decisioned Jimmy Evans, 4.

Bruno Lijoi won over Bobby Nicholas, 6. Carmine Fiore knocked out Benny Smith, 5.

Orlando Zulueta outscored Ermano Bonetti, 10. Rudy Cruz outpointed Pierre Montane, 12. Bill Eddy won over Joe Velez, 10. Mario Trigo bested Zeke Lucero, 10. Jackie Weber drew with Keith Hamilton, 10. Jesse Flores drew with Tote Martinez, 10.

Keith Nuttall beat Joey Ortega, 10.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Willie Pep laced Luis Ramos in a ten-round non-title go. Sandy Saddler kayoed Jim Keery, 4. European champion Raymond Famechon outclassed Leandre Mateos, 10.

Henry Davis was a victor over Chico Rosa, 10. Eddie Compo knocked out Teddy Davis, 8. Elis Ask outboxed Miguel Acevedo, 10, but Acevedo came back to defeat Mel Hammond, 10. Humberto Sierra outpointed Joe Garcia, 10.

Harold Dade laced Jesus Fonseca, 10. Jimmy Cooper kayoed Marvin Dick, 7. Pat Iacobucci drew with Jesus Fonseca, 10, and lost to Corky Gonzales, 10. Rudy Garcia licked Al Arenas, 10.

Joe Barone nodded Bobby Bell, 8. Eddie Marotta edged Bernie Peters, 8. Ray Edwards drew with Jean Richard, 10. Harry LaSane kayoed Jose Colon Garcia, 4.

Chuck McGow won over Spider Thomas, 10. Selwyn Evans edged out Haydn Jones, 10. Jim Rooney battered Georgie Wright, 8. Jackie Turpin decisioned Sammy Shaw, 8.

Vic Eisen won the duke from Calvin Leigh, 6. Stan Gossip drew with Jackie Hughes, 8. Jimmy Lamprey nodded Bibber Gaughan, 6. Baby Leroy proved too smart for Frankie Sequeria, 6.

Bill Foley flattened Herb Eaton, 3. Sal Ferello drew with Henry Schillizi, 8. Shawn McGinnis licked John Salamone, 4. Nick Edwards chilled Larry Mullins, 1.

Kenny Adams whipped Blond Tiger, 6, and Jim Lamprey over the same route. Chuck Burton won from Bobby Bell, 8.

Francisco Colon Garcia whipped Cesar Leal, 10, and kayoed Kid Chocolate in 2 and Kid Evans, also in 2. Chocolate held Luis Castillo to a draw in 10. Johnny Breeze chilled Tim Healy, 5. Massa Senna whipped Hector Rodriguez, 6.

Castro Calderon decisioned Jerry Kortright, 6. Nick Edwards stopped Joe Devlin, 4.

Pierre Paul stopped Jean Machterlinck, 5. Reuben Davis defeated Chuck Burton, 8. Jean Richard chilled Johnny Lemons, 2.

Champion Willie Pep boxed rings around Al Pennino in a ten-round non-title affair.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

World champion Manuel Ortiz knocked out Pinkey Peralta in the fifth round of a non-title match. Irish champion Bunty Doran stopped British king Stan Rowan, 6 (non-title).

Danny O'Sullivan halted Jackie Sutton, 7. Eddie McCullough outpointed Jimmy Green, 8, but Green came back to beat Sammy Reynolds, 8.

Louis Skena whipped Amleto Falcinelli, 10. Australian champion Elley Bennett knocked out Cecil Schoonmaker, 6. Cesar Leal lost to featherweight Francisco Colon Garcia in 10 but came back to take the championship of Panama from Kid Zefine in 15. Eddie McCormick decisioned Peter Fay, 8.

Scottish champion Eddie Carson outpointed Charley Brown, 8, but was beaten by Teddy Gardner, 8. Stan Almond defeated Tommy Rhett, 10. Laurie Morrow whipped Jackie McCall, 6.

Tommy Madine stopped Billy Comerford, 6. Alvaro Nuvoloni won over Georges Mousse, 10.

Prospects of the Month

Heavyweight—Neil Wallace, Charlotte, N. C.

Light-heavyweight—Ted Calaman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Middleweight—Joe Arthur, Indianapolis, Ind.

Welterweight—Sonny Luciano, Paterson, N. J.

Lightweight—Jose M. Gatica, Argentina.

Featherweight—Keith Francis, Australia.

Bantamweight—Hadie Tijani, Tunis.

Flyweight—Billy Finch, Great Britain.

Danny Carabella drew with Boujma, 10. Billy Sheridan stopped Johnny Martin, 3.

Alfie Webster outpointed Billy Roberts, 8. Chick Edwards whipped Bluey Wilkins, 8. Keith Francis edged out Rod Parsons, 12.

Laurie Morrow decisioned Jimmy Gill, 6. Fernando Gagnon stopped Manuel Baptista, 8.

FLYWEIGHTS

French champion Honore Pratesi was held to a nine-round draw by Dickie O'Sullivan. Welsh champion Norman Lewis outpointed Tommy Farricker, 10, but lost to Belgian title holder, Jan Sneyers, 10.

Terry Allen beat Norman Tennant, 12. Peter Keenan outpointed Raoul Degryse, 8. Joe Murphy won over Vic Herman, 8.

Tomas Vega stopped Bob Serpi in seven and then won on a disqualification from Black Pico, 6. Henry Carpenter outpointed Jackie Foster, 8.

Jimmy Pearce outfought Joe Collins, 6. Jim Thomas whipped Mickey McLaughlin, 8.

Willi Faerber retained the German title by whipping Hans Schiffers, 12.

Jim Thomas won over Joe Cairney, 6.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

THE 15,000 fans that crowded the Acho Arena were treated to a surprise when Carlos Perez (El Zurdo del Higuamo), a hard-hitting middleweight from Santo Domingo, turned in a very startling victory over Antonio Frontado, the Peruvian idol, who collapsed in the third round under the fierce, steady and rapid fire of the Antillian, to listen for the first time in his professional career to the referee's count of ten.

Contrary to the general belief that the Zurdo was no match for Frontado who was acknowledged here as the undisputed Peruvian champion in his division, the visitor confounded both critics and fans by flooring his man six times before knocking him out with his dynamic punches.

Perez displayed brilliant ring generalship, and kept the onlookers in a state of frenzy during the second and the third stanzas. The bout was a ten-round affair.

On the same card, Antonio Cavero, a middleweight of promise, turned in a nice performance and advanced a step higher on the ladder when he knocked out Ceferino Tapia in the third round in a semi-final affray of eight rounds.

Emilio Samame was unable to cope with the clever Julio Otoya, and lost to him on points in a six-round struggle; while Segundo Moreno showed his superiority over Alberto Castro by knocking the latter out in two minutes in a six-rounder.

UTAH-IDAHO-MONTANA-WYOMING

By CARL E. HAYDEN

REMO POLIDORI, Tooele, Utah, scored a ten round decision over Johnny Denson, Indianapolis, Ind., in the Fairgrounds Coliseum in Salt Lake City, Utah.

There were no knockdowns. Two of the seven judges gave Polidori seven rounds and termed three even.

Ralph Helms scored a TKO over Tommy Fair in the semi-final. Helms comes from Rock Springs, Wyo., a coal mining town. Fair is from Ogden, Utah.

In a six round preliminary, Gene Pearce won a close decision over Jack Watkins. Dan Delaney won by a TKO over Rocky Arza in the third round. The curtain raiser saw Benny Baird decision Sam Healy.

RING QUESTION BOX

A Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Isn't it generally exhausting to the boxer, and a bad practice of the second to converse between each round with his boxer? Or do you consider it generally necessary?

A.—On the whole, it is necessary, for a second who knows his business can more easily see the flaws in an opponent's attack and defense and also tell his man what he might be doing wrong, and correct same. However, it isn't wise to burden the fighter with too much talk.

Q.—I recently read in the paper that Ray Robinson has won 155 of 156 ring battles. Who was the only man who defeated him?

A.—As a professional Robinson has had 97 fights to date, winning 94, losing one to Jake LaMotta in 1943 and drawing with Jose Basora and Henry Brimm. The figures you quote probably take in his amateur bouts but nevertheless they are incorrect as can be seen in Nat Fleischer's Ring Record Book.

Q.—Can you tell me the won and loss record of Beau Jack to this date?

A.—He has had 87 bouts, winning 36 by knockouts, 33 by decisions, drawing in 4, lost 12 decisions and was kayoed in two bouts.

FROM THE CINDER BOX

THAT STRANGE BATTLE!

RING championships have been decided on barges, in wooded glens, in ice houses, in barns and smoke laden dance halls. And they have been decided in commodious arenas like Madison Square Garden, Yankee Stadium and Philadelphia's Sesquicentennial Stadium. But no title was ever settled in a more bizarre place and amid more remarkable scenes than was the heavyweight championship of Scotland in 1900 in the slums of Glasgow.

Jack Galloway, then champion, once told, with the Scottish burr and the thistle still in his speech, of that strange battle.

"I have read many interesting stories of battles fought under peculiar conditions and under great difficulties. But I'd like you to know that the last battle I fought was held under the strangest conditions I ever heard about. But it's a bit of a long story. Sit down."

Growing reminiscent, he continued, "'Twould be better if we had a bit o' the brew to go with the tale. Ye hae no idea how it improves the recollection and spurs adjectives onto the tongue. Well, it was in 1900 and I was getting tired of the ring. I was 37 years old then and I had been fighting for about 20 years. I was the heavyweight champion of Scotland and a good champion!

"At the time boxing wasn't in good standing in the British Isles. Matty Precious had killed Mickey Reilly at the National Sporting Club and the word had gone out to put the lid on boxing for a while. By the way, that Precious-Reilly fight was the last in a London ring with four ounce gloves.

"Up in Scotland the police announced that no fights would be permitted. But I had been matched with Murray, the Pig Sticker, for the championship, a fight to a finish and 100 pounds a side, winner take all. That was a lot of money to the boys in Glasgow in those days. Murray worked in the slaughter house. That's how he got that name, the Pig Sticker. He was a big, upstanding lad of about 23 and was a 3 to 2 favorite. He could hit, but not as hard as I could."

And Jack smiled reminiscently and wiped imaginary foam from his broad mouth.

"Once the match was made we had a hard task finding a place to stage the mill. We tried Glasgow and the cops chased us. We tried at Hamilton and the police chased us again.

"Well, sir, it took us two weeks to find a spot. We finally landed it in the slums of Glasgow. It was an underground storehouse for rags. The floor was of asphalt. The roof was made of timber supports, only 12 feet high. From the timbers hung a few kerosene lamps. Here and there water seeped in and fell in big drops to the ring floor.

"A big rag dealer had become interested in our fight and had donated this peculiar battleground. He had pushed the rags to the side walls and on these the fancy sat. All the big bookmakers of Scotland were there and a few came from London with a gallery of toffs who were keen for a fight anywhere, anytime, especially when there was the thrill of evading the police and matching a battle underground.

"Holes were hacked in the asphalt for the four stakes which held the ring ropes. Men had to hold the stakes up and when the Pig Sticker or I was pushed to the hemp there was precious little support there. On the floor was sawdust. It was slippery sawdust. And the water trickling down made things none too pleasant too.

"Well, sir, I went to the place in the afternoon to look it over and I felt that asphalt under my feet and I said, 'Jock, the boy who hits that asphalt stays down. Don't do it.' I made up my mind that this last fight of mine would see me a winner.

"Night came. The boys came by ones and twos. Lookouts watched for the cops, who never came. 'Murray at 3 to 2,' the bookies said as we went to the ring center to start the fight.

"It was a hard fight, with small gloves. Murray was 23. I was 37. He was strong. But I knew too much for the Pig Sticker. I taunted him for the Pig Sticker that he was. I got under the boy's skin with my sharp words and I hacked away at his jaw with my left and right.

"'Even money,' the bookies said in the fourth round.

"I felt the asphalt under my feet and I said to myself again, 'We gotta win this, Jock.'

"'Five to four on Galloway,' the bookies yelled in the sixth round. 'Three to two on Galloway,' they said in the seventh. In the eighth I knocked him out for the Pig Sticker that he was!

"Well, sir, it was a strange place for a fight," said Big Jack Galloway as he took a long draught of the brew that improves the recollection and spurs the adjectives onto the tongue.

Yes, a mighty strange place for a fight. Can one imagine the champions of today fighting under such conditions or the fans of today ushered into such an arena. No, not me, I'd rather stay home and watch the Galloway-Murray fight on television.

SOUR PILL TO SWALLOW

QUITE a figure was John L. Sullivan. Training was a bitter pill for him, to be taken only in small doses after the most careful consideration. "John L." took care never to over-indulge in his workouts. He had absolute belief in his power and the strength of his punch.

To the very last he never believed there was a man who could stand before him. His ego was supreme and in the end it was his downfall. Sullivan was not only beaten by Corbett in the ring but he was defeated by himself long before the fight.

Over-indulgence in spirits and a lack of physical conditioning took their toll and ended a career long before it should have been terminated.

Yes, the "Boston Strong Boy" was a colorful character in an era resplendent in color, and when he passed, so passed an era.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP
By CHARLEY PARRISH

MARCEL CERDAN made up for his poor showing against Lucien Krawczyk a year ago by stopping the Pole in four rounds. The bout was a colorful affair.

Supporting the gory Belloise-Stock bout reported in the last issue, Emmanuel Clavel and Claude Ritter fought it out for the vacant French welter title. This affair contrasted poorly with the major fight, and wound up with Clavel the under by a small points margin.

The match for the Austrian welter title between Kid Gasparyk and Carl Balcowitsch in Vienna was declared no-decision, after there had been some dissatisfaction among the judges.

As previously stated, Marcel Cerdan chilled Luc Krawczyk in four, at Casablanca. The Franco-Pole surprised the world champion by carrying the fight to Cerdan in the first round, which went to Krawczyk. Cerdan went to work in the next round, scoring with his wicked liver-punches, dropping Krawczyk twice in the third and three times in the fourth, when the Pole's manager threw in the towel. Danny Carabella, Puerto Rican bantam, could only draw with Soujma, and Ben Miloud, lightweight, forced Antonio Fenoy of Spain to retire in the fourth.

In Brussels—Tiberio Mitri, Italy, became the new European middleweight king when he defeated Cyrille Delannoit, Belgium. Mitri succeeded where Cerdan had failed, by dropping the Belgian Tarzan for four counts, and ran out a handy points winner. Mitri is only 22, and is undefeated to date. On the same program lightweight Kid Dussart won on points over the fast Gianluigi Uboldi of Italy, whilst another good Belgian middle hope, Albert Heyen, beat the Luxembourg champ, Georges Schiltz. Pierre Paul stopped his fellow Belgian, Jean Machterlinck, in five rounds, featherweights.

At Evreux, France—Ray Famechon returned to ring warfare by beating out a fine win over lightweight Leandre Mateos, whom he stopped in the eighth round.

Louis Skena, now campaigning as a bantam, following his loss of the flyweight title to Pratesi, scored a victory over Amleto Falcinelli in Rome. Bantam Alvaro Nuvoloni won over Georges Mousse, France. The Italian's southpaw stance had Mousse foxed.

At Algiers—Omar Kouidri, the veteran welter, won over Gilbert Stock. French light-heavy champion, Albert Yvel outpointed Placido Pacini, of Italy, and Roberto Ruiz, Spanish lightie, won over Allouche, once champion of France. Another ring fatality marred this show. Bantam Mustapha Rafai was transported to hospital following his defeat at the hands of Hocine Rabah, and died the following day.

At Dijon, France, middleweight Gaston Chambrand won over Maurice Cieutat.

Franck Hermal, the rugged French lightweight, punched out a decision against Mahouachi Brahim, Tunis, at Valenciennes. Girard Denis beat Jacques Cabot, feathers.

Leonard Riva, a promising French heavyweight, creased Querol in five rounds at Barcelona. Earlier in the month, another French invader, young blond middleweight Jacques Royer-Creey, gave an impressive display against the Spanish champion, Soldevilla, who won by a short margin. Luis de Santiago lost his featherweight crown to Latorre, whom he fouled whilst leading well on points.

Luc van Dam beat the French middleweight, Lucien Caboche, on points before a large crowd in Amsterdam. Another middleweight clash saw Jan Schoen retire in the seventh round against the Moroccan, Ben Allim. Marcel Guyot lost to Jan Remie, feathers.

Charles Humetz, a rising French welter, whipped the trial-horse from Brittany, Pierre Le Mentec, at Lens.

Hein ten Hoff, the much-discussed German heavy, made his reappearance in a German ring against Heinz Speilsch. The bout was a very dull affair, ending in a draw verdict.

Fighting in his own bailiwick, Viennese heavyweight Kurt Schiegl had little difficulty in outpointing Jean Declerq, of Belgium, over ten rounds. The Belgian back-pedalled too fast for Schiegl. Leo Starosch, a German welter, won his second bout in Austria when he stopped Ludwig Storetzki in two rounds. A week before, Starosch had kayoed Franz Melkus in the sixth.

At Gelsenkirchen, Gustav Eder, holder of the German welter crown these past 18 years, showed glimpses of his old form when he stopped Braun in four rounds.

Fight Managers, Attention !!!!!

If you want the record of your fighter for this year listed in the 1950 RING Record Book, you should send in now the complete record of your boy from January 1 to the present date. We are beginning to work on the new records. Next November we will ask for the remainder of the year's record.

Unless you comply with the above request, the chances are that your fighter's listing will not appear in the next book or will be missing, some fights might be incorrect. Therefore we ask your cooperation now. Don't blame us later for incorrect data.

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A Belgian named De Keersgieter won the International Middleweight Tourney held at Bruges, by beating Jan Schoen in the final.

Omar le Noir, the Algerian welter, had too much on the ball for young Salvatore Sanna, of Italy, who was making his first appearance in Paris. On the same card, Juan Monteiro, the Portuguese feather, dropped his opponent, Francis Bonnardel, twice in the first round, but was compelled to retire at the beginning of the eighth with a broken hand.

Francisco Peiro, the roly-poly Spaniard, knocked out Kid Renet, France, in the seventh round of their welterweight clash in Barcelona.

Carl Schmidt forfeited his German middleweight title by striking a low blow in the third round of his Cologne bout with Peter Mueller. In other middleweight bouts, Sieben kayoed Puhlmann in two, whilst Baumann and Imbsweiler fought a rugged eight-round draw.

At the Salle Wagram in Paris, the new bantam prospect, Haidi Tijani from Tunis, beat Guy Josseau.

Willi Faerber retained the German flyweight title at Augsburg when he whipped challenger Hans Schiffers over twelve rounds.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS
By LEWIS ESKIN

RAMBLING AROUND—Angelo Pucci of Nutley, who promoted during the winter at Trenton, has taken over Meadowbrook Bowl in Newark for the outdoor season. Charley Fusari's one-round knockout of Vince Foster has put him in line for a lot of good matches. He may yet fight Rocky Graziano this summer in Ruppert Stadium, Newark. John Beer, sports editor of the Newark "Evening News" and a long-time friend of boxing, died last month.

Here are the results of local fighters in out-of-state rings: Gus Lesnevich was outpointed by Joey Maxim. George Costner K.O.'ed Chico Varona. Dom Mogard lost to Rocky Marciano. Billy Kilroy was stopped by Georges Chape. Julius Reed drew with Jimmy Zaicko, but lost to Tommy Sheppard. Al Mobley beat Otis Graham. Freddy Russo was beaten by Del Flanagan. Pat Comiskey was held to a surprise draw by Elkins Brothers. Frankie Cordino lost to Al Hersh. Joe Curcio lost to Jean Walzack. Charlie Williams drew with Bobby Mann. Billy Wyatt beat Bobby Baldwin.

Best Prospect of the Month, 210-pound Keene Simmons, Bayonne heavyweight. He is a good puncher and very fast for his size.

Results for the Month, Newark—Tony Riccio, 151½, Bayonne, rallied to outpoint Ray Solomon, 148, New York, in eight very fast rounds. Johnny (Red) DeFazio, 137½, Bayonne, battered Gilberto Gomez to win the eight-round co-feature. Vince Martinez, 143, Paterson, stopped Herbie Brown, 140, Newark, 3. Jimmy Stamford, 138, Newark, K.O.'ed Jimmy Mickens, 140, Bronx, 2. Keene Simmons, 209, Bayonne, beat Antoine Carmona, 196, Cuba, 4. Jimmy Ryan, 139, Union, beat Charlie Maddox, 142, Newark, 4.

Terry Young, 140, New York, had a rough time after the second round, in which he floored Johnny LaRusso, 139, New York, for a nine count, and eked out the decision by a whisker. Bobby Sinn, 153, Irvington, stopped Mike Ludlow, 145, New York, 1. Vince Martinez, 143, Paterson, beat Otis Edwards, 145, Elizabeth, 5. Johnny Kamber, 133, Livingston, drew with Stokes Thomas, 136, Newark, in four fast rounds. Roland Thompson, 161, Bloomfield, beat Tony Amato, 163, Weehawken, 4. Ralph Jacobs, 135, New York, won from Clarence Mosley, 133, Paterson, 4. Billy Carpenter, 130, Union City, halted Larry Mullins, 132, Newark, 3.

After two close rounds, Tony Janiro, 152½, Youngstown, Ohio, scored with a beautiful one-two to flatten Mario Moreno, 147, Havana, Cuba, in 1:04 of the third round. Charley Norkus, 191, Bayonne, turned in his best win to date by stopping the Veteran Johnny Pretzie, 192, Valley Stream, L. I., in four rounds. Arthur Persley, 137, New York, dropped Marcel Pacheco, 138, Puerto Rico, for nine in the third and went on to win after six fast rounds. Frankie Foran, 150, Summit, won over Joe Ricardo, 147, Mexico City, in 4. Ricardo was down in the first. Armando Fiore, 138, Newark, beat Ralph Santana, 140, New York, 4. This was the last indoor show of the year.

Meadowbrook Bowl—Joe Curcio, 158, Newark southpaw, was too rugged for Vic Costa, 157, New York, and won after eight action-filled rounds. Willard Reed, 202, Newark, stopped Steve King, 188, Brooklyn, at the end of five rounds, due to a badly cut eye. Reed was way out in front at the time of the ending. Johnny (Red) DeFazio, 137½, Bayonne, again outpointed Gilberto Gomez, 132, New York, after eight slugging rounds. Freddy Flores, 165, New York, stopped Joe Taylor, 155, Brooklyn, 4. A small gathering of only 1,854 saw the first show put on by Angelo Pucci and Carmine Bilotti.

Twin City Bowl, Elizabeth—Bernie Reynolds, 182, Cliffside Park, rallied to win the last six rounds to outpoint Ceasar Brion, 194, Argentina, in ten fast rounds. Brion was down for nine in the sixth and seventh rounds and was staggering around at the finish. Gene Sailsbury, 146, North Bergen, won from Country Sherman, 150, Plainfield, over the six-round route. Frank Mesgleski, 185, Elizabeth, stopped Willie Armstrong, 187, Elizabeth, 2. Pierce Patton, 178, Elizabeth, won from Angel Martinez, 176, Newark, 4. Birda Loffa, 143, Elizabeth, won over Otis Edwards, 145, Elizabeth, 4. Ralph Giordano, 141, Newark, outslugged his fellow townsman, Norman Blair, 147, 4.

Gabe Ferland, 150, Montreal, made his Jersey debut as a sub for Danny Kapilow and looked very impressive by easily outpointing Billy Lee, 146, Hackensack, in eight rounds. Lee was down in the first and fourth rounds. Felix Ramirez, 133, San Jose, outslugged Ermon Bonetti, 130, Italy, in eight action-packed rounds. Johnny Luciano, 141, Paterson, stopped Charley Maddox, 136, Newark, in the fourth round. Keene Simmons, 208, Bayonne, outpointed Pierce Patton, 180, Elizabeth, in four rounds. Patton was down in the second and third. Billy Bossio, 120, Pittsburgh, stopped George McLaughlin, 121, Newark, 2.

Hamid Pier, Atlantic City—Percy Bassett, 129, Philadelphia, K.O.'ed Young Junior, 131, Springfield, Mass., in 2:21 of the third round. It was a close fight for two rounds, but in the third Bassett dropped Junior for an eight count and when he got up a score of punches dropped him for the count. It was Percy's 28th win in 30 fights. Speedy Lawrence, 146, Philadelphia, outboxed Johnny Ford, 146, also from Philly, in six. Dick Cannady, 146, Newark, stopped Gene Elliot, 145, Philadelphia, at the end of four, due to an eye cut. Chuck Davis, 170, Johnstown, Pa., won handily from Chico Givens, 166, Trenton, 6. Jim Foster, 188, Atlantic City, won over Marty Fisher, 176, Philadelphia, in four. It was Foster's pro bow.

Atlantic City—Don Ellis, 152, Atlantic City, was held to a draw by Trees Wilson, 158, also from Atlantic City, in eight hard-fought rounds. Eddie Holtz, 139, Atlantic City, stopped Ralph Gonzales, 144, Washington, D. C., at the end of two rounds, due to an eye cut. Gonzales was down for eight in the first. After a close first round, Billy Banks, 122, Philadelphia, proved too cute for Jimmy Shields, 121, also Philadelphia, and took the last five easily. Earl Haines, 206, Philadelphia, K.O.'ed Ernie Pope, 181, Washington, D. C., in 2:17 of the first round and scored two knockdowns. Walter Roane, 148, Washington, outslugged Whitman Dorch, 141, Boston, Mass., in six fast rounds.

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FROM JOHANNESBURG, S. AFRICA
By WILF GARFORTH

THE following are the results of a tournament staged in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. It was the first professional tournament to be staged in this vicinity for 17 years and was enjoyed by 5,000 spectators.

George Angelo and Alf James toplined the bill and James was unfortunate to have to retire at the end of the second round with a badly damaged eye. He was shaping well against the S.A. middleweight champion and enjoyed a 51 pound weight advantage.

By far the best fight of the evening was that in which Gerald Dreyer, Olympic winner, K.O.'ed Andrew Kinnear in four rounds of a lightweight duel. Dreyer fought like a champion and was unmarked at the end.

Maurice Ouezman and Peter Mansour fought a willing six-rounder with Mansour gaining the decision on points. Ouezman was unlucky to have the decision go against him as has been the case in most of his fights in this country. He has returned to his native France.

Ken La Grange K.O.'ed Gerry Mulder in the fifth.

Ronnie Meyer beat Ray Searle on a T.K.O.

Billy Wood beat Willie Steynberg.

In a tournament staged at the Ferroviario grounds by Lourenco Marques, Abel Cestac, 226, knocked out the Transvaal heavyweight, Adrian Scheepers, 194, in the second of a ten-round contest. Scheepers was no match for Cestac who could probably have ended the fight in the first round had he so chosen.

The White City tournament staged at the Plaza Theatre, Johannesburg, was well attended and fans had a good night's entertainment in comparative comfort.

Johnny Arthur who surprised most South Africans with his sterling performances at the Olympic Games made his first appearance as a professional and opposed veteran Jimmy Britt. Although Arthur at 213 gained a three-round T.K.O. over his opponent, who came in at 198¼, he did not impress and showed that he has a lot to learn and a considerable way to go before he becomes a threat to Johnny Ralph's title. The fight was over six rounds.

Duggie Miller, 156, making his first appearance since his return from England, was another boxer who disappointed and has yet to convince the fans that he has benefitted by the experience he has gained. He claimed to have damaged his right hand during the fight and gave this as the reason for his poor showing when he faced Harry Bos, 150, the Hollander, over eight rounds.

George Hunter, 171½, won the Transvaal cruiserweight title in ten rounds and revealed some of the form that won him the Val Barker trophy when he outpointed Billy Wood.

Gerald Dreyer, 134, outpointed Fanie Bushney, 137, over six rounds.

Vic Towel, South African bantam champion, T.K.O.'ed Jackie Johnson in the first round. Towel was to have fought Nick Swart, national flyweight champion, who informed the promoters that he would come in at 114 pounds. At the weigh in Swart tipped the beam at 107 and the Board of Control officials refused him permission to fight.

The West Rand Sporting Club staged a tournament at Lichtenburg:

Heavies: Piet Strydom K.O.'ed Nick van Rensburg in third.

Middles: George Bushney knocked out Peter Botha in the fourth.

Middles: Hans Mulder iced N. van Staden in the sixth round.

Lights: K. Du Plessis K.O.'ed Andrew Kinnear in the sixth.

Cruisers: Gerry Mulder defeated Sam Nel on points.

Johnny Ralph, who was involved in a serious accident on the eve of his honeymoon is still in hospital. He suffered a fractured left leg and has since had his right kneecap removed. The surgeon says his boxing will not be affected and he hopes to resume ring work early in 1950. We all hope so!

The White City Sporting Club has completed arrangements to import Norman Lewis, Welsh fly and bantam champion for Towel. They are also bringing Warren Kendall, Welsh lightweight, to fight Gerald Dreyer.

Jean Richard, Canadian featherweight champion, would like to come to the Union to fight our best at his weight. Joe Pyle, welter from the same stable, will accompany him if the trip can be arranged.

This correspondent's address is 36 Saratoga Avenue, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, South Africa, and correspondence is invited from all interested in the sport. Prompt replies to managers and boxers.

BOXING IN PANAMA
By ARTURO LE CONTE

PUERTO RICO'S featherweight sensation, Francisco Colon Garcia, brother of Jose Colon Garcia, made a big hit in Panama City when he gained the verdict in ten rounds over Panama's bantam champ, Cesar Leal. The latter dropped Garcia twice in round seven for a nine and eight count, but was dropped for a nine count in round eight by Garcia.

Kid Chocolate, Windy City featherweight, drew in ten frames with Luis Castillo of Mexico in a dull contest. Castillo scaled 122 against his rival's 124.

Cesar Leal, 116, took the measure of Kid Zefine in a 15-rounder to win Panama's bantamweight title. Leal chalked up nine rounds against Zefine's six. Silvester Wallace drew in six chapters with Federico Plummer.

Francisco Colon Garcia of Puerto Rico, 125½, landed a solid smack on the kisser of Kid Chocolate, 125½, Colon, to win via the kayo route in two heats.

Wilfredo Brewster, 128, hit the comeback trails in fine style by defeating former bantam and featherweight champ, Sammy Medina, 124, in ten rounds.

Francisco Colon Garcia, 125½, won the plaudits of the fans by chilling Kid Evans of Panama, 122½, in the third canto. The hard-hitting Garcia was dropped in the second. Garcia, who plans to invade the United States, looms as the next world king of the feathers.

In a six-frame semi-final go, Federico Plummer flattened Baby Green in four rounds. Yours truly, who acted as judge, had Green all the way out in front until Plummer landed his Sunday clout.

My address is: Star and Herald Co., Panama City, Panama.

BOXING IN CURACAO
By L. KOEIMAN

PROMOTER Siro Cardoze presented a superb card this month at the Rif Stadium.

The ten-round main bout of the evening between Kid Chocolate, 145, Curacao welterweight champion, and Young Carpentier, 143, Aruba, was won by Y. Carpentier in the third round by a K.O.

Pantera Negra, 129, Curacao, turned in his best when he stopped Segundo Castillo, 126, Venezuela, in the fifth.

The Yellow Bomber, 126, of Curacao knocked out Kid Ellis, 130, Curacao, in the first of a six-rounder.

Arrow Kid, 140, Sto. Domingo drew with James Gumbs, 137, Curacao, in a three-round bout.

Slipping Tiger, Jr., 110, of Curacao drew with Kid Paco, 110, of Curacao, in a four-round bout.

Kid Montana, 129, of Curacao was dropped by Kid Siro, 128, of Curacao in the third round.

My address: L. Koeiman, Theaterstraat No. 4, Pietermaai, Curacao N. W. I.

GERMAN BOXING DIARY
By SGT. J. A. TREE

BOXING in Germany seems to be full of surprises, for after recovering from the draw bout between Hein ten Hoff and Heinz Seelisch, another surprise took place when the middleweight champion of Germany, Carl Schmidt, lost his title to the fast improving Peter Muller. The champion is alleged to have thrown a low blow in the third round of their scheduled twelve.

EIRE NEWS
By FINBAR BARRY

THE Eire lightweight champion, Paddy Dowdall, of Dublin, was surprisingly outpointed by John Hazel, of Jamaica.

In the same division Terry Gordan proved far superior to Al Harris, of Dublin, who was kayoed in the third of a slated eight rounder.

Former amateur featherweight champion, Jim Gifford, of Dublin, maintained his undefeated record as a professional when he clearly outpointed Eddie Magee, of Belfast. Both boys scaled 129¾.

On behalf of Morty Kelleher, of Cork, I issue a challenge to any featherweight in the Republic of Ireland for a contest at 126 pounds. What offers?

Danny O'Brien, Dublin, 166, won on a disqualification from Billy Middleton, Jamaica, 165, who was ruled out in the opening heat for alleged low-hitting.

In the lightweight class the Belfast man Hugh Smith and Joe Worthington, of Dundalk, boxed a draw over six rounds.

Paddy Dowdall won rather convincingly over Harry Fisher, Belfast, who took the "long count" in round six. The Belfast boy who fought very gamely took a count of "nine" in the first round but recovered splendidly to make the contest very interesting. Fisher caused Dowdall trouble until the sixth session when a succession of rights and lefts rendered him hors de combat.

Harry Lucas, Edinburgh, outpointed Siki O'Neill, Dublin. . . . Phil Mellish, Stalybridge, kayoed Johnnie Kelly, Dublin, in the welters. . . . Paddy Shannon and Eric Payne boxed a draw at 112. . . . In the middleweight class Peter Mulligan, of Monaghan, kayoed Harry Rodgers, Belfast, in 3 heats.

Gerry McDermott, heavyweight champion of the Irish Republic, was easily outpointed by Frank Walker, of Warwick, over eight rounds. The latter fought splendidly and took most of the rounds but in the final session McDermott nearly scored a kayo. He let matters go too late, however.

Writer's address: 2 Buxton Terrace, Sunday's Well, Cork, Ireland.

WOODCOCK REGAINS FISTIC PRESTIGE; SADDLER MAKES HIT
By JOHN SHARPE

BRUCE WOODCOCK, British Empire and European heavyweight champion, blasted his way back into fistic prominence with a smashing 14 round knockout over Freddie Mills, holder of the world's light-heavyweight championship, at the White City Stadium, London.

Practically consigned to oblivion after his defeat at the hands of Joe Baksi, Woodcock, whose comeback trail has not exactly been blazed with glory, seized this last chance with both hands, for with his three titles at stake, plus a meeting with Lee Savold for the now vacant heavyweight championship of the world scheduled for the winner, it was obvious that for the Doncaster man, this was all or nothing. A win, and he was sitting pretty with a crack at the world's title; a defeat, and he was washed up for all time as a heavyweight threat.

At the weigh-in, Woodcock, tense, taut, finely drawn, scaled 195½, while Mills, light-hearted, confident, and gaily joking with the large crowd, scaled 175½.

The weather favored the open-air promotion, for as evening drew on it was apparent that "typical Jack Solomons' weather" was the order, and the 47,000 fans, the limit allowed by the authorities, jammed the spacious arena, prepared to see a battle in which Mills was by far prejudged as favorite.

The presentation of the bout was extremely well done, with all the earmarks of a Hollywood production, for as the gladiators entered the ring with searchlights playing upon them, and all the other lights dimmed, a corps of trumpeters sounded fanfare after fanfare. The preliminaries didn't take long. Master of Ceremonies Patsy Hagate introduced the contestants, the ring officials, and Referee Sam Russell gave the customary rundown of the rules. The boys returned to their respective corners, removed their robes, heard last minute instructions, then the gong sounded and the fight was under way.

Mills waded in shooting left hooks to the body in his fierce kill or be killed style but Woodcock met him in the center of the ring with a right cross that had plenty of sting in it. Another left hook from Mills brought another right cross from Woodcock that produced the first thrill of the fight for it dropped Freddie for a count of two. It was a surprised Mills that arose from the canvas.

The second round showed Woodcock boxing beautifully with all his old confidence apparent. His left hand performed in exactly the fashion that the best text books say a left hand should behave but Mills never stopped trying and he was always throwing those haymakers of his that could if they had landed squarely have called finis to the bout. He did catch Bruce with two hard left hooks to the midriff but failed to press his advantage and Woodcock's superior boxing skill soon made light of the danger.

Mills rushed in like a wild elephant in the third round intent on ending it all with one smashing punch but Woodcock evading the rush sent another terrific right cross to Mills' jaw that put the Bournemouth man down again, this time for a count of four. The crowd was on its toes screaming for the kill, but Woodcock, who still has to learn not to step back and wait when he has an opponent groggy, didn't go in for the finish and both boys slowed their pace a little as the round ended.

Mills took the fifth round with some good left hand work that had Woodcock's nose bleeding freely, but Woodcock could take all that Mills could give and was doing great damage in the exchanges that would tell later on.

Woodcock's nose still bled profusely as the bout entered the seventh and eighth rounds, but although Mills wasn't showing as much damage as Bruce those right hand punches that Woodcock kept sinking under the heart weren't making it any picnic for Mills who was visibly in distress in the eighth but again Woodcock's apparent inability to apply a finisher allowed Mills to last the round.

The ninth round saw Woodcock still pummelling Mills while the latter kept trying desperately to land his wild swings. In the tenth, a terrific right cross from Woodcock nearly ended the fight right then when Mills took a count of nine but again Bruce was unable to apply the necessary finisher and Mills still kept throwing everything in the hope that one of them would land, but oh, How tired he was getting!

Woodcock's face still was bleeding, giving him a far more beat-up appearance than was really the case, but his punching was as deadly as ever, and he again dropped Mills in the twelfth for a count of four.

Mills was floored again in the thirteenth for a count of two and it became obvious to the large crowd that it was only his lion-hearted courage that was keeping him going for he was absorbing punishment that would have flattened a lesser man.

Woodcock set the pace for the fourteenth round, and a right cross to the head dazed Mills. This time Woodcock found his finishing punch, another right to the jaw, which put Mills down on his hands and knees, a beaten man. Try as he would he couldn't get up and Referee Sam Russell toiled the fatal ten over the Bournemouth man as the crowd roared its appreciation of the new Woodcock who will meet Savold on September 6th in a bout that will be recognized here as for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Sandy Saddler, ex-featherweight champion of the world, made a very impressive European debut when he kayoed Jim Keery of Ireland in the fourth round of a scheduled ten round contest.

Saddler, the master all the way, was never at a loss as to how to handle the tough Irishman and after flooring him four times with hard lefts to the body he applied the coup-de-grace with the cool assurance that has lifted him to his present fame. Saddler scaled 138 to Keery's 143.

Henry Hall, British welterweight champion and stablemade of Bruce Woodcock, went down to inglorious defeat in the fifth of a scheduled ten rounder with Titi Clavel, welterweight champion of France.

Hall, weighing 147, started well enough, cutting the Frenchman's eye in the first round. Clavel, weighing 145¼, didn't allow the cut bother him and floored the Englishman in second round for a short count.

Hall fought back pluckily but the French always had control of the bout and after taki three counts in the fifth round and obviously ing in no fit condition to continue, Referee Tom my Little wisely called a halt.

In an eight round bout, Johnny Williams, Rugby, weighing 190, won a smart points tory over Nisse Anderson of Sweden, weighi 218. Williams, a prospect to watch, was too fast for his heavier opponent and was a clear winner.

Danny O'Sullivan, of Finsbury Park, weighing 126, clearly outpointed Ronnie Draper, Southampton, weighing 127¼, over eight rounds.

Johnny Molloy, of St. Helens, weighing 1 was outpointed over eight rounds by Tom Bail of Liverpool, weighing 137¾.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

EDDIE CARROLL, Ottawa's Irish firebrand, making a fistic comeback that is little sh of amazing and if he keeps up his pres pace he'll be getting himself some lucrative sh As a youngster, Carroll attracted attention h in 1934 when he fought his way to main h rating. He looked like a surefire world cham to-be but was too much of a playboy to take training seriously. He went up and down ladder in spurts then seemed to drop out of sig after joining the Army. He started a comeback couple of years ago but just as he was attainin good condition he hit the skylark trail again.

Early this year Carroll was working as a min in Sudbury. He started training, got down 170 pounds, then started taking on heavies an light-heavies. He KO'ed half a dozen husk including Joe Burgess, Tiger Fahey and Stu Guinard, pretty fair battlers. He contacted friend in Montreal who lost no time getting h matched up with Maxie Spoon, a rough, tou middleweight with the heart of a lion. It w an eight round co-feature of an open-air ev promoted by Rene Chauvin at Archille Mathieu remodelled Stade Ontario and those present d clare it the most gruelling, savage, dramat thriller ever seen here.

Put off stride by his busy foe's southpaw sty Carroll abandoned boxing and slugged toe-to-t He got so tired that he could hardly keep h hands up and fired from the hip. They flail away at each other, wobbled back to their corne after each round while the fans practically we into hysterics, amazed that they could still ke going. In the last three rounds Carroll's heavy punching showed to advantage. He floored Spo in each session, breaking his nose with a dir smash in the last round, and won the unanimo decision.

Johnny (Price) Tousignant, wartime welt favorite, made a successful comeback, making a "comeback night", when he edged out a sp decision over Eddie (Joe Beef) Leboeuf in th main eight round feature. Tousignant boxe coolly, used smart ring generalship, to offs Leboeuf's over-eager aggressiveness, taking th play away in the middle rounds. Leboeuf tore to smash out a wide edge in the last round bu the rally was a mite too late. It was definitely an off-night for Leboeuf, a promising prospect, but the heavier and more experienced Tousignan bluffed him into a too belated rally, as the young ster waited too long trying to sharpshoot for knockout. It was a brilliant comeback for Tousig nant, who had been out for four years.

It was certainly a night of upsets. In the tw six rounder, Marc Begin, Quebec, connected quickly on Mario Massaro, local welter, an floored him twice in the first round, three time in the second to finish him. Jerry Lavigne scor a spectacular two round knockout over Jean-Pa Cloutier in two rounds, catching him with a righ hand uppercut that knocked Cloutier colder tha a block of ice.

Manny Spivak, promising local bantam, ha Charlie Savard, of Quebec, on the road to defe but kept thumping him with foul blows and wa disqualified in the fifth of a scheduled six round er. In the four round opener, Rocky Brisebois wa floored by his heavier foe, Angelo Nardonne, i the first round but came back to outfight hi sufficiently to earn a draw.

STRAY SHOTS . . . Johnny Greco's hand still in a cast, but due to come out of it a week afte this writing. . . . Johnny Teale, who came with Eddie Carroll from Sudbury, has a swell gym o the style of New York's Stillman's, and many o Sudbury's citizenry, including plenty of young sters, go there for boxing, wrestling and physica culture.

The gym is called the Northland Boxing Clu and plenty of shows are held under their auspices . . . Teale is a former Dominion amateur welte champion . . . they have a big outdoor show fo June 21st and several thousand fans will attend . . . Abie Blank, who trains Maxie Spoon, Manni Spivak, and many other popular performers here is a conscientious trainer . . . he always get his charges in top shape with the result that the stage great scraps. . . . Abie also trained Le Alter, but Lou was ever plagued with eye-cut that opened easily. . . . Cheerio till next month

DENVER AND VICINITY
By W. G. (BILL) THOMAS, JR.

DENVER, Colorado—Charley Earley, California welterweight, currently being billed out of Denver, won a dull ten-rounder over Bennie Evans, of Oklahoma City. The show drew less than a thousand people and was one of those style clashing bouts which does not provide thrills.

In the back up card Art Irlando, rapidly rising, popular, Denver featherweight, was decked for the first time in his career by Harold McDonald of Omaha. But Art got up and finished strong to win a close decision over McDonald in their action-filled six-round semi. Joe Fisher, Pueblo lightweight, decisioned Francisco Dosal of Juarez, Mexico, in a one-sided four-rounder; Jesse Mongia, Denver bantamweight, nodded Chico Gomez, El Paso, in four; light-heavyweight Phil Smart KO'ed Elijah Edwards, Denver, in one of a scheduled four, and bantamweight Red Martinez, Denver, spotted Jimmy Dunn of El Paso five pounds and still took the decision in a snappy four-rounder.

Fiery little Corky Gonzales is the man to watch in the featherweight division. When he started fighting amateur, he had a goal set for himself. He wanted to win a national title. He won the National A.A.U. Tournament in Boston in 1947. Turning pro, he announced to his friends in a modest sort of way that his goal was the world title. Gonzales is a smart young man with a purpose. Only 21 years old on June 18, he has already climbed many a rung on the ladder of fistic success.

At Denver—Corky Gonzales, Denver featherweight, won eight of his ten rounds with Pat Iacobucci, Cincinnati, in the main event before two thousand approving fans. Dick Weinhold, Denver welter, KO'ed Herman Porter in two of the six-round semi; Jesse Mongia, 116, KO'ed Eli Maldonado, Trinidad, in one of a scheduled four; Phil Smart, 180, Billings, Montana, now living and fighting out of Denver, furnished the third music for Dave Mazili, 200, Lowry Air Base, in 51 seconds of the second; Joe Fisher, Pueblo lightweight, TKO'ed Tony Martinez, Colorado Springs, in the third, and Jimmy Quintana, claimant of the Colorado lightweight title, won a unanimous decision over Billie Richards of Denver.

The writer's address: 4313 Sheridan Boulevard, Denver, Colo.

IN SAN FRANCISCO RINGS
By ROBERT VALLI

IN a battle of unbeaten lightweights, Johnny Gonzalves of Oakland and Maxie Docusen of New Orleans kept their winning records intact as they fought ten fast rounds to a draw at the Oakland Auditorium.

Gonzalves, an 18 year old graduate of the Golden Gloves, who was making his eleventh professional start, fought the best battle of his brief career to gain the moral victory. It was the first time in three years (56 fights) that Maxie failed to post a victory.

Referee Eddie James cast his ballot for Gonzalves, but both judges, Toby Irwin and Frankie Carter, voted a draw. We gave the localite a scant edge over the 3-1 favorite.

The contest was a master boxing exhibition which lacked excitement at times. Both are clever performers, but neither could outfeint the other often enough to inflict damage. Johnny's left eye was mildly gashed and Docusen's left optic carried a slight welt.

The tenth round, which ultimately influenced the outcome, went to Docusen after a hotly-contested slugfest. Both wanted a fast finish but the punch trading, which is more to Docusen's liking, worked against Gonzalves, who dropped the toe-to-toe finish by a shade.

The house grossed $12,523 and were almost 100% Gonzalves rooters.

Bobby Burgess, 142, completely outclassed Tommy Petty, 141, in the six round semi-final.

Emil Barao, 140, stopped Ernie Pacheco, 137, via a cut eye in the fourth of another six rounder. Baby Leroy, newcomer from Cincinnati, upset the dope when he handed clever Frankie Sequeira of Oakland a solid going over to win the six round verdict.

Two up-and-coming local light-heavyweights, Dave Whitlock and Grant Butcher left only a "rubber" match to be desired after going ten sizzling rounds at the Civic Auditorium.

Butcher, a crouching two fisted gamester, evened matters by gaining a close, split decision verdict over the previously undefeated Whitlock. The latter had shaded Butcher in their opening.

The bout was a spirited affair, marred only by occasional holding tactics. Whitlock, who initiated the clinching, lost needed points with his style and gave Grant the edge on aggressiveness.

In the opening round, Butcher rushed his Negro opponent and landed solidly to the head and body, and had Whitlock backpedaling and hurt. At this point it hardly appeared that the battlers would be around for the tenth round.

The ex-Olympic Club amateur sensation continued to pile up a margin in the second and third with his potent lefts.

However, the smooth boxing Whitlock rallied to close the gap in the middle rounds. They fought on even terms in the final two rounds, only Butcher's aggressiveness earned him a shade.

In an eight round donnybrook, Pedro Jiminez and Billy McGee slugged to a draw. No love was lost by these two club scrappers, who fought from gong to gong.

Oscar Penn, stocky short-legged Richmond middleweight, hurdled his first main event in impressive fashion by outfighting Jay Caldwell, Los Angeles, to win a ten round decision at National Hall.

Although Penn displayed a rough two fisted attack, he was forced to stave off a last round rally by Caldwell to receive the split verdict. Judges Toby Irwin and Ray Flores both voted for Penn, but Referee Johnny Lotsey called it a draw.

In the semi-windup, Grover Jackson and Tut Tabor, middleweights, tugged and mauled to a dull four round draw.

In a corking four rounder, welters Don Pensen edged Rudy Coleman after stopping Coleman's late bid in the final session. Esau Ferdinand, 162, outpointed Cordell Jones, 160, in four. Eddie Grant, 150, won from Ellis Brooks, 148, in the opener.

Benny Walker, Oakland Negro, was awarded a technical knockout victory over Sal Perea, local Mexican welterweight, when the latter suffered a cut right eye in the fourth round of their scheduled ten-rounder at National Hall.

Dr. Lastreto, club physician, ordered Referee Frankie Brown to stop the match when Perea's injured optic bled freely. At the finish, Walker was ahead on points, having won the first and third heats; the second ended even.

Weights were Perea 149½, Walker 147½. House grossed $1,500.

Don Jensen, 146, stopped Bob Russell, 141, by a TKO in the third round of the semi. Andy Walker, 195, decisioned Frank Buford, 203, in six rounds. Eddie Russey, 155½, took the victory from Grover Jackson, 158½, in four. Ernie Greer, 140, halted Fred Carston, 143½, in two.

After dropping his first pro fight to Grant Butcher, Dave Whitlock returned to gain his previous stature and popularity with a tenth-round technical knockout over fast-rising Bob Dunlap, youthful Oakland Negro, after a punch war at the Oakland Auditorium.

The dead game Dunlap was in a helpless state when Referee Frankie Carter wisely intervened early in the tenth and final canto. Bob was seated on the canvas after receipting for one of Whitlock's vicious left hooks. He also sported a tightly closed left eye.

The undercard: Little Johnny Ortega, 110, National A.A.U. flyweight champion, looked very good as he outclassed Speedy Rudy, 113, Honolulu Filipino, in six rounds. Pedro Jiminez, 162, and Bob Patterson, 160, went to a six-round draw in a slugbee. This action-plus bout had the customers cheering from bell to bell. Maurice Harper, 148½, another National A.A.U. crown bearer, stopped James Stewart, 148, in the third of the opening six.

The twelve-round "rubber" match, billed as a welterweight elimination contest to find a state champion, between Earl Turner, Richmond Negro, and Jackie Wilson, Los Angeles veteran, ended in a ten-round draw at the Oakland Auditorium.

The colorful boxers are beginning to wear out each other's popularity by fighting each other too often with too little action. They have now fought forty-two rounds, each having copped a win and two bouts having ended in draws.

Both fought only in spurts with Wilson landing the harder blows. He decked Earl in the first and again in the eighth with potent right hands. In between the two knockdowns, Turner outboxed Wilson to about even matters. The listless contest surely doesn't invite a fifth go.

Referee Johnny Lotsey awarded the edge to Wilson, Judge Toby Irwin nodded to Turner, and Judge R. Bradford called it a draw.

In the six-round semifinal, Chief Whitewater, 137, decisioned Emil Barao, 136, in a fast engagement.

In the month's outstanding slugfest, Pedro Jiminez, Vallejo crowd-pleaser, won a unanimous decision over Billy McGee after ten hectic rounds at National Hall.

No science was displayed by these two wild-swinging middleweights who fought in typical National Hall style. Neither clinched nor backpedaled and it made for a top-notch brawl much to the delight of the patrons. Only the inability to land solidly with consistency enabled the fray to go the full route. Both scaled 161.

Prelim results: Frankie Sequiera, 123, and L. D. Brown, 127, boxed six sessions to a draw. Sam Jordon, 161½, won from Gene Dillsworth, 161, in six rounds. Rudy Coleman, 151½, decisioned Ellis Brooks, 150, in four. Albert Moore, 137, defeated George Goree, 138½, in four.

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IN INDIANA RINGS
By ANTHONY COPPI

DURING the month three new boxing towns were reopened in Indiana. Tony Zale, former world's middleweight champion, was the third man in the ring in each town that featured boxing shows. Harold T. Miller staged a show in South Bend, Carl Priest and Fred Zweyer a show in Anderson and Vito Manuzzi held a match in Gary.

Indianapolis—Bunny Berrigan, 125, clever Milwaukee featherweight, scored an eight round victory over Spider Thomas at the Armory in Indianapolis. Berrigan knocked Thomas down in the first round and weathered a late rally to decision the dinky Indianapolis featherweight.

Clinton Bacon, Chicago light-heavy, knocked out Bill Davis at 2:08 of the second round. Bacon first sent Davis to the canvas for an eight count.

Gene Parker, Indianapolis lightweight, and Doug Medley, Louisville, battled to a draw.

Joe Arthur, 163, Indianapolis, won a decision from George Warren, 157, Indianapolis, in four rounds, and Jennings Brotherton, 133, Louisville, won on a decision from Sylvester Simmons, 134, Indianapolis in five.

At Anderson—Chuck McGow of Danville won the Indiana featherweight crown by pounding out a ten round decision over Spider Thomas of Indianapolis. Tony Zale, former world's middleweight champion, was the referee.

In the semi-final Bob Lawson, 196, Chesterfield, Indiana, decisioned John Oliver, New Albany, in six.

Al Berry, Anderson welterweight, drew with rough Harold Green, 140, Indianapolis, in another six.

Gene Parker, 136, Indianapolis, TKO'ed Hoover Doyle, 135, Charlestown, in the fifth, and Willie Clemmons, 184, Indianapolis heavyweight, won a decision over Oscar Hamp, 167, Gary.

At Gary—Gerald LaBroi, Gary lightweight, wound up the winner in a bout with Pat O'Leary, 130, Council Bluff, Iowa, in an eight round bout which was the feature of a show staged by Promoter Vito Manuzzi in Gary.

Ezzard Charles, Cincinnati light-heavy, boxed a four round exhibition with Jackie Lyons, 180, Lacrobe, Pennsylvania.

Wray Carter, 134, Chicago, won by a TKO over Art Andrews, 135, Gary, in the third round. Al Nedoff, 132, Gary, decisioned Ossie Williams, 130, Chicago, in four. Rick Leland, 142, Gary, knocked out Bill Douglas, 141, Indianapolis, in one round and Wallace Parham, 132, Indianapolis, beat Billy Cobb, 130, Chicago.

At South End—Joey Brown, flashy Chicago lightweight, won a decision from Hugh Sublett, also of Chicago, in the main event.

Also a feature was a four round exhibition between Ezzard Charles, Cincinnati light-heavy, and Charlie Banks of Chicago.

Other results: Jimmy Sheets, 170, Hammond, beat Virgil Strauss, 175, Gary, in eight rounds. Harry Dunn, 150, Indianapolis, won over Lester Quarles, 150, Chicago, in four. James Richards, 168, Chicago, TKO'ed Dick Hammonds, 165, Indianapolis, and Grady Caple, 135, Chicago, drew with Billy Greco, 133, Chicago.

CENTRAL OHIO SWINGS AND HOOKS

By LESS HUFFMAN

LARRY COURTRIGHT, Dayton, finally broke away from Sheriff Jackson, Columbus, and was given the duke over him after they had fought two draws. The fight was close all the way and could have been called even. However, Courtright got out in front early and the Sheriff had to fight an uphill battle. In the last round the Columbus clouter came pretty near pulling the fight out of the fire when one of his Sunday punches caught Courtright flush on the chin. Courtright held on and the final bell helped him. It was a ten-round scrap.

Jimmy Welsh, Columbus middleweight, won a unanimous decision over Kid Hammond of Buffalo and Indianapolis, in eight heats. Dan Pinto won a six-round bout from Buddy West.

Gene Thomas, Dayton, copped the duke over George Warren of Indianapolis in a four-round opener. Ray Penny of El Paso stopped Gene Parker, Indianapolis, in the third heat.

The fights were staged by the St. Joe Club of Fort Wayne, Ind., and the matchmaker was Buck Mathias.

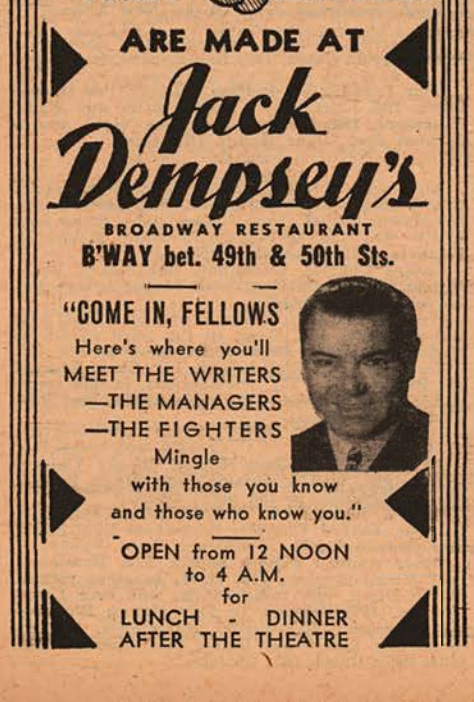
The Quality Club of Columbus gave the fight fans one of the best heavyweight fights seen in the Capital City for several moons. The Alabama Kid and Buddy Walker, both of Columbus, really swung for ten fast rounds, with the Kid given the duke.

The local papers took a crack at the age of the fighters and really hurt the gate, but after the fight they read as if it was one of the best fights for some time. However, the damage was done and the promoters landed behind the eight ball in the box office.

The semi-final between Jack Kid Hammond of Indianapolis and Sheriff Jackson did not last long but it was action plus for the time the two were in there. Both fighters decided to end it early, and they stood toe to toe trading until the Sheriff caught Hammond with a straight right hand, then bounced a left hook off the lanky Hoosier, then another right hand and that was all for Mr. Hammond.

Cushman Cordle, 157, lost to Dan Pinto, 156, in six fast rounds. Billy Todd, who just a week ago stopped Jack Petty in four heats, had the tide turned on him and was counted out in the first heat. Petty jumped out of his corner like a wildcat determined to end it as soon as possible. Todd was counted out in 1:24. Tommy Tibbs, Columbus flyweight, making his first pro start, met a tartar in Joe Brian of Evansville, Ind., but got the nod. It was a fast scrap between two willing slugging small fries.

Ron Delaney, 148, Akron welterweight, got the nod over Wild Willie Russell, 141, for the second time in the past month.



Chuck Hurst, Detroit's Jewish welterweight, won over Bobby Claus of Buffalo in a tame ten-rounder. Bob Scott, Akron welterweight, got the nod over Gene Costello of Detroit in five heats. Bob Golden, Akron heavyweight, stopped Chuck Davis of Johnstown, Pa., in the first frame. Bruce Foote, Buffalo welter, got the duke over Johnny Paoletti, Akron, in five heats.

Buck Mathias, Fort Wayne promoter, tossed in the towel after giving the Fort Wayne fans several good shows and could not book a winner. . . . Norty Smith, Newark, Ohio, who some years back was an outstanding middleweight in this part of Ohio, has opened up a gymnasium in Newark, Ohio. Earl Bargh is his partner, and the gymnasium is called the Sportsman Club.

Dom Dattavio, matchmaker for the New Boxing Club at Massillon, Ohio, put over another nice show with a capacity attendance. It was the first outdoor show and the fans that attended were well satisfied with the scraps.

In the best fight of the night Jack Yager defeated Rudy Williams over five rounds. Yager got a bad cut in the fourth round, but never slowed down.

Don Wuske, 148, Massillon, was iced by Kelley Williams of Barberton, Ohio, in the first round after being on the canvas for the count of nine three times.

In other bouts, Jerry Hammond, Canton, won over Ronald Savage, Canton, in five heats, in a good featherweight bout; Gene Riordan copped the duke over Jack Lewis in three heats; Garry Eartle and Gerry Hoffacre drew in three fast rounds; Ivory Benjamin got the nod in three heats over Dennis Reynolds.

At Wooster, Ohio, the V.F.W. promoted a boxing show with Jack Yager of Massillon winning over Walt Jones of Akron in five heats. Bill Gutchal was given the nod over Gene Riordan in three heats. Nick Liossis, Massillon, won over Al McKinney of Wooster.

Ron Delaney, Akron's hard-hitting welterweight, added Chuck Hurst, Detroit, to his string of K.O.'s. Delaney took just a few seconds less than a minute to stow the Detroiter away with a hard, short right hand.

In the semi-final of eight rounds Jose Amato of Puerto Rico won over Eddie O'Neil of Detroit. They are middleweights. Amato won all the way. In the five-round scraps, Pete Krause of Pittsburgh won over Bob Scott, Akron, in a middleweight bout; Ringo Harris outpointed Bob Golden, Akron, and Allie Gronik of Detroit stopped Bruce Foote of Buffalo. 1,301 fans paid $2,682 through the turnstiles to see the show.

Cam Agin, one of Ohio's outstanding amateur lightweights, who is handled by Cuddy Dixon, a former Zanesville middleweight of fifteen years ago, and managed by Billy Watkins, the Mayor of Zanesville, now looks like the real thing for this part of the country. Agin went to the finals at Chicago after beating everything at his weight around the central part of Ohio. His manager is starting him in the pro game now and perhaps Zanesville will soon be having pro boxing again like in the Old Days. We hope. . . . Billy Palmer, who used to manage Tut Jackson, the Washington, Ohio, heavyweight, is now looking around for another fighter to manage. Palmer has been out of the game for a long time as far as managing, but he never misses a boxing show here in Columbus. The "bug" has got him again, so we look for him to break out with another good heavyweight soon. . . . Bob Nestle is the newest addition to promoters in Cincinnati. Nestle is planning his first show some time next month, featuring Joey Brown of New Orleans and Chicago against Wild Willie Russell of Columbus. This should be the right thing to start with as both boys are rough and ready. . . . My old friend, Harry Eagles, who is promoting in New Mexico, staged his first show featuring Pat Iacobucci of Cincinnati and Jesse Fonseca, El Paso, with the result being a draw and a good enough fight to go back in with. Harry will put Albuquerque on the map as a fight spot before the year is over.

St. Bridget's Men's Club at Clarksburg staged their first boxing show with Jimmy Colombo, former welterweight fighter of that city, acting as matchmaker for the club, topping their show with Jesse Baker, Roanoke, Va., and Jimmy Welsh, Columbus middleweight.

In the sixth round Welsh connected with two hard rights that sent the Roanoke scrapper to the canvas for the nine count. Baker hit the floor two more times, with the bell saving him. In the last round both fighters were trying for the K.O. that never came. However there was little doubt in anyone's mind that Welsh won the fight.

Dan Pinto, Columbus, and Joe Testa of Fairmont gave the fans what would be called a pier six brawl. In the third heat they locked horns and Testa came up with a bad head cut and the commission stopped the fight, giving it to Pinto via the T.K.O. route.

Whitey O'Dell, Clarksburg welterweight, who is a great favorite of the fans in that city, met a tarter in Don Krumpin of Roanoke. Krumpin had the Clarksburg boy down early in the first heat and stopped him in the second.

Bill Harrison made it two straight over Joe Anderson of Clarksburg when he was again given the duke over the Virginian scrapper. Jim Murzock, Burnsville, W. Va., a good looking welterweight, won via the K.O. route over Kid Jorden, Roanoke, Va., in the third round. Clark Elder slugged his way to a knockout over Sam Miller of Clarksburg in the second heat.

The proceeds of the fight will be used to install lights on the ball field in Clarksburg.

Norty Smith at one time was a strong contender for the welterweight title before suffering a broken arm in a Pittsburgh fight, while chalking up eight straight wins in the Smoky City. Smith has tossed his hat in the ring as a matchmaker for some businessmen at Newark, Ohio.

Get your notes in by the first of the month to the writer—Less Huffman, P.O. Box 211, Station G, Columbus, Ohio. Be seeing you next month.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

LIKE a snowball, the long planned boxing program in Texas has started rolling, and present indications are that it will grow to mammoth proportions.

Buddy Garcia, the classy Galveston lightweight, has turned promoter and his first offerings bid fair to return boxing to popularity with the Island City fans. As a fighter or as a promoter, Buddy is one who pleases the cash customers and his success is assured in his newest venture.

Capitol City, Austin, long hampered by lack of a place to stage bouts, has recently built a fine new Coliseum, one of the nicest in the country, with a seating capacity of some 4000. Mack Martinez, well known around boxing circles, is promoting in the new spot and giving Austin fans some fine fights.

Corpus Christi, where Billy Deeg has been running regular semi-monthly cards, continues to draw well, and will start weekly programs in the very near future. Corpus is badly in need of a larger arena, and it is reported the city is moving to build a new auditorium there, which will prove a boon to boxing.

Kinky Flores, a successful promoter several years back, will return to the game shortly, opening a new club in San Antonio. The Alamo City is the best fight town in Texas, with the right sort of fights, and Flores knows how to produce them.

Buddy Morgan, one of the state's top fighters a few years back, and now one of the best teachers of the art, is running amateur bouts in Beaumont and will go with pro cards shortly. Dick Menchaca, former national Golden Gloves champion, is doing likewise in Port Arthur, and both he and Morgan have fine groups of young talent coming along.

Jimmy Erwin, long one of the country's most successful promoters, continues to draw well with regular shows in El Paso-Juarez. Dick Griffin has moved the scene of his activities to Lubbock, where he is drawing terrific gates for a city of that size.

Amarillo, Dallas, Wichita Falls and Waco will probably have clubs going before the end of the year. And there are innumerable smaller cities throughout the state where amateur boxing could be successfully promoted, needing only someone with the ability and hustle to make them go.

Center of this amazing fistic revival is the gigantic program of Promoter Hugh Benbow of Houston, whose mammoth new Olympiad Stadium will probably be opened by the time this appears in print. Besides the big arena, Benbow has opened six neighborhood gyms in Houston, with free instructions and equipment, in order to infuse interest in boxing and develop new talent. All in all, it looks like a bright future for boxing in Texas. There appears to be an open field with unlimited opportunities for fighters down here.

At Houston—George Barbier, 145, and Russell Nails, 140, drew, four rounds. Joe Belmontes, 145, kayoed Willie Calcote, 139, one round. Francisco Gaytan, 135, decisioned Raymond Hughes, 140, six rounds. Joe Garcia, 125, decisioned Ernesto Navarrite, 127, eight rounds. Juste Fontaine, 136, decisioned Buddy Garcia, 140, ten rounds.

At Corpus Christi—Johnny Ward, 155, decisioned Billy Williams, 152, four rounds. Pete Gil, 150, kayoed Joe Belmontes, 145, two rounds. Howard Lewis, 130, decisioned Jesse Mungia, 128, four rounds. Valentino Luna, 131, decisioned Gilbert Abrego, 129, six rounds. Tommy Ramirez, 147, decisioned Eundoro "Changa" Patino, 144, ten rounds.

The writer's address: 1133 West Bell Ave., Houston, Texas. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope for any desired information or boxing hereabouts.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

SYRACUSE boxing went on a Big-Time basis when Jake LaMotta and Joey DeJohn pulled a crowd of 8403 who paid $31,971.25 to see the Bronx Bull score an eighth round TKO over the colorful North Side youngster. It was the first ten dollar "top" ever attempted in this city, but the fans went for it and got their money's worth in every round.

LaMotta never ceased to force DeJohn, piling into the vicious punching local star from the first gong. Although he had been bleeding from the eye and nose for three heats, DeJohn seemed well ahead on points when sheer exhaustion caught up with him. The sensational slugging match was halted in 2:41 of the eighth when DeJohn went down for the third time, automatically forcing the third man to halt the match in accordance with current State Athletic Commission rules.

The eighth started with DeJohn again pumping heavy blows into LaMotta. Jake retaliated in kind and DeJohn went down on one knee, taking a count of nine, breathing rapidly. He got up and charged LaMotta, driving Jake backward under a furious attack. Joey was still trying to put over a finisher when he fell backwards, although LaMotta only pushed him with his left. At nine Joey was up and made his final effort. He ripped into Jake raining punches on the New Yorker, staggering LaMotta under the impact of the blows. Suddenly Joey's legs gave out, he slipped to one knee and Referee Babe Risko stepped in and stopped the battle.

Jake LaMotta, who fought Marcel Cerdan for the title, weighed 162 pounds; DeJohn 159½. Judge Jack Kimball gave Joey the second, fourth and sixth rounds, gave Jake only the seventh and of course the eighth. Kimball scored the first, third and fifth, even. Judge Ritchie Fazio gave the second, third, fourth and fifth for DeJohn and awarded LaMotta the first, sixth, seventh and chilling eighth. Referee Risko, former middleweight champ, who did a nice job, scored it for DeJohn in the third, fifth and sixth, gave Jake the first, fourth, seventh and eighth to give followers an idea of how the officials saw it.

Sam Crawford, 155, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., beat Chet Vinci, 157, Rome, in a drab six round semi-final. Vinci was out of shape, slow and colorless. Only a year ago the Roman was a sensation. Sharp, clean-cut Carmen Basilio, Canastota Clipper, knocked out Johnny Clemons, 150, Baltimore, in the third round of a scheduled six. Basilio at 145 was dynamite! This kid is going places. Ernie Drummer, newest knockout artist, scaling 160, knocked out the tough Allie George, 158, Utica, in the first round. Drummer is a Syracuse Negro comer who will bear watching. Don Hart, 140, Syracuse, brother of classy Cliff Hart, decisioned John Henry Hicks, 141, Albany, in a fast four. Jimmy Evans, 136, Auburn vet, drew with Frankie Basil, 137, Fulton, in a give-and-take opener.

Following closely on the heels of the record breaking gate garnered by the LaMotta-DeJohn match, the rival Syracuse Sporting Club, Inc., presented three ten rounders, headed by St. Paul and Nick Barone, at the Coliseum. A sparse 1800 paid around $3000 to see Barone flatten Paul in the seventh round of a scheduled ten. The Saint (Charles Nunnally) of Springfield, Mass., a follower of Father Devine, proved plenty tough but couldn't cope with the withering barrage laid down by the rough and rugged Barone. Nick fought at top speed to stiffen the invader in crowd pleasing style. Barone at 175 displayed more power than in any previous outing. Paul weighed 185.

The big upset of the night came when Tommy Baker, the Jamestown featherweight, was halted in the ninth by Vic Eisen, hard-hitting Buffalo Negro speedster. A top-heavy choice to win, the hard smashing Baker met a tartar in Eisen, who battered Tommy all over the ring. Baker was in a bad way in the ninth after Eisen had shelled him almost out on his feet when Referee Jess Doctor stopped the slaughter. Don Williams, ex-Syracusan, now residing in Worcester, Mass., stopped Milt Lattimore, Beacon middleweight, in the sixth. Gene Landers, 154, Philadelphia, outpointed Jess Bradshaw, 152, Buffalo, in an exciting four. Jimmy Malatino, 137, Amsterdam, drew with Frankie Simpson, 135, Buffalo, in a fast four round lid lifter. The entire show was a good one and deserved far better patronage.

Lee Sala, 160, Pittsburgh, showed championship form to outpoint dangerous Joe Taylor, 159, Binghamton, in an exciting ten round battle at Johnson Field, Johnson City. A crowd of 6414 shelled out $25,000 to view the proceedings, a record for the Binghamton area. Lee piled up an early edge with left jabs, hooks and hard right uppercuts. The rugged Taylor made a sensational bid for a knockout in the tenth and nearly succeeded. Joey blasted Sala all over the ring and had him wobbly and in bad shape at the bell. However Lee's early lead was too much for Taylor to overcome. More than 2000 Syracusans were in the audience.

Fight fans here had only a brief glimpse of Kid Gavilan, the spectacular, fast punching Cuban Hawk, when the Bon Bon knocked out Cliff Hart, Syracuse sharpshooter, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten rounder, before 6047 chilled fans at MacArthur Stadium. The bout celebrated the resumption of outdoor boxing and it was one of those cold, windy nights that spoil open air shows. Even though they were chilled the fans were thrilled by Gavilan's vicious hitting, lightning speed and confidence. The dapper, marcelled Cuban rushed from his corner in the second and promptly knocked Hart down four times. Hart had looked good in the first, and everyone decided it was going to be quite a fight. But the Keed had his mind set on eliminating Cliff in a hurry. Hart was so groggy when knocked down he jumped up without a count the first time he was floored and only took two, in the second trip down. Floored a third time, Cliff again crawled to his feet without taking nine and was knocked sprawling into the ropes by Gavilan's left hook to the jaw. This punch ended the fight.

Gavilan, a champion, if there ever was one, weighed 145¾; Hart, 146. Time of the knockout: 1 minute and 33 seconds of the second round. The gate: $12,857.50 at $7.50 tops.

Omelio Agramonte, 186, Cuba, knocked out Wee Willie Davis, 194, Youngstown, Ohio, in the first round of a scheduled six round semi-final. Carmen Basilio, 146, Canastota Clipper, knocked out Johnny Cunningham, 143, Baltimore, in the second round. Basilio gets better and better. Rollie Johns, 143, Albany, beat Joe De Ruschia, 147, Canada, in six fast rounds. Joe Leo, 134, Syracuse, outpointed Johnny Cottman, 133½, Baltimore, in four; while Frankie Basil, 139, Fulton, decisioned Charlie Turner, 141, Baltimore, in four rounds.

Left-Hooks: Pro boxing is going bigger here now than ever before. . . . There are quite a few things that could be done to better the handling of the shows, including the proper care of advance ticket reservations, fans getting the seats they pay for and more systematic operation all around. . . . After 30 years in the sport we can spot the loop holes without trying. . . . Joey DeJohn is still boxing's biggest box-office draw here with wily Johnny DeJohn his brother-manager and Joe Netro acting as busjness agent. . . . Carmen Basilio is rapidly forging to the front. . . . This kid can hit and likes to fight. . . . Pat Cariccella (we won't guarantee the spelling), came all the way from the Hollywood Plaza to see Joey DeJohn fight Jake LaMotta. . . . Pat is a former Syracuse cop, now employed in his brother's Movie Capitol night club as bouncer. . . . Both DeJohn and LaMotta pulled down $7,653.90 each for their great fight. . . . Joey has purchased a home in Syracuse for his Mom and Dad and bought one in Buffalo for his wife and child. . . . Joey resides in the Bison City although he's a native Syracusan. . . . Brother Ralph, that good looking ex-light-heavyweight, may land the job as Manlius Military Academy boxing coach. . . . Ralph has the stuff for the job and would certainly make real fighters of the Cadets. . . . Paul Maggio, ex-pug, is now operating the Roman A.C. night spot. . . . Billy Shaw, Jr., has become a publisher. . . . He is editing and publicizing "Boxing," the Central City Boxing Club, Inc., program-magazine. . . . Henny Andrews has shipped several homing pigeons to Tommy Yarosz, the Pittsburgh light-heavyweight contender. . . . Henny has a large stable of racing pigeons. . . . Sam and Babe Amos, owners of the Central City Club have broken all attendance records with their boxing shows. . . . Jerry Ashe and yours truly handled the publicity for the DeJohn-LaMotta and Gavilan-Hart shows.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By CHARLIE LONGO

IGGY VACCARI is making rapid strides. The East Boston lightweight's victory over Buddy Hayes was a feather in Iggy's cap. Vaccari was picked as a prospect in THE RING and has made good for his sponsors.

Fall River—Ben Buker, of Valencia, Spain, solving his opponent's peculiar style of crouching and weaving, scored a fifth-round knockout over Milton Lattimore, of Newark, in the main bout at the Fall River Casino. Buker weighed 162, to Lattimore's 154½. In the six-round preliminary Mike Saad, 153, Manchester, N. H., defeated Jimmy Milligan, 146½, Newark, N. J. Roger Lessard, 132, Manchester, N. H., defeated Bobby Brooks, 133, Newark, N. J. Billy Paul, 148, Boston, defeated Rocky De Ciantis, 146, Providence. The preliminaries were all six-round fights.

New Bedford—Mad Anthony Jones of Boston, a very good crowd pleasing performer who has fought the best of them, looked like himself once again when he took eight of the ten rounds from Clarence Wilkerson, of New York. The decision was booed when Wilkerson was given the verdict. Paul Roche, 132, Boston, T.K.O.'ed Pete Noke, 138, Brockton, Mass.

At Portland, Me.—Johnny Peverada, 156, Portland, outpointed Le Roy Andrews, 153½, Boston, 10. Phil Roderick, 158½, Lewiston, and Al Barbosa, 156½, Boston, went to a draw, 6.

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At Bangor, Me.—Len Durham, 144, Brooklyn, kayoed Bob Red Perkins, 141, Manchester, N. H., 6. Ken Thayer, 160, Harmon, Me., outpointed Jimmy Rice, 170, Boston, 6. Isaac Thomas, Old-town, Me., 138, outpointed Joe Palazo, 132, Boston, 6.

At New Bedford, Mass.—Larry Villenueve, 162, Providence, Rhode Island, outpointed Dick Callahan, 160, Boston, 10. Roger Lessard, 132, Manchester, N. H., outpointed Paul Roche, 130, Boston, 6.

At Lewiston, Me.—Tommy Greb, 137 Boston, outpointed Hermie Freeman, 136, Bath, Me., 10. Freeman, as you know, is the lightweight, welterweight and middleweight champion of Maine.

Joe Rindone, Boston middleweight and a contender for middleweight honors, should be given a crack at some of your leading fighters in and around New York. As you know, Joe punched an easy win over Pete Mead, who is fighting pretty good in New York. Why not match Mead and Rindone in New York?

At Bangor, Me.—Hermie Freeman, 135, Bangor, and Tommy Greb, 138, Boston, drew, 10. Kenny Thayer, 169, Bangor, T.K.O.'ed Frankie Theodore, 167, Manchester, N. H., 4.

At Lewiston, Me.—Al Couture, 154, Lewiston, and Tiger Ted Brassley, 159, Portland, drew, 10. Bob Stecker, 158, Portland, kayoed Pauly Walker, 167, Hallewell, 3. Bob Herrick, 125½, Portland, outpointed Paul Martin, 128, Lewiston, 6.

At New Bedford, Mass.—Frankie Fay, 138½, New Bedford, kayoed Red Perkins, 138, Manchester, N. H., 10. Reuben Davis, 129½, Philadelphia, outpointed Andy Bishop, 133, Fall River, 8.

At Worcester, Mass.—Phil Terranova, ex-featherweight champion of the world, looked very good in topping Percy Paris, a big favorite in Worcester, in the sixth round. Percy, who had a long string of wins up Worcester way, just could not get started and Terranova was on top of him all the way. It was a good win and a good start after a long layoff. Terranova weighed 136, Paris weighed 135. Earl Carrol, 123½, Haverhill, outpointed Mario Rucci, another favorite. Rucci weighed 128. Billy Mays, 132, Boston, outpointed Jimmy Lamprey, 128, Worcester, 8.

At Worcester, Mass.—Dynamite Joe Rindone, Boston's 160-pound contender, after a five months' layoff, looked very impressive in stopping Irish Bobby Flanagan in the sixth of a ten-round main bout at Mechanics Hall, in Worcester.

At New Bedford, Mass.—Timothy Regan, 163½, County Mayo, Ireland, kayoed Phil Rodericques, 157, Lewiston, Me., 3. Paddy Regan, Ireland, 145, T.K.O.'ed Warren Berquist, 144½, Milford, 2. Bob Berquist, 151½, Milford, outpointed Sean Regan, 147, Ireland.

Jimmy Farren, ex-boxer, who is now in the show business in Boston, also finds time to groom a few boys that he has in tow.

Cliff McWhirter, who hails from London, Ontario, and the boy who started Jack Spider Armstrong on his comeback, has now got himself a few fighters.

Attention fighters, and managers, anyone seeking work in the New England States, contact the writer, Charlie Longo, care of the Callahan A.C., 27 School St., Boston, Mass.

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NEW ORLEANS AND THE SOUTH
By BROADWAY JOHNNY COX

BERT LINAM, Austin, Tex., durable welterweight, knocked out Gaby (Frenchy) Ferland, Montreal, Canada, in the seventh round of a gruelling ten-round battle staged by Abe Katz and Louis Messina at the Coliseum arena. Ferland was in front at the end of the fifth round, having won every round.

Linam's body punches had slowed Ferland up and in the sixth round Bert peppered Ferland's body and jaw with two-handed punches. Linam finished Ferland with a series of jaw and body wallops and a vicious right hand uppercut under the heart in the seventh period. Both fighters suffered bad cuts in the second round which bled in following rounds.

Linam scaled 147½, Ferland 144½.

Augie Lapara, one-time star featherweight, on a comeback as a lightweight won a six-round semifinal verdict over Joe Hartegen, local lightweight. Lapara's ring experience proved the deciding factor in the bout. Bobby Mayeur decisioned Billy Gillespie; Aaron Jashua, Calcutta, India, won a four-round verdict over Lawton DiSoso, and Felice Dalgo outpointed Freddie Mederosa in four.

Anthony Arnone, New Orleans lightweight, and Richie Collura, Pittsburgh, Pa., battled to a slashing ten-round draw at the Coliseum arena. Arnone, making his first start in three months here after an invasion of the East, made a big hit. It was a hard-fought lightweight battle and the two boys will meet in a return go here soon.

Mimmie Adragna, Pittsburgh, Pa., stablemate of Collura's, scored an easy ten-round decision over Johnny Villaneuva, San Antonio, Tex., in the semifinal. Adragna was making his first ring start in over two years. Rocky Gatlin decisioned Ralph Franklin in a four-round heavyweight battle. Augie Lapara won a four-round decision over Shady Coonce, Houston, Tex., and Leo Bayard, making his pro bow, decisioned Fred Mederosa in a four.

Jackie Weber, Pawtucket, R. I., a classy lightweight, broke his hard luck streak here by scoring a five-round TKO over Al Guarteli, Washington, Pa., May 23, in a scheduled ten-round bout staged by Abe Katz and Louis Messina at the Coliseum arena. Gualteri, who had exploded Keith Hamilton's fistic ability by twice winning unanimous ten-round decisions over Hamliton, was no match for Lou Viscusi's combination boxer and fighter.

Weber took command at the start of the first round and won every round easily. The bell saved Gualteri at the end of the fourth round when Al was on the deck flatter than a pool table. Weber went out in the fifth round and turned "killer." Referee Tuck Fraley halted the one-sided slaughter in the fifth round when Gualteri was helpless and Weber refused to punch Gualteri any more. Weber received a big ovation.

Joe Hartegen, New Orleans lightweight, was awarded a three-round TKO over Ray Ramon, San Antonio, Tex., in the six-round semifinal. Hartegen is a comer and is managed by Jerome Conforto, a one-time Southern welterweight champion. Bobby Mayeur, local 147-pounder, decisioned Billy Gillespie, New York; Augie Lapara stopped Bill Ladner in two rounds, and the four-rounder between Monolo Kid, Beaumont, Tex., and Ray "Jitterbug" Smith was called no contest in the third round.

Al Gualteri, Washington, Pa., mauled his way to his second unanimous ten-round decision over Keith Hamilton, New Orleans lightweight fistic pride, in the feature ten-round bout staged by promoter Heard Ragas and matchmaker Lew Raymond at the Coliseum arena.

Hamilton could not solve Gualteri's "Billy-Goat" style of rushing in head down and mauling and tossing punches into Hamilton's midsection. It was Gualteri's second one-sided win over Hamilton, whose prestige has dropped considerably here by his two losses to Gualteri.

Lenny Alvarez, undefeated 120-pounder, won a six-round decision over Charley Espinosa. Lawton DiSoso and Monolo Kid battled to a four-round draw. Ray "Jitterbug" Smith decisioned Lou Williams in four heats. Benny Novarette won a four-round verdict over Fred Mederosa, Honolulu lightweight.

Abe Katz has retired from the Negro fight promotion game. Al Young, who formerly promoted Negro fights here, was granted the new license. Lou Messina will act as Al Young's matchmaker for the shows. Katz will continue promoting white shows with Lou Messina his matchmaker.

Bob Amos, Detroit, Mich., made his debut a winning one, scoring an upset ten-round win over local Henry Hall in the main bout of a show staged by Abe Katz and Louis Messina at the Coliseum arena on June 3. The Detroiter outboxed and outpunched Hall in seven of the ten rounds.

Luther Burgess, Detroit, Mich., lightweight, and Leonard Ceasar, local 135-pounder, fought a ten-round draw. Burgess had Ceasar on the floor in the eighth and tenth rounds for short counts. Pat Flowers, New Orleans featherweight, decisioned Al Gomez, Chicago, Ill., in eight rounds.

Freddie Dawson, Chicago, Ill., 140½ pounds, decisioned game and tough Melvin Bartholomew, New Orleans 143-pounder, in the feature ten-round bout of a card at the Coliseum arena. Dawson won decisively, but Bartholomew never stopped trying. Melvin in shape can give any welterweight trouble.

Joe Brown, New Orleans 135-pounder, defeated Leroy Willis, Detroit, Mich., in another ten on the card. Brown gave a dazzling display of boxing skill.

Charley Salas, Phoenix, Ariz., welterweight, will show here in July. Salas seeks a crack at Bert Linam, Austin, Tex., whom Salas won a unanimous ten-round decision over in 1948. Salas won a 12-round verdict over Shamus McCray, Cleveland, O., at Hollywood, Cal., in his last start.

Biff Jones, Washington, D. C., lightweight, is being paged by promoters Heard Ragas and Abe Katz for a future date here in the lightweight elimination tournament being staged by both promoters. Jones knocked out Al Gualteri, Washington, Pa., and Lew Hanbury, Washington, D. C., lightweight. Jones is rated one of the best hitting lightweights. He is a 21-year-old Irishman.

Promoter Jim Murtagh has built up professional wrestling here in the past year. Murtagh's matches have clicked with the public. When Murtagh shows the female grapplers, Jim turns the fans away.

Unattached fighters desiring boxing engagements in this locality can contact the writer at the DeSoto Hotel, New Orleans, La.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

JOHN (TWIN) LaBROI, Gary, 142-pound Hoosierite, was lucky to get a draw with Joey Brown, of New Orleans, La., in their eight-round Marigold Gardens headliner. Brown outboxed the heavier-hitting LaBroi, and John connected with the heftiest artillery.

Jimmy Lunn, South Side lightweight, won a popular decision over Bobby Sherrer, plucky Milwaukee 132-pounder, in a six-round semifinal contest.

Lester Quarles, welterweight newcomer, defeated Leonard Woods, in a four-round tiff.

In four-round settos Al Nedoff, Gary lightweight, won over Ossie Williams, fleet-footed Chicagoan; Raymond Glenn halted Grady Caple in four rounds, and Herman Mills beat Albert Roberts.

Sammy Frager, Illinois' glove manufacturer, won his battle in regards to the use of boxing gloves here. His contention was that no outside companies should be permitted to dictate the use of gloves for Chicago fights. The same procedure is followed in New York where only New York firms' gloves are used. The Illinois Boxing Commission agreed and Frager's gloves were used in the Charles vs. Walcott titular bout.

Jimmy Sherrer, pleasing Milwaukee 149-pounder, managed by Lou Sangor, came through with an easy win over Jumping Joe Green, out of Charleston, W. Va., in ten rounds. Green shot his bolt early and only his pluck and gameness prevented Jimmy from flattening him.

Paulie Brooks, Cleveland lightweight, had his hands full with Danny Womber, Chicago 140-pounder, and was given the benefit of a draw in their six-round semi-final.

Gene Thomas, Indianapolis, Ind., middleweight, scored over Leonard Woods in four. Amos Williams, a light-heavyweight, stopped Lee Carter, also of Indianapolis, in one heat, and James McCarthy won over Billy Williams in four. Both middleweights. Billy Creech beat Bud McShea in four.

Enrico Bertola, Emil Nanny's Italian heavyweight importation, defeated Phil Muscato in a ten-round feature in Buffalo.

Lester Felton, Detroit's capable welterweight, stopped Rick Leland, Gary welterweight, in [illegible] round. Leland kissed the canvas three times before the slated eight-round feature was halted.

Jimmy Richards, West coast heavyweight, won from Bobby Morris of Detroit, Mich., in the [illegible] round semi-windup.

And the four-rounders found Albert Roberts winner over Billy Creech, Chicago West Side; Al Nedoff, Gary lightweight, kayo victor over Dave Larkin; Lester Quarles surprise knockout winner over Gene Bolden, and Tony Spano conquering via the knockout route one Billy Cobb in the third round.

Anton Raadik, who was supposed to have [illegible] barked for his homeland, Estonia, is still here though his manager, Ed Stevenson, wants him to quit the ring. Raadik, before he can gain [illegible] bouts here, will have to undergo a complete physical checkup from the Commission's physician.

Freddie Dawson, rated top lightweight contender, is chalking up wins while waiting for lucrative bouts. He beat Melvin Bartholomew in [illegible] rounds in New Orleans, La., and trekked to Newark, N. J., and soundly whipped Charley Williams.

Gerald (Twin) LaBroi, Gary 138-pounder, was outclassed for three rounds by Wray Carle only to turn the tide with his heftier weapons. He won with some to spare in his eight-round main event at the Marigold Gardens Arena.

Jimmy Lunn, South Side lightweight, won a close bout from Sidney Caple, Kansas City, Mo., puncher, in the six-round semi-feature.

Amos Williams, Chicago light-heavy, repeated his win over Eddie Newman, but was receiving the worst of it in the fourth and last round of their fight. Williams will have to do better than that if he expects to beat good fighters.

At New Orleans, La., Tim Dalton, Chicago lightweight, fought to a draw with Jackie Weber of Pawtucket, R. I., in a ten-round feature event. Tim's plenty good for Chicago headliners yet no soap.

Clinton Bacon, Chicago, an outstanding light-heavyweight prospect, lost no time in polishing off Billy Davis of Indianapolis, Ind., in a [illegible] tured eight-rounder in the "Speedway City." Davis was down three times. The bout ended at 1:53 of the second round, with Bacon hardly working up a sweat.

Jimmy Sherrer, Milwaukee 149-pounder, gained a close win over Lester Felton in a ten-round Marigold headliner fought before another [illegible] gathering. Felton outboxed harder-hitting Sherrer but Jimmy connected with the harder blows which might have caught the officials' eyes. Felton jabbed and connected with a sharp left hook repeatedly. Sherrer made a strong finish.

Rick Leland, Gary lightweight, almost knocked out Lester Quarles in the second round. He had Lester down twice and it looked like it would be over in round three when Lester rushed out and threw a desperate punch that found the mark on Rick's jaw, putting him down for an eight count. Leland arose and was felled again with a left hook ing right. Once more the Gary boy got to his feet, but not for long as the bout was halted in favor of Quarles.

Ted Olla, Milwaukee middleweight, won a rough four-rounder from Harry Jones. Bo Henry, light-footed Milwaukee lightweight, edged out Ossie Williams, of Chicago, over four. James Arnold, Chicago, 180-pounder, was awarded a gift six-round victory over Jimmy Richard. In the opener Albert Roberts, Chicago lightweight, defeated Billy Cobb in another four-round episode.

Luther Rawlings, Chicago lightweight, is back in training. His recent win over Art Aragon of the Pacific Coast, in the "Motor City" gave Luther an "eye-opener" in lightweight contention.

Another Chicagoan who has to be considered is George Sherman, welterweight protege of Kid Carson McClure.

Collegiate Lou King made Cliff Williams call it quits in a spirited sparring session. Tumultuous pummeling took the starch out of Williams' grandstand nifty boxing.

Richard Hagan, 198-pound heavyweight, has shown vast improvement. He is a fine prospect.

Eddie Nichols, proprietor of Nichols' Gym Emporium, had a television set installed and when the boys aren't working they enjoy the ball games.

For promoters interested in Gene Engel's stable of fighters, you can contact me at 2[illegible] East 68th Street, Chicago, Illinois, or better yet phone me at Midway 3-5826. I have Clinton Bacon, 172 pounds; Lou King, 160 pounds, and Stan Hartman, 126-130 pounds. Write, wire or phone.

You boxing fans who have sons attending camp this summer, why not have a copy of The RING Magazine sent to your boy. They idolize boxmen. What say?

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

THE biggest and best news to hit the Jacksonville's sporting front was scooped by Jacksonville *Journal* sports editor Joe Livingston, who gave locals the information that a sports arena and ball park would probably be in their midst in the very near future. Two bills, introduced by Senator John Matthews of Jacksonville, at the legislature meeting in Tallahassee were passed and now await the signature of Florida's Governor, Fuller Warren. According to *Journal* sports writer Tom Tegeder, the project may get under way this Fall and be ready when the next baseball season opens. The sports auditorium will seat six to eight thousand fans, for use of boxing, basketball as well as other indoor activity and civic affairs. A parking area for 4,000 cars is also in. All-total cost will run around the $1,150,000 mark.

Back in the saddle again, Tommy Gomez, 182, revived hopes for Tampa fans and himself by the manner in which he disposed of Al Marchioni, 189, before Cigar City customers. Tommy's blasting power rocked the Argentinian several times during the two-round melee before Referee Young Raymond wisely halted proceedings after Marchioni hit the deck twice. The pay-off punch, a right to the head, made Marchioni's legs play funny tricks.

In the eight-round semi, Bobby Shoemaker, 154, drew with Tony Nevro, 153. Wade Chancey, 181-pounder from Jacksonville, was awarded a five-round TKO over Jimmy Russo, 229, Tampa, in their scheduled six-heater. Chancey lost the first two rounds, then rallied and had Russo's eye bleeding when it was stopped by the third man. Herman Harris, 175-pounder from Jacksonville, lost a close six-round nod to Coleman White, 182, Tampa, who captured the last two heats for the decision. Lou Viscusi promoted, and Tony Cancela was the matchmaker.

Al Caroly, successful boxing promoter for West Palm Beach shows during the winter season, is running summer fights in the south Florida city.

Al Hersh, Jewish welterweight (148) crowd-pleaser from New York, punched out a ten-round decision over Frankie Cordino, 153¼, of New Jersey in the feature bout before 3,000 fans at the Causeway Arena. Promoter Tommy DeTardo had a $4800 grosser for this one. The big bout of the night, however, was the Chico Pacheco-Glen Hendershot tangle, won by Pacheco, of Brazil, in the ninth round by a TKO after Hendershot suffered a cut eye. The winner, 151¼, and the loser, 148. Carey Mace, 148¼, Hartford, Conn., boxer, came out ahead in his ten-rounder with Gene Hardison, 151¼, but Mace's butting and grappling didn't do him any good with the fans. Snooks Howard, 135¼, won over Pablo Rodriguez, 135, Havana and Tampa, in a six-rounder that proved exciting.

After six rounds of mixing leather, Tony Ricio and Rudy Zadell, welterweights from Jersey City, and Barberton, Ohio, respectively, saw rain interfere with their bout which was called a draw at the Causeway Arena in Miami. Zadell, fighting barefooted in the sixth heat, was an unusual sight. These contestants were to have fought two days previously but rain kept them idle until the third night, and yet it had to be called at the end of the sixth. Johnny "Red" DeFazio, Bayonne, N. J., and Irish Jimmy Cox, 140½, of Dallas and Jacksonville, waged a battle that had the fans on edge. DeFazio, with use of sharper left hooks, got the ten-round decision. The veteran Jack Larrimore, 144½, Miami, took a six-rounder from Mario Coll, Havana, 141, and Joe Brunwasser, 148¾, copped his sixer from Mickey McGuire, Boston, 144.

Hal Meredith, Macon southpaw slinger, 148, gave Billy Spangler, Shelby, N. C., 151, a ten-round going over to take an upset win in the top bout at Jacksonville.

In the semi-final, Neil Wallace, Charlotte and Jacksonville 200-pounder, was a four-round technical knockout winner over Frank Pulaski, Fort Lauderdale heavyweight. Kid McCoy, Macon 142-pounder, beat Walter Longine, 142, Jacksonville, in a four. Ralph Pearson, Macon, 144, defeated Marty (or Narty) O'Keefe, 142, in another four. Lamar Tate, Jacksonville, won again from Julius (Jackie) Luke in four. Tim Higginbotham won a four-rounder from Camille Legere.

Asheville, N. C.—Lonnie (Bulldog) Rutherford gained a ten-round decision over Irish Jimmy Kilday, of Jacksonville, in the ten-round top bout at Asheville, N. C. Each fighter came through with a knockdown, Kilday scoring in the first, and Rutherford decked the Irishman in the third. Dick Vest, Dayton, Ohio, scrapper, beat Tommy Thompson, of Jacksonville, in the eight-round semi. Jesse Baker took a sixer from Al Wanzo. Wanzo was fouled in the third and given a five-minute rest. The only kayo of the night saw Chris Crawford scoring over Conley Haney in three. Chuck Cook beat Claude Medford, four.

At Asheville, N. C.—Again at Asheville, where Ted Ball promotes, a unanimous decision went to Ron Harper over Jesse Underwood in their ten-round match. The win is regarded as an upset for Ronnie. His punching stood over Jesse's scientific boxing. In an eight-rounder, Jumping Joe Green, Asheville middleweight, beat Monk Lowery, of Winston-Salem. Chuck Cook took a six-round lightweight bout from Claude Medford. Felmet King kayoed Chris Crawford in the first heat. Both are welterweights. Cecil Brown knocked out Arthur Merrill in two.

Hartford's Bill Brown, 161, debuting in Jacksonville against Danny Ruggerio, of the Bronx and Yonkers, N. Y., made a big hit by defeating the rugged Ruggerio in the ten-round main event and handing Danny his first loss in five bouts here. Brown's left hand was everything as he played a merry tattoo on his opponent's face. The verdict was unanimously in Billy's favor. He copped almost every round.

In the semi, Herman Harris, 170, beat P. J. Carson, 170, in six. Walter Longine, 145, beat Ray Hunter, 138, in four. Pablo Rodriguez, 145, stopped Marty (or Narty) O'Keefe, 139, in one. Zerney Pappy, 125, beat Art Montana, 125, in four. Lamar Tate, 114, got a two-round TKO over Johnny O'Hara, 116.

Bobby Dykes had quite a scare in his ten-round tiff with Irish Jimmy Sanders on Promoter Dave White's Miami show. Bobby eked out a close decision by use of rights and uppercuts. Both boys weighed in at 147. A good eight-rounder found Tony Necro, 154, taking the triumph over Billy Spangler, 153.

At Daytona Beach, Ralph Pearson, Macon, TKO'ed Larry Lynn, Tampa, in five. Baby Joe Diaz, Tampa, took a six-round semi from Johnny (Crash) Davis, of St. Petersburg. Narty (or Marty) O'Keefe kayoed Tino Alfanso, Tampa, in two. Joe Salters, Holly Hill, beat Al Humphrey, Daytona Beach, in four. Johnny Blanchett, Port Orange, won a four from Barefoot Harris. About 200 fans attended.

At Miami—An interesting ten-round main event in Miami between Al Hersh, popular ex-East Side New Yorker, 148¾, and Irish Billy Daly, 151, Brookline, Mass., puncher, saw Hersh, now making Miami Beach his home, the winner over the ever-dangerous New Englander. All officials voted for Al.

Good as the main event was, Hersh and Daly had to take a back seat to the Chico Pacheco-Gene Hardison ten-round middleweight match. Chico and Gene banged at each other for the distance with Pacheco, a Brazilian, earning the split decision. The winner, 152, and the loser, 151. Billy Brown, 158, Hartford, bested Billy Moore, Miami, 156½, in a third tenner for his second Florida win. A six-rounder went to Jack Larrimore, 142¼, veteran Miami scrapper, over Mario Coll, 139¾, of Havana. Promoter Tommy DeTardo was greeted with a $3900 house.

At Daytona Beach—Al (Kid) McCoy, 141, Macon, scored a knockout over Johnny (Crash) Davis, of St. Petersburg, in round five at Daytona Beach. Orlando Fernandez won an eight-rounder from Jimmy Bailey. Paul Bustamante, 118, Tampa, kayoed Ray Alvarez, 115, in four. Duke Livingstone, 150, Macon, kayoed Baby Face Meeks, 148, in three.

At Daytona Beach—Narty (or Marty) O'Keefe, 143, local boxer, won an eight-rounder over Charles Aldridge, 146, of the Orlando Army Base. Zerney Pappy, Jacksonville, 133, beat Melvin Hunter 135, Daytona Beach, in four. Jimmy Leach, 140, Port Orange, won a preliminary from Jimmy Quinn, 138, Jacksonville.

Irish Johnny Kilday was just an outsider when he climbed in the ring to square away with Billy Brown, of Hartford. He was buried deep in the underdog role. But after ten rounds, it was Kilday winning over Brown in one of the most stunning upsets in Jacksonville rings. The winner, at 155, spotted Brown height, weight and reach. The local boy, formerly from Boston and Hartford too, boosted his swat stock, as Billy is highly considered after his own upset over Danny Ruggerio. The six-round semi went to Hal Meredith, Macon southpaw, over Sammy Reid, despite Hal's badly cut eye. Kid McCoy, Macon, was ahead of Pablo Rodriguez, Havana and Tampa, but a cut eye in the third round kept him from seeking the triumph and Pablo was given a TKO. Zerney Pappy, 126, beat Julius (Jackie) Luke, 126, in four. Art Montana, 118, drew in four with Lamar Tate, 116. Another draw resulted in the four-rounder between Walter Longine, 147, and Narty (or Marty) O'Keefe, 138, Daytona Beach.

At Daytona Beach—Orlando Fernandez, 126, Tampa, kayoed "Lulu Costantino," Miami, 126½, in four rounds at Daytona Beach. Both featherweights. Lefty Alfern, 142, won a welterweight bout from Narty (or Marty) O'Keefe, 140, in six rounds. Johnny "Crash" Davis, St. Petersburg, beat Don Costello, Miami, in six. Al Humphrey won over Andy Ryan.

At Daytona Beach, before 250 fans, Ralph Pearson, Macon, 140, won a six-rounder from Larry Lynn, 144, of Tampa. Marty O'Keefe, 138, got a five-round TKO over Melvin Hunter, 140. Both from Daytona Beach. Sixto Morales, 138, Tampa, beat Johnny "Crash" Davis, 138, St. Petersburg, in eight. Art Montes, Miami, TKO'ed Victor Young, of Tampa, in five. Johnny Blanchett won a four over Barefoot Harris.

At Orlando Beach—In an eight-round bout at Orlando, Johnny "Crash" Davis won from Narty O'Keefe in a welterweight match. Ralph Pearson, 143, beat Charles Aldridge. Jimmie Ladd fought to a draw with Johnny Blanchett in a four-rounder. Both bantams. Ray Newman got a four-round TKO over Scotty Scott.

Savannah intends on opening up with professional boxing shows soon, according to word from Pinkie Lou Masters.

Billy Brown returned to Jacksonville to meet Danny Ruggerio in a second contest. And just as it was in their first, Brown employed a nice left hand to pile up a winning margin over the rugged New Yorker for the ten-round triumph. Brown's light punching kept him from what might have ended the bout in round four, when the Hartford boxer had Danny going on three occasions. Billy tipped 159, and Danny, 160. Pablo Rodriguez, 135, Havana and Tampa, beat Kid Dinimita, 136, Pensacola, in the six round semi-final. In other bouts on the card, which was a good one, Red Wilson, 157, halted Damon Nolan, 163; Johnny Walker, 146, TKO'ed Kid Hulihan, 155; Narty O'Keefe, 136, beat Jimmy Maddox, 132; and Roy Willoughby, 140, beat Walter Longine, 146. All scheduled for four rounds.

Fighters without managerial contract who are free to travel, will do well in contacting the writer for action in Florida. Boxing news and results are more than welcomed for publication in THE RING Magazine. It will be a great pleasure hearing from anyone, anywhere, who has fight information.

Address: Tom Ephrem, 403 West Ninth Street, Jacksonville, Florida. Phone 4-4526; or Sports Department, Jacksonville *Journal*, same city.

WEST VIRGINIA NOTES
By MICKEY DAVIES

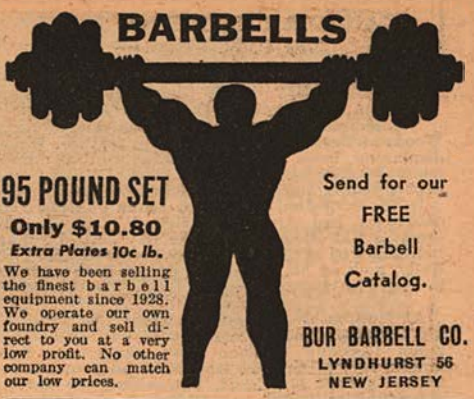
GLEN BANFIELD, a good little fighter while competing in the Mountain State Golden Gloves meets, was fatally injured in an auto accident near Huntington on May 16. Glen was on his way to an afternoon of fishing when the accident occurred. He is survived by his widow and one child.

J. Patrick Beacom, one-time State Senator from Cabell County, was appointed to the West Virginia Athletic Commission last week by Governor Meadows. Pat, one of the leading sportsmen in the state, is now President of the Fairmont Broadcasting Company.

On Promoter Ted Ball's semi-monthly show at Asheville, N. C., on May 21, Ron Harper, 136, now boxing out of Chicago, upset Jesse Underwood, 136, Huntington, in a hotly contested bout. It was a close scrap, and marked the fourth meeting between the pair. Underwood copped the first three scraps via the decision route. Both boys suffered eye cuts in the last contest.

A benefit show for the widow of Glen Banfield, arranged by Ralph Rogers, was staged on May 29 at Radio Center in Huntington. Dick Deutsch, skipper of R.C., donated the use of the hall for the occasion.

Your reporter will be commuting between Huntington and Pittsburgh for the next few weeks. Our Pittsburgh address will be: 18 Kenmawr Avenue (Rankin), Pittsburgh, Pa. Phone Brandywine 8998. Huntington address: 830 Seventh Avenue. Phones: Home: 35-143; Gym: 27-992.



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CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By C. W. STEELE

THE Glace Bay Sports Club opened the fistic season, presenting Danny Webb, former Canadian lightweight champion, and Johnny Woods of Boston, in the ten-round feature. Webb, displaying loads of ring moxie, won a unanimous decision over the ever-trying Woods, who kept pitching until the final bell.

In the semi-final six, Bobby Laffin of Bras d'Or decisioned Kid Aitkins of New Waterford. Aggressive Kid Rideout of Glace Bay chilled young Bob Maxwell of North Sydney in round one. Ned Kelly, making his pro debut, dropped the decision to ringwise Paddy MacNeil, both welterweights.

At Halifax, N. S.—George Ross, 154, retained his Canadian middleweight title with a unanimous 12-round decision over challenger Pete Zaduk, 158, of Guelph, Ont. Ross piled up points with a potent left hand, but missed the golden opportunities. Zaduk rocked Ross in the fifth and tenth rounds, but failed to follow up.

Harry Poulton, Charlottetown welterweight, punched out a third round knockout over Crosby Irvine of St. John in the scheduled semi-final six.

Herbie McMullen, 131, of Enfield, outpointed Dexter Connors, 127, of Truro, in four rounds, and Bobby Gammon stopped Duke Snow in the fourth (welterweights).

Terry Warrington of Liverpool, N. S., tamed "Bearcat" Jackson of New Glasgow with a fourth round chill job at Kentville, N. S. (heavyweights).

A pair of Moncton rivals met on neutral soil in St. Joseph, N. B. Lennie Lavoie disposed of Kid Kelly in the third round. Lavoie, 136; Kelly, 138. Results of the undercard: Young Breau defeated Kid Mills. Emery Sonier stopped Kid Gallant in the second and Gerry Lavoie outpointed "Bruiser" Breau in four rounds.

Joe Pyle, 152, of New Waterford, N. S., won a unanimous decision over durable Al Couture, 153, Portland, Me., in the ten-round attraction at St. John, N. B. Rugged hitting featured the match, which produced plenty of action.

Billy Landy, 161, of Moncton, outpointed Phil Roderique, 157, of Lewiston, Me., in the semi-final six.

Gordon Scott of St. Stephen, N. B., stopped Lionel Marshall of St. John in the second and in a slugging spree, Bill Ramsay, 135, of McAdam, defeated Bobby Donovan, 131, of St. John, in six rounds.

Joe Pyle, employing a razor-sharp left hand, hacked out a ten-round unanimous decision over punching Pete Zaduk, the Guelph, Ont., middleweight, at the Glace Bay Miners Forum. Pyle, at 149, displayed the best form of his career. The 20-year-old Zaduk, carrying a nine-pound advantage, was definitely off form.

The fans howled with dissent, following the announcement of the draw verdict which saw Louisburg's chief of police, Charlie Peck, battle a blistering draw with aggressive Ossie Farrel of Halifax. The dissenters thought Farrel won the bout. Middleweights.

In a rare spectacle, two southpaws tangled—Jack MacKenzie of Dominion decisioned Melo Nearing of New Waterford in a grudge match, and Farmer Harrietha, 133, of New Waterford, stopped Young Sampson, 127, of Florence, in the third.

In a punching feud with both fighters on the brink of a knockout, Arnold Fleiger of Chatham, N. B., fighting back furiously, belted out Carl White of St. John, N. B., in the third round of the main go at St. Stephen, N. B.

In a hot semi-final six, Bobby Donovan was awarded the decision over Hazen Whelock of Calais, Me.

Young Connolly of St. John outpointed Baby Poole of Calais, Me., in six rounds. Bill Scott of St. Stephen stopped Kid Brown of Milltown in the second and David Barnard decisioned Gilbert Curran in the curtain-raiser.

Lawrence Grace, 155, of Bridgewater, stopped Bob Ledley, 155, of Dartmouth, in the second round. Dick Chaisson T.K.O.'ed Bob Grace in the opening round. Kid Hubley chilled Gerald Morrisey in the second round. Young Hubley shaded Rusty Graham. Mike McLean of Dartmouth decisioned Blackie Wilneff of Bridgewater, and Sonny Pride drew with Paul Morgan.

Billed as the New Brunswick middleweight title holder, Jake McDonald came off the canvas to stop Carl White of St. John in three rounds at St. Stephen, N. B.

Dalhousie, N. B., Hockey Club presented Kid Landry and Jerry Arsenault of Bathurst in the main bout. The North Shore lightweight champion stopped Arsenault in the third round. Walter Palmater outpointed Billy Snowball of Chatham. Claude LeTourneau K.O.'ed Kid Hudson of Bathurst. Kid McLean chilled Sam Carrier in the third. Reg Smith decisioned Marcel Bernatchez and Arthur Paradix shaded Philip (Buddy) Gallie.

Memorial Rink, Stellarton, in a holiday attraction, New Waterford's Archie Hannigan, 169, decisioned Billy Landry, 170, of Moncton, N. B., in ten rounds.

Joe Newman of Halifax stopped Freddy Stewart of Thorburn (middleweights). Willard Jourdey, Westville, chilled Len (Boom Boom) Ryan of New Waterford (featherweights). Jack Hayden, Westville, decisioned Tucker Collins of Truro (featherweights). Doug Patterson and Flash Murrel fought a draw. Both hail from Stellarton.

Coot O'Rhea decisioned Arnold Fleiger of Chatham in eight rounds at Fredericton, N. B.

Yvon Durelle of Newcastle stopped Mansell Leek in the sixth. North Shore scrapper Leo Delano stopped St. John's Turk Richard in three rounds. Don Connelly outpointed Paddy Galbraith. Bobby Sullivan and Fred Melanson fought a draw in the curtain raiser.

A new club may operate soon and we would like to hear from good fighters. Joe Pyle is reported bound for England and has signed for three contests. Aggressive George Ross, Canadian middleweight king, is the hottest attraction in the Maritimes and rarely fails to draw a capacity house. Ross and Zaduk split approximately $4,500 between them in their Halifax scrap.

Phil Terranova stopped Percy Paris in six rounds at Worcester, Mass.

Farmer Harrietha, former Maritime amateur champion, has turned pro under the guidance of Johnny Nemis. A good prospect, Harrietha trains daily with Maritime light-heavyweight champion Archie (Bearcat) Hannigan, another Nemis protege.

Alderman Moriarty, Hosterman, and Breen are the newly appointed members of the Halifax Athletic Committee.

St. John, N. B., Boxing Commission approved the application of Promoter Jack McAllister.

For Maritime news and results read THE RING Magazine, for sale at all newsstands.

Writer's address: 197 Charlotte St., Sydney, Nova Scotia.

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COVERING CUBA
By DR. J. A. VIEITES

ORLANDO CEPEDA, the Charolito Kid, weighing 147½, scored his most important victory to date by easily outpointing Phil Burton, who came in at 141½, in ten rounds.

Charolito started like a house afire, and scored four knockdowns in the first round, all eight counts, but being overanxious caused him the injury to both his hands. From the second on, Burton adopted a style "a la Arturo Godoy," and was practically a few inches from the floor all the remaining rounds. Burton only managed to draw one round, but again in the last minute of the last round Charolito let himself go as hard as his injured hands permitted him and Burton was again on the verge of the K.O.

In the first star bout, also scheduled to go ten rounds, Rafael Lastre, 135½, new lightweight champion of Cuba, scored a T.K.O. over Joey Calixto, 135¼, when the referee didn't allow Calixto to answer the seventh frame bell.

Other fights: Baby Cuna, 131¼, decisioned Jose Diaz, Spain, 132½, in six. Norberto Delgado, 165, outpointed Jose Casal, 160, in four, while Alfonso Pages, 121½, stopped Manny Perdomo, 122½, in the first round. Gross receipts, $6,450.40.

Before a poor audience, was offered one of the superlative programs of recent months.

Former featherweight king Lino Garcia, 126, was held to a ten-round draw by newcomer Sagua Fernandez, 127¼.

Raoul Perez and Julio Pedroso, two 147-pounders, fought a sensational ten-round draw, while in the third star bout, Jesus Kikaro Garcia, 134¾, stopped Lesmes Hechevarria, 129, in the third. Two four-rounders completed the program. Gross gate, $1,546.54.

Before a roaring audience, Baby Coullimbe, 146½, recaptured the welterweight title of Cuba when he stopped Wilfredo Miro, 142½, in the seventh of a scheduled 15-rounder.

After being outboxed in the first five rounds, Coullimber came out in the sixth, a different fighter, and scored three knockdowns before the round was over. After twice being dropped in the seventh, the referee wisely stepped in to save Miro unnecessary punishment.

Tuzo Portuguez, 149½, welterweight champion of Costa Rica, made a sensational debut by stopping former middleweight champion Lino Armenteros, 150, in the seventh. Armenteros, after a knockdown in the first, was leading the fight and the end came as a big surprise.

Jose Diaz, Spain, 134½, drew with Gus Acosta, 136, in eight. Polaco Lopez, 119¾, easily beat Orlando Hechevarria, 122½, in four, while the opener was won by Oscar Suarez, 106, who easily beat Armando Diaz, 108, also in four. Gross gate, $3,991.00.

Orlando (Charolito) Cepeda, 147¾, added to his prestige by scoring another K.O. in the first round. This time Charolito's victim was Jesus Vila, 151¼, who was not able to land a single blow. After being on the receiving end for exactly two minutes, a formidable left hook, followed by a right cross, put an end to Jesus Vila's reign as middleweight champion of Cuba.

In the semi-final, Spanish newcomer Matias Fenoy, 134, made a poor debut and received a boxing lesson from veteran Diego Sosa, 128½, in ten rounds.

Lino Garcia, 127¾, scored an easy victory when he decisioned Floro Hita, 126¾, in eight.

Young Maceo, 145½, outpointed Mateo Sobrado, 151¼, in four, and Antonio LaMelas, 129¾, whipped Nick Ferreiro, 127, also in four.

Gross gate, $4,085.80.

Yova Kid, 172¾, Cuban light-heavy champion, came fresh from a seven-round K.O. in Haiti over Black Bill and scored a three-round clean K.O. over Fidel Arciniega, 188¼.

In the best fight of the evening, Tuzo Portuguez, 148¼, was held to a ten-round draw by veteran Julio Pedroso, 142¾, in ten rounds.

Miguel Mendivil, 134¾, won in eight over Orestes Diago, 138. Mendivil won the entire eight rounds and Diago was more than lucky to last the distance.

Preliminaries: Wilfredo Flores, 144¾, drew in four with Bolita Hernandez, 143¾, and Carlos Sanchez, 129¾, whipped Ed Menendez, 124¾, also in four. Gross gate, $2,393.80.

Note: Boxers and managers who write to me please address Promoter Federico Abarrategui, Sports Palace, Paseo y Mar, Vedado, Havana, Cuba. My address is 5 No. 806, Vedado, Havana, Cuba.

ADDITIONAL NEWS FROM PITTSBURGH
By FRANKLIN T. McQUAIDE

ARTURO GODOY, Chilean heavyweight, 201, was awarded the unanimous decision over Johnny Haynes, 212, Los Angeles giant in the ten-round feature attraction on Bill Dumas' show at the Civic Arena. It was a dull contest with Godoy hitting and holding throughout the bout. Haynes substituted for the injured Ross Payne. Haynes suffered a cut eye in the sixth round, the only round in which the contestants displayed any desire to mix it up.

Jumping Joe Barrone, 122, Pittsburgh, won the unanimous verdict over Bobby Bell, 127, Youngstown, O., in the very interesting eight-round semi-final. Barrone, making his first appearance in a little over a year, was slow in starting and the clever, fast-stepping Bell piled up an early lead. Midway in the contest Barrone started to move, blocking the majority of Bobby's blows and counter punching viciously to the head of his opponent. Due to Barrone's perfect condition, he was able to finish strong and win the popular decision.

Calvin O'Neil, 150, Pittsburgh, scored a knockout over Frankie West in 1:44 of the fifth. West was floored in his own corner and although he did not appear to be seriously hurt, he has suffered an injury to his left eye and was unable to continue.

Chuck Grier, 141, Horning, Pa., won the unanimous decision over Jackie Watkins, 136, Homestead, Pa., in a fast four-rounder, and Jimmy Folk, 139, Pittsburgh, won a split decision over Jesse Keeler, 138, Greensburg, Pa., in the four-round curtain-raiser.

The show drew a gross gate of $4008.84 and a net of $3283.39.

CONNECTICUT RING NEWS
By DON HAMILL

CONNECTICUT fight fans had very little activity to whet their fistic appetites during the month, the slowest in years. With the outdoor season getting under way there are great prospects of plenty of action. Rocco Marra, Waterbury promoter, is set for a Willie Pep-Eddie Compo title affair for his Municipal Stadium, which is capable of seating 30,000 spectators. Gus Browne is getting an interesting summer program lined up. Jimmy (Gaspipe) Garcola is doing the same for Bridgeport, where he will stage shows in the Candlelite Stadium. Frank Salvidio, who was successful during the winter months promoting in Norwich, has already launched his summer season at New London's Ocean Beach Auditorium. Ralph Ruta gets under way at Crystal Arena in Norwalk. There are several clubs staging only semi-pro bouts. Leading them is Thompsonville, where Vito Ballerita runs shows at the V.F.W. Arena.

At Danbury Armory—Armando Rossa, 128, Puerto Rico, proved too tough a hurdle for Earl Boland, 127, Danbury, in his home-town debut. Rossa scored two knockdowns in the first round and ripped his foe's eye open to win a handy six-round decision. Rossa concentrated on the cut in an attempt to win by a technical knockout. A crowd of 417 payees paid a gross gate of $502.

At New Haven Arena—Eddie Compo, 131½, New Haven, scored a hollow eight-round knockout over Teddy (Red Top) Davis, 128½, New York. Davis, usually a willing mixer, did not do any punching of his own until Commissioner Billy Prince strode down to the ringside and spurred him to action. During the fifth and sixth rounds Davis threw enough punches to win the rounds on Referee Billy Conway's scorecard. It appeared that Davis could hit Compo at will. Compo altered his attack to the body in the seventh round which slowed Davis to a walk and dropped him at the bell. A two-fisted barrage to Davis' jaw at the start of the eighth round dropped Davis for the count. Davis had his purse held up by the Commission and after a hearing he was suspended.

Jimmy Rooney, 128½, Bridgeport, had to be content with an eight-round win over George Wright, 128½, New York, in the semi-final. Wright was down once in the fifth and sixth bouts and four times in the seventh, but would not stay put. Ossie Andrews, 136, New Haven, earned a six-round decision over Carl Anderson, 131½, New York.

At Meriden—City Hall Auditorium—Tommy Bazzano, 148, Middletown, experienced little difficulty in disposing of Francesco Torres, 148, Westover Field, Massachusetts. The Air Base battler showed a willingness to mix with Bazzano in the first round but some solid left hooks to the body took the fight out of him and set him up for the kayo in round four. Eddie Drake, 120, Meriden, left-jabbed his way to a four-round decision over Billy Sheridan, 119½, Boston. Semi-pro bouts completed the card, which was witnessed by some 500 fans.

At Hartford Auditorium—Paddy DeMarco, 139, Brooklyn, N. Y., met a tough customer in Clem Custer, 138, Detroit, Mich., and received a draw for his efforts. DeMarco had an edge in each of the first four heats as he countered Custer's rushes and bulled him into the ropes. Custer went all out in the ninth round but was unable to get his man and lost the decision.

Danny Falcone, 120, Manchester, held Castro Calderon, 120, Puerto Rico, to a six-round draw in the semi-final. Billy Neri, 128, Bridgeport, scored his eleventh straight win at the expense of Manuel Batista, 126, New York, in a six-rounder. Graham Holmes, 131, Manchester, stopped Johnny Scott, 125, Newark, N. J., in the sixth and final round. A semi-pro bout opened the show.

At New London—Ocean Beach Auditorium—Tommy Bazzano, 151, Middletown, scored a convincing eight-round decision over Lenny Trader, 150, New Haven, in the feature. Trader was on the floor in the first and fourth rounds.

Jimmy Jennings, 154, New London, came off the floor twice to win by a technical knockout over Sylvester Jayne, 151, New Haven, in the third round of the semi-final. Jayne dislocated his shoulder.

At New Haven Arena—World's featherweight champion Willie Pep, 131, Hartford, romped through a ten-round workout at the expense of Luis Ramos, 128, New York. Pep gave Ramos a thorough going-over as he took all ten heats on Referee John Cluney's scorecard. Ramos left the ring with a badly puffed left eye after catching about every kind of punch in the book.

Al Evans, 162, Montreal, Canada, handed Billy Walker, 167, Saybrook, an eight-round drubbing. Walker is only a shell of his former self and he should forsake the ring before he becomes permanently injured. The reflexes are no longer there. James J. Watkins, 135, New London, needed but 1:52 of the first round to plant Earl Trader, 130, Wilmington and New Haven, into the resin for keeps. A couple of semi-pro contests raised the curtain. About 3,000 saw the show.

Here and There Around the State—Pete Montesi, Danbury promoter and double amputee, intends to run wrestling outdoors in the Hat City during the summer . . . . Manager Lou Viscusi plans to have Willie Pep defend his title a couple of times within the next few months. Minneapolis wants Pep for Jackie Graves, and St. Louis, Pep for Elis Ask . . . . Tommy Bazzano, Middletown welterweight, continues to improve. He is handled by Jim Higgins . . . . Graham Holmes, Manchester lightweight prospect, is a crack softball pitcher . . . . Willie Pep has been engaging in semi-pro softball games for E. M. Loew's Theater . . . . Lenny Trader, New Haven middleweight, is a brother of Earl Trader, featherweight, who has been doing very well out of Wilmington, Del., their home . . . . Mickey Ferriello ond Al Blondi of New Haven are singing the praises of Sylvester Jayne, New Haven welterweight . . . . This writer's address is Don Hamill, 367 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

NEWS FROM WINNIPEG AND VICINITY
With AL GREENBERG

WITH former middleweight champ Tony Zale appearing as a guest referee, a crowd of 3200 fans jammed the Winnipeg Civic Auditorium to witness the St. Paul's College amateur boxing show.

The main event saw Winnipeg Eddy Zastre score a two-round K.O. over Ray Kuklinski of Moorhead, Minn. Al Fairbanks, St. Paul, defeated Franky White.

The Elmwood boxing show saw Eddy Zastre gain a split decision over Cleve Brown of Gary, Indiana.

Bobby Segal and Mickey (Kinema) Shave, directors of the Sportsmen's and Crescent Clubs, have big plans for the coming summer season.

Buck Raven of Gary, Ind., broke the bubble of Eddy Zastre when he outpointed him in five rounds in Regina, Sask.

Laddie Simkanin is planning big things in the way of a pro boxing card in Port Arthur, Ontario.

A boy to be heard from in the future is Eddy Roberts, lightweight.

JOTS—Al Principi, Vancouver promoter, has signed Dado Marino, leading flyweight contender, to a series of bouts . . . . Franky White has joined the ranks of benedicts . . . . Herbie Weatherhead, Elmwood boxing instructor, has left for Central Patricia Mines to take over as recreation director . . . . Bill Brenner, Vancouver middleweight, is still going strong in New York rings . . . . Phil Palmer, former outstanding Canadian welter, is back in the gym and will probably show in the Mid-West . . . . Harvey Dryden, former Winnipeg citizen, sports editor and boxing scribe, is now attached to the Regina "Leader-Post."

Unattached pro boxers, any weight, contact this writer at 207 Polson Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.

LITTLE RHODY'S FISTIC HIGHLIGHTS
By LARRY MARTIN

NORMAN HORTON, of Dayton, and Providence, stripped Ralph Zannelli of his New England middleweight crown before the largest boxing gathering ever to assemble at the Auditorium. This was Horton's second victory over the local veteran. Leo P. Bradley is Horton's manager.

Don Williams, transplanted Worcester welter managed by cagey Harry Devine, scored a victory over the improved Lucky Jordan in his bow here. Williams will shortly meet Ralph Zannelli for the New England welterweight title.

Young Montreal, outstanding bantam of yesteryear, was chosen the best all-time Rhode Island boxer by Tony Petronella and Leo P. Bradley, in an article by Michael J. Thomas, *Journal-Bulletin* sportscribe.

Jackie Weber, New England lightweight champ, tasted the fruit of victory on his fourth attempt in New Orleans. Weber stopped Al Gualtieri in five after previously dropping two close dukes to Keith Hamilton and drawing with Tim Dalton. Weber may box Beau Jack again in an outdoor show here.

Clever Billy Gordon jolted Joe Rindone's climb by trimming him in a ten spot.

Rhode Island Auditorium—Don Williams, 144¼, Worcester, beat Lucky Jordan, 146, Providence, 10.

Omelio Agramonte, 190, Cuba, stopped Roy Thomas, 193, New York, seven.

Fairest Norman, 150, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., beat Jackie Wilson, 149, Quincy, 10.

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Rhode Island Auditorium—Norman Horton, 156½, Dayton and Providence, beat Ralph Zannelli, 144¾, Providence, 12.

Jackie Wilson, 148½, Quincy, beat Fairest Norman, 150, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., eight.

Jim Lamphrey, 129¾, Worcester, beat Young Bubber Gaughan, 129¼, Pawtucket, six. Ray Pratt, 157, Providence, beat Jimmy Rice, 158, Boston, six. Billy Andy, 149½, Providence, stopped Bob Berquist, 150, Milford, six.

Rhode Island Auditorium—Rocky Marciano, 181, Brockton, beat Dom Mogard, 187, Paterson, N. J., 10.

Chuck Burton, 128, Newark, beat Bobby Bell, 127, Youngstown, eight.

Kenny Adams, 122, Norwich, beat Blond Tiger, 128, Lowell, six. Jolting Jimmy Squadrito, 148, Providence, KO'ed Lou Bell, 143, Lowell, one. Buddy Hull, 142, Providence, beat Warren Bequist, 146, Milford, four.

Journal Diner Tidbits—Chuck Burton speared his way to a victory over Bobby Bell in a lively setto. Burton impressed the fans with his educated left to pin the first local defeat on the promising Bell. . . . Pete Louthis, local heavy, is priming himself for a shot with the popular Rocky Marciano. . . . Bobby and Warren Berquist of Milford are handled by their dad. . . . Bobby Goldstein, promising young featherweight, graduated from Hope High School in June. . . . Jackie Lovatt has added weight and mentor Dick McHale will soon toss a challenge at Norm Horton for a title match. . . . Ray Pratt, local middleweight, is gaining popularity with each win. . . . Billy Andy, rough welter, is a pleasing performer.

Answer to M. M.—Bobby Zollo is a special cop, married, now retired from the ring. . . . Larry Villeneuve, local middleweight, scored his most impressive win to date, knocking out Jose Contreras in three heats. . . . Joey Angelo, lightweight star, will show his wares in California this summer.

Our address is: Journal Diner, 105 Fountain Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

Special Notice

If you live in any part of the British Isles or in Ireland, and you desire to purchase any books from THE RING Book Shop or order a subscription, contact

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MINNESOTA NEWS
By SPIKE McCARTHY

GEORGE LEONARD, an easy-going affable fellow, who started off as a boxer in his native New York years ago, but who gave up Manhattan for the sunny climes of California in 1918, is now living in Minneapolis, where he is the established trainer for Vince Donnelly, the young Mill City heavyweight prospect. George, who for many years was the matchmaker for the Jeffries Barn at Burbank, Calif., is also training Jackie Graves and Eddie Lacy.

Recently, here in Minneapolis the Twin City Managers' and Trainers' Guild gave a banquet for "the Old Guard of the Ring." This will be an annual event according to Parson Jack Tierney, the Guild's president.

Minneapolis, Minn.: At the local Auditorium on May 19, Jack Dempsey's featherweight protege from Finland, Elis Ask, defeated Miguel Acevedo in ten tough, gruelling rounds. It was a hard-fought bout from start to finish. Directing operations in the Finlander's corner was the Old Manassa Mauler himself, whose presence was responsible for the large-sized crowd.

In the eight-round semi-windup, Gunnin' Glen Flanagan, St. Paul's young, rough, tough featherweight, gave Lee Bohles a sweet pasting. He had the tough Clevelander on the floor in the first heat for an eight-count.

In another sixer, Henry Jones of Detroit, Mich., put the chill on Willie Champion in the fourth and in the opening six rounder, Eddie Lacy, Minneapolis's hottest young prospect stopped Bob LaLonde of Detroit in the second stanza of a thrilling brawl.

A crowd of 4,500 chipped in with a gross of $11,469.60.

On Promoter Billy Colbert's action-packed card, Del Flanagan, St. Paul's young lightweight prospect, decisively defeated Freddy Russo, Italian battler from Rahway, N. J. The bout was limited to eight rounds. The St. Paul speedster, using his fast left hand and nimble legs, outspeeded and outscored the Easterner for the greater part of the way, winning the decision of both judges and referee.

In a four-round special event, Willie Pep, the world's featherweight champion, gave St. Paul fans a taste of the stuff they have been missing for these last 20 years since its decline as the city that was once called the Home of Champions, with an exhibition with Mel Hammond of Minneapolis.

In the six-round semi-windup, Jerry Slavin of Hopkins gained a split decision over poker-faced Roy Thomas of St. Paul. In another sixer, Matt Daugherty of Milwaukee gained a hard-earned decision over Dick Bighley of St. Paul in a gruelling brawl.

Georgie Price, St. Paul's young 140-pounder, looked sensational as he put the crusher on Tony Guiana of the beer city in the second round. Tony was out for five minutes. In the opening bout Augie Para, a homeless waif from upper Michigan, outpointed St. Paul's outstanding former amateur welterweight, Russ Roller, who was making his pro debut.

Clarence (Shifty) Coe, a St. Paul featherweight from 1915-1922, died in his home town recently of a heart attack. Shifty was 55 years of age and had been employed at a local brewery for the past 20 years.

The Minneapolis police force is well sprinkled with former boxers. The more prominent ones are Barney McLaughlin, who is now a detective, and who numbers among his foes the outstanding heavyweight in the world today, Lee Savold; Ken Pearson, the Northwest Golden Gloves champion of 1938; Whitey Thompson, a good welterweight of prewar days; Stu Bailey, a rugged heavyweight; Dick Grant, another heavy, and also Tom Jones, Bill Shauneson and Carl Johnson.

This is all for this month. Remember my address is 650 Fillmore Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

IT HAPPENED IN WISCONSIN
With Pinky Mitchell, Former World Junior Welterweight Champion

APPLETON, WIS.—In the high school gymnasium here 1,592 fans paid $3,934.00 to see Pat Flowers, 127½, a busy little Negro mittman from Chicago, win a close 10-round decision over Phil Zwick, 127½, pride of the Fox River Valley. With Zwick trying for a knockout all the way, Flowers set a fast pace from the opening gong with the two-fisted body attack that found Zwick tiring in the closing rounds. Zwick was handicapped by a badly cut eye in the fourth round which bled throughout the fight.

In the six-round semi-windup Matt Dougherty, 138, Milwaukee, decisioned Sidney Caple, 138, Kansas City, in the best fight of the night. Milt Varsos, 150, Milwaukee, beat Bob Childress, 149, Gary, in six. In four-rounders Jesse Canales, 168, Omro, beat Bobby Diener, 168½, Appleton; Dick Radish, 161½, Milwaukee, stopped Joe Smith, 155½, Chicago, in 2:20 of the fourth round, and Jimmy Hopfensterger, 121, Kaukauna, K.O.'ed Lupe Solis, 121, Omro, in 1:23 of the first round. Referee, Otto Cronce; judges, Frank Truess and Al Meikels; timekeeper, Roger LaBerge.

Two southpaws put on a thrill-packed battle at the big Milwaukee Auditorium with the margin of victory so close one judge called it a draw. Bob Sandberg, 135½, hard-punching Swede from Rockford, received the decision at the end of ten rounds over the free-wheeling Irishman, Harold Baby Face Jones, 136, of Detroit. It was a corker all the way with the Rockford Blond having to withstand a blistering tenth round assault by the Detroiter to hear the final gong a winner.

Doll Rafferty, 140½, Milwaukee, making a comeback, dropped a close eight-round decision to the fast-moving, left-jabbing Hugh Sublett, 141½, of Detroit. Rafferty, the aggressor throughout, nailed the Detroiter several times with his potent right but could not catch him for the finisher. It was a good battle.

Jerry Slavin, 156, St. Paul, boxing from a Mike Gibbons stance, stopped Gene Thomas, 156, Indianapolis, in the sixth round. It was a hard fight until Thomas ran out of gas and with one eye closed, failed to come out for the sixth round. Arthur Portley, 124½, Milwaukee, looking better each time out, beat Wallace Parham, 129½, Indianapolis, in a four and Ted Olla, 153, Milwaukee, decisioned Larry Breton, 147½, Detroit, in four. Don Jones, a brother of Harold's, K.O.'ed Al Payette, 143, Montreal, in 2:10 of the first round.

Gross gate, $6,440. Referees, Dauber Jaeger and Gil Jackson; judges, Owen Murphy and Bill Lachenmaier; timers, John Eisenmann and Dr. B. B. Busby; examining physician, Dr. Wm. Murphy.

Just met Leon Johnson flying to Los Angeles. His brother Ray died of a heart attack. Ray (Kid) Johnson was a swell fellow. Boxing out of St. Paul as a welterweight he fought here in the 20's. He was working as a "grips" in a motion picture set. He was one of the boxers in the Leather Pusher series some 25 years ago.

IN BRITISH GUIANA
By STAN SANTOS

AN enormous crowd filled the G.F.C. Grounds, Bourda, to witness the featherweight champion of British Guiana, Hilton Denny, 125¼, outclassed by the clever, fast and scientific Joe Ralph, 132½, who proved to be one of the best boxers ever from British Guiana.

This bout was automatically changed to a non-title contest when Ralph failed to make the required weight for the featherweight division. Denny has thus remained as champ. The judges had no difficulty in deciding this affair, Ralph gaining a very popular and unanimous decision.

Favorite Young Joe Louis, 139 pounds, went under to Young Joe Baksi, 135 pounds, via the T.K.O. route inside of six rounds of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Louis had his opponent floored for a no-count, and then had him all but knocked out when the bell ended the first round. Only fighting instinct kept the dazed Baksi from being K.O.'ed in that round. However, from the second session on, Louis' performance was surprisingly poor, as Baksi attacked relentlessly and was the aggressor throughout, until the referee was forced to call a stop in the sixth round with Louis helpless.

A six-round preliminary ended in the second session when Young Edwards, 115¼ pounds, defeated Bharrat Singh, 105½ pounds, via the T.K.O. route.

Kid Gaunton, 134, outpointed Billy Welch, 136, over six rounds.

These fights were filmed, the first time this has ever been done in British Guiana.

Through the courtesy of Danny F. Speck, manager of Station ZFY, Georgetown, British Guiana, the above contests were broadcast. "Bill" Crombie gave the blow by blow description, assisted by Danny Speck.

Last month we stated that the British Boxing Board changed the decision given in the Dewan Singh-Young Joe Ralph bout. This was not correct. The board did not alter the verdict. One judge voted for Ralph, one for a draw and the referee for Singh. The referee wrongly raised the hand of Singh and this was merely corrected as the correct decision was a draw.

Mr. S. Santos may be contacted at Lot 117 Regent Street, Lacytown, Georgetown, B. G.

NEBRASKA BOXING
By FLOYD HAYES

OMAHA—In the final boxing card of the indoor season here, Alvin Williams, 166, Wichita, scored a ten-round decision over the veteran Don Lee, 164½, Edison, Neb. Williams chalked up his 18th win in 20 starts.

Williams shows improvement with each bout and was far superior to the rugged Nebraskan. In the second heat Williams buckled Lee's knees with a solid right flush to the jaw. Lee carried the fight to Williams only to be driven back with a hard right to the head, after landing a flurry of body punches. Lee had cuts under each eye when the bout ended and Williams had a swollen left eye.

A small crowd of 1,537 paid in $3,031.75.

In the semi-windup, Eugene (Kid) Brown, 17[illegible] Omaha, won a six-round decision over Dick Brown, 183, Oklahoma City, to make it four straight wins since deserting the simon-pures. . . . In the special event, Leonard Finger, 173½, Omaha, decisioned Wild Wiley Ferguson, 17[illegible] Kearney, Neb., in six.

In the preliminaries: James Carnes, 15[illegible] Kansas City, decisioned Harold Huliett, 187½, Macy, Neb., in a fast four-rounder. Huliett had Carnes on the deck for a five count, but couldn't put over the convincer. Carnes came on strong in the final round to cop the nod. . . . James Motley, 188, Alliance, Neb., T.K.O.'ed White Peterson, 183, of Omaha, in 1:38 of the second. Peterson was as game as they come but was outclassed and had hit the deck three times before the referee stepped in and stopped the bout. . . . James Gregory, 124½, Omaha, made a comeback after an absence of several months from the ring and scored a knockout at 1:28 of the fourth round over Jesse Watson, 123½, Omaha.

Short Jabs—Among the boxers traveling in month. At Topeka, Kansas, Baby Joe Walcott, 179, Omaha, dropped a ten-round decision to Pat McCafferty, 178, Topeka. On the same card Ken Wenbourne, 164, Lincoln, Neb., decisioned Deacon Logan, 164, St. Louis, in the six-round semi-windup. . . . Harold McDonald, Omaha featherweight, journeyed to Denver to accomplish what 84 other glove tossers have failed to do in the ring with Art Irlando of Denver. McDonald decked Irlando for an eight count in the third heat of their semi-windup bout to the Charley Earley-Ben Evans headliner. This was the first time that Irlando has been knocked off his feet during his entire career as a boxer, including amateur and pro bouts. However, Irlando came up punching and won the decision. . . . Vince Foster spent a week's vacation in Omaha and witnessed the Don Lee-Alvin Williams bout. . . . Plans are being made for outdoor boxing bouts in Omaha's new Muny Stadium. . . . Former boxer John Squires is swamped with letters of praise on his Mid-Western boxing magazine known as "Fistiani," which hit the newsstands with the June issue.

Remember to get your boxing news in my hands by the second of each month. The writer's address is 2209 Vinton Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Phone Orchard 1165.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JOE MAXIM of Cleveland, Ohio, took the N.B.A. version of the American light-heavyweight title from Gus Lesnevich of Cliffside, N. J. in a 15-round match at Cincinnati Garden. Lesnevich, the drawing card, made a fight of it. Maxim jabbed and jabbed, winning the unanimous decision.

The Becker brothers, who promoted the show took a $40,000 loss. Gross $56,151 and payoff net of $40,429, of which Maxim received $15,000 and Lesnevich a guarantee of $50,000.

We were glad to see at the Garden match our boss, Nat Fleischer, met Al Buck, New York sportswriter, and also Mickey Kilcher, Joe Anderson, Walter Hafer, Archie Moore and many other top-flight ring luminaries.

Fleischer pre-fight picked Maxim to win and the gate around $55,000. Nat was only a little over a grand wrong, which is a great guess. We said $60,000.

In the supporting matches to the light-heavyweight title match, Mack Parshay, Detroit heavyweight, punched out a ten-round decision over heavier Sid Peaks of Louisville in ten. Wallace Buddy Smith knocked out Don Keeling in two. Bob Holliday drew with Bob Keeling in six, and Ronnie Hamlin scored a T.K.O. in three over Jimmy Wilson.

Around Fountain Square With the Punchers and Their Pilots—The debut of Dick Nesbitt in boxing may mean the withdrawal of Harry Hartman as a local promoter. . . . Up to the last minute, Hartman pleaded with Promoter Benny and Sam Becker to televise and radio the Maxim-Lesnevich show, but to no avail. . . . The Beckers —true to their announcement not to televise or broadcast the fight, turned down a cool ten thousand-dollar offer.

Pat Iacobucci, Cincinnati featherweight, and George Costner, welterweight, are helping Ezzard Charles to keep Cincinnati in the fistic limelight.

Iacobucci appeared in three matches during the past few weeks. At St. Louis Pat beat Stanley Hartman in ten rounds. At Albuquerque, N. M. he drew in ten with Jesse Fonseca and on the 27th he lost a close decision to Corky Gonzales in Denver, Colo. Pat made a lot of friends in all three cities. Costner was whipped by a T.K.O. in ten at Chicago Varona.

Ronnie Hamlin, Cincinnati middleweight, did not fare so well in out-of-town competition, losing in six rounds to George Kolarick at Cleveland, Ohio.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

AROUSED and aggressive at the opening gong, a streamlined Johnny Flynn of Rochester, hammered rock-ribbed Rusty Payne, Pittsburgh heavyweight, to a fare-thee-well through the first seven rounds and then coasted to a convincing decision victory in their ten-round slugfest at the Sports Arena. Down to his sharpest fighting weight of 206 pounds, Flynn unloaded every offensive weapon in his arsenal as he battered the Pittsburgher. Rusty hit the deck three times for nine-counts. Through the first four slam-bang sessions of the Triton A. C.'s initial offering under the promotion of Joe Farbo, the slug bugs were roaring from bell to bell as the two heavies, both ranked in the first ten, slugged it will.

In the semi-final Irish Johnny Rowe, 136, Rochester, won his eighth bout in a row when he knocked out Johnny Castor, 137, of Baltimore, Md., in the sixth round. Rowe looks better in every fight. Vic Eisen, 123½, Buffalo, defeated Little Calvin Leigh, 119, of Rochester, in six rounds. Gene Jones, 201, Camden, N. J., knocked out Chuck Jennings, 220, Elmira, in two. Bill Foley, 128, Rochester, knocked out Chuck Jennings, 220, Elmira, in two. Bill Foley, 128, Rochester, knocked out Herb Eaton, 133, Rome, in three. Larry Simons, 151, Wellard, Ont., knocked out Elliott Trupp, 152, Niagara Falls, N. Y., in two.

Harry (Snuffy) Smith, Rochester, junior welterweight, won his 13th contest in a row when he knocked out Al Baldesino of Niagara Falls, N. Y., in two rounds. Al had Snuffy down for a short count in the first round, but Snuffy came out fighting in the second round and hit Baldesino with a short right that knocked him out.

In the other bouts, Tony Baldoni, 157, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., won by a T.K.O. over Sammy Mack, 158, Columbus, Ohio, in three rounds. Connie Dries, 143, Buffalo, outpointed Carmen Basilio, 145, Syracuse, in six. Tony Jess, 187, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., won by a T.K.O. over Jackie Turner, 178, of Rome, in four rounds. Jackie Harris, 173, knocked out Don Compo, 178, Syracuse, in one. Paul Costanzo, 160, Rochester, knocked out Bill Fisher, 162, Williamsport, Pa., in one.

Joe Farbo, a city attorney in Rochester, is the new owner of the Triton A. C. Farbo took over as promoter, owner and matchmaker and the writer will help him with the matches. Farbo is well liked and should do O.K.

Before the smallest house of the year the Exchange A. C. of Rochester drew only 573 fans for a card featuring Hy Meltzer, 142, Brooklyn, and Choforo Martinez, 146, Mexico City. Meltzer won in ten rounds. Tony Jess, 184½, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., decisioned Tom Giorgio, 187, Garfield, N. J., in six. Sonny Marsh, 162½, Niles, Ohio, K.O.'ed Sam Crawford, 154, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in six. Bruce Foote, 148¼, Buffalo, K.O.'ed Al Ferris, 148, Fall River, Mass. Ken Frymeir, 156, Williamsport, Pa., T.K.O.'ed Paul Costanza, 161, Fairport, N. Y., in two. Frankie Basil, 137½, Fulton, N. Y., T.K.O.'ed Sal Sortino, 139, Rochester, in two.

At Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jerry Fleming of Rochester lost a close one to Tony Baldoni of that city in the top eight-round bout.

The following boys are training daily at the Triton A. C. gym: Irish Johnny Flynn, Ross Virgo, Johnny Kaufman, Johnny Rowe, Harry (Snuffy) Smith, Calvin Leigh, Jerry Fleming, Sammy Kelly, Ralph Carino and many others.

Fighters wishing to show in and around Rochester should write to me at 103 S. Union Street.

BRITISH COLUMBIA NEWS
By CHESTER NORTON

STAN ALMOND and Tommy Rhett fought ten rounds in the main event of the only card in May, and produced one of the best all-round fights that this correspondent has seen in Vancouver. It was action-packed from beginning to end, replete with heavy punching, excellent boxing and marvelous defensive skill. Almond provided the power and Rhett supplied the defense. Tommy made only two mistakes throughout the ten rounds and paid for both on the canvas. The decision was unanimous and favored Stan, who went all out to earn it.

The undercard was not what it should have been. Paul Kennedy punched out a six-round decision over Sgt. Dick Evans in the semi. Evans was on the canvas three times in the final round. Pinkie Cowan lost a six-round decision to Baby Ray Jones in a rather dull affair.

Frank Almond, brother of Stan, looked impressive in halting a very outclassed Joey Edmonds in two rounds of a scheduled six.

IN DENVER, COLORADO
By BENNY GREENFIELD

DENVER BOXING CLUB—Professional boxing is coming back strong in Denver, Colorado, under promotion of the Denver Boxing Club with Promoter George Zaharias as the guiding light, and his chief aide, Morrie Salzer. The boxing show on May 27, which featured Denver's Corky Gonzales, 123, against Pat Iacobucci, 123, Cincinnati, drew 1,964 fans who paid $3,998.50 into the till. The show, which was staged at the Denver City Auditorium, was well received by the fans. The decision was unanimous.

The bout was replete with action. The Ohio lad, who is a little human dynamo, forced Corky to be at his sharp-shooting best through the ten rounds of bristling fighting. Pat, although the loser, proved conclusively that he is an action fighter whom fight fans love to see. And Corky came through with flying colors to win his 30th fight out of his 31 fight pro career. It was his second ten-rounder.

In the scheduled six-round welterweight semi-final, Dickie Weinhold, 141, knocked out Herman Porter, 143, in 1:31 of the second round with a smashing right hand. Both fighters are from Denver. Weinhold is only 19 years old.

The preliminaries were action-packed. Jimmie Quintana, Longmont, Colo., at 135½, decisioned Billie Richards of Denver in four rounds. Jesse Mongia, Denver, at 116, knocked out Eli Maldonado of Trinidad, Colorado, at 113½, in 2:50 of the first round. Phil Smart, 180, of Billings, Mont., knocked out Dave Mozzili, 200, of Lowry Air Base in 51 seconds of the second round. Joe Fisher, 134½, Denver, knocked out Tony Martinez, 134, Colorado Springs, in 1:31 of the third round.

"ACTION AT ALBUQUERQUE"
By JOHNNY SEUBERT

FIGHT fans of Albuquerque were treated to an action-packed card at Tingley Field. It was promoted by Harry Eagles, under sponsorship of the Disabled American Veterans, and marked the resumption of professional boxing here after a two-year lapse.

Promoter Eagles presented as his stellar attraction Pat Iacobucci, 124, of Cincinnati, and Jesse Fonseca, 121½, of El Paso. Hard punching, clever boxing and fast action dominated throughout. The bout was declared a draw by Referee Harry Bramer after the two judges had disagreed, and was well-received by the good-sized crowd.

An interesting set of preliminaries preceded the main bout. In the semi-final, a rubber match, Benny Cordova, 160, Albuquerque, was awarded a well-booed decision over Joey Martinez, 160, of El Paso, after six two-minute rounds.

In four-round bouts: Larry Hernandez, 149½, of Albuquerque, battered Tommy Padilla, 141, also a local boy, for a well-earned decision. Tony Wilson, 149½, Albuquerque, took the decision over Gabby Gabalon, 148, Santa Fe, in another hard-fought contest. Lefty Otero, 130, Albuquerque, started fast but ran into a lightning right thrown by Joe Gonzalez, 132½, Santa Fe, and was counted out in 45 seconds of the second round. In the curtain-raiser Johnny Pacheco, 124, Albuquerque, took the nod over Ramon Gonzalez, 120½, of Juarez, Mexico.

The best wishes of THE RING Editor and THE RING Magazine and the writer have been extended Promotor Eagles for continued success in his venture to return professional boxing to this city.

Please direct all communications on boxing in this section to the writer at 712 North Wellesley.

PITTSBURGH FISTIC NEWS
By FRANKLIN T. McQUAIDE, JR.

JOE SGRO, hard-working Indianapolis welterweight, scored an upset by winning a split decision over the local Bobby Neal in the ten-round feature attraction at the Zivic Arena on the opening show of the outdoor season. Neal was floored by short rights to the head for eight in the first round, and again for a nine-count in the second. Despite the fact that his left eye was almost completely closed from the third round on, Bobby did most of the leading and occasionally rocked the rugged Sgro with hard blows to the head. The contest was close enough for Judge Freddie Lux to cast his vote for Neal, while Judge Willie Davies and Referee Buck McTiernan agreed on Sgro.

Richie Callura, classy local lightweight, avenged a previous setback by scoring a T.K.O. over Ronnie Harper, a rough youngster from Charleston, W. Va. This bout was a slugfest for eight furious rounds. When Harper suffered a cut over his right eye, Dr. Jim Flynn of the boxing commission would not allow the West Virginian to come out for the ninth round.

Bob Baker, 201, Pittsburgh, recently crowned national Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, made his second professional appearance short and sweet by kayoing Johnny Fulton, 201, Pittsburgh, in 1 minute, 35 seconds of round one of a scheduled four. Prior to the knockout, Baker floored Fulton three times for nine-counts with terrific left hooks.

Arnie McKee, 117, Pittsburgh, won the unanimous decision over Johnny Jennings, 119, Carnegie, Pa., in a four.

Doc Watkins, 136, Homestead, Pa., Fritzie Zivic's newest protege, made his pro debut an impressive one by hammering out a unanimous decision over Charlie Wright, 135, Pittsburgh, in another four.

Chuck Davis, 168, Johnstown, Pa., won the unanimous decision over Gene Polite, 167, Sharpsburg, Pa., in the four-round opener.

Tommy Yarosz, 169, leading contender for the light-heavyweight title, displayed plenty of class in garnering the unanimous verdict over Chuck Hunter, 165, of Cleveland, in the ten-round main event on Jack McGinley's final indoor show at the Gardens. Tommy's educated left hand was in Hunter's face for the greater part of the contest and his left hooks and hard rights under the heart made his opponent wince and hold on repeatedly. Hunter staggered Yarosz twice with smashing rights to the head. Tommy opened a cut over the Clevelander's right eye in the second round.

In the eight-round semi-final, sharp-punching Bobby Neal, 149, Beaver Falls, Pa., outpointed Mike Koballa, 150, Brownsville, Pa. Neal did most of the leading.

Herby Kaminsky, 118, McKees Rocks, Pa., was awarded an unpopular split decision over Billy Bossio, 118, Pittsburgh, in a rip-snorting six-rounder. Bossio floored Kaminsky for eight in the second round and piled up a comfortable lead for the greater part of the contest. Although he tried in the closing rounds, many fans, including this writer, thought that Bossio's early lead was great enough to warrant him the decision.

Bob Baker, 199, Pittsburgh, chased Bob Golden, 185, Akron, O., and finally caught him after two minutes, 43 seconds of the fourth and final round, and, although Golden was on his feet, he was in no condition to continue. Referee Ernie Sesto awarded Baker the T. K.O. victory.

Johnny Ward, 133, Clairton, Pa., was awarded the unanimous decision over Jimmy Ameris, 131, New Kensington, Pa., in an interesting four-rounder.

Curtis Coles, 147, Swissvale, Pa., and Don Free, 148, Jeanette, Pa., fought four furious rounds to a draw, and Archie Logan, 168, Akron, O., won the unanimous verdict over Gene Polite, 167, Sharpsburg, Pa., in another four.

Bill Dumer has been appointed matchmaker for the Zivic Arena and since the effervescent Fritzie is now busy as an insurance broker, Don Slone will manage the ex-champ's popular outdoor bowl . . . Juste Fontaine is training diligently for a comeback. He expects to see action shortly in Texas rings . . . Besides the Zivic Arena, the Rooney-McGinley club plans to operate at Forbes Field, home of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and the popular Jack White will stage his shows at the suburban Heidelberg Raceway . . . Bert Kabo, who once owned a string of fighters, is now handling out-of-town fighters appearing in Pittsburgh rings . . . Managers desiring to show their boys in this area, contact the writer at 3175 Ashlyn Street, Pittsburgh 4, Pa.

FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.
By JIM ECHOLS

BEFORE a gathering of only 2,327 persons, Goldie Ahearn's Liberty Club made its initial outdoor 1949 bow, presenting a 10-rounder featuring Elkins Brothers against Pat Comiskey. Brothers at 187, gave away 31½ pounds to Comiskey, who scaled 218½. Despite this weight handicap, Brothers fought Pat to a draw and he might have won except for low blows in the first and second rounds that cost him six points.

In the third Comiskey's eye was cut. Then Brothers worked on Pat's mid-section with a body attack that slowed Comiskey down. By the tenth Comiskey's steam was missing and the fans had seen a vicious heavyweight brawl.

In a ten-round semi-windup Joe Blackwood, 164½, Washington, decisioned Roger Muriel, 158, New York City. Although floored for an eight-count in the first, Muriel finished strong.

Making his pro debut Roland Randall, an excellent amateur, was surely mis-matched when his handlers pitted him against the very capable Julian Keene. Randall, 162, dropped a five-round duke to Julian Keene, 168. Both local boys.

In fours, Leon Daughtry, 145½, won via T.K.O. over Al Harris, 151, in 1:30 of the third. While Chink Williams, 143, K.O.'ed Sugar Dave Robinson in 2:40 of the second. All are local boys.

Baltimore: Jimmy Cooper, 125½, Washington, weathered a second round knockdown to score a T.K.O. win over Marvin Dick, 127½, New York City, in the seventh round of the feature event on the Coliseum fight card. After being floored in the second, Cooper recovered and kept out of trouble. Going into the seventh with honors about even, Jimmy tagged Marvin who went down twice, with the ref stepping in to call a halt to the bout.

DETROIT AND VICINITY FISTIC HEADLINES

By JACK WAINA

FORMER heavyweight champion Joe Louis, with the backing of James Norris and Arthur Wirtz, gave the sport hereabouts a pleasing injection when he presented an all-star card featured around star local youngsters and up-and-coming out-of-towners, at the Olympia Stadium. As a result, a crowd of of 10,062 fans turned out, paying $21,090 into the coffers, enabling the International Boxing Club to break even financially. The entire card was met with approval from all. It proved that the fans of this vicinity are willing to help support good cards. Three tens, a six, and an exhibition, featuring the great little featherweight king, Willie Pep, made up the show.

State featherweight champion, Luther Burgess, 128, scored what many considered an upset when he decked ranking Miguel Acevedo, 134, Cuba's title holder, for ten early in the third round.

Lester Felton, 145, Detroit, received his first defeat in 30 bouts when the promising Texican, Bobby Dykes, 148, was awarded a split decision in ten. Dykes, who carried a record of 23 K.O.'s in 37 bouts, dropped Felton in the third for a two-count, but had to take the last two rounds in order to win.

The final ten had surprise-package Luther Rawlings, 139, Chicago, taking the duke from willing Art Aragon, 136, Los Angeles, in a sensational crowd-pleaser.

Pep's exhibition of four rounds with Elis Ask of Finland was filled with plenty of action. Dempsey refereed the bout between Del Flanagan, 138, St. Paul, and Ernesto Nogues, 137, Tampa, in which the former scored a kayo in two.

Hec Charette, promising Windsor amateur, won with ease over the Flying Frenchman of Sarnia in the five-round feature at the Windsor Market. Charette assured himself of the decision early when he put his opponent down for a count of nine in the second.

Other bouts, all three-rounders: Mickey Warner, Windsor, decisioned Paul Beauvais, Sarnia; Ronald Shanko, Sarnia, decisioned Bob Bell, Windsor; Ray Wakeham, Windsor, decisioned Allen Wright, Chatham; Doug Hain, Wallaceburg, decisioned Walter Ukrainec, Windsor; Linton Whited, Windsor, knocked out Nelson Ray, Sarnia, at 1:55 in the first; Billy Zimmerman, Windsor, decisioned Frankie Bonvarlez, Chatham; Charlie Blanchard, Windsor, fought to a draw with Turk James, Wallaceburg.

Charley Davey of Detroit and four times an N.C.A.A. champion, made his first start outside a college ring and came through by outboxing Gene Linscott, highly respected Pontiac novice, in a three-round bout at Lansing.

The 24-year-old Davey, seven years Linscott's elder, had to fight all the way to win. Davey hit the harder and oftener to win the unanimous verdict.

Before a turnout of 1,500 spectators at the Windsor Arena, Detroit heavyweight hope, Vern Mitchell, won easily from defensive Tommy Woodward of Columbus, Ohio.

Winning each round without too much trouble, Mitchell was awarded a T.K.O. over his adversary in 2:04 of the eighth.

Leonard Washington and Charley Clinton, both Detroit middleweights, battled on even terms for six rounds.

Other prelim bouts found Henry Harper, Detroit, flashing a first-round T.K.O. over Cliff Fitzgerald, Highland Park light-heavy, when the latter was cut over the right eye. "Nature Boy" Charlie Brown won the decision over veteran Bobby LaLonde, Detroit, in what was called "especially snappy," and Tony Bajkowski, Detroit, won over Harold Wilson, Detroit, in four rounds.

Three times CYO simon-pure champion, Ray Mizzi, chalked up his 66th victory in 68 amateur starts when he beat Martin Gilday in a feature go at the Hackett Field House.

Tom Leedle won over Scotty Steward and Odday McDonaugh won from John Graham.

Other bouts: Jerry Cyrowski beat Jim Stewart; Donald Seercey won from Hubert Ford; Harvey Stevens whipped Leroy Jones; Ralph Diffenderfer nodded Spurgeon Ballard; Cal Cunningham decisioned Gradie White; George Parkinson won over Jim Baumann, and Benny Culbrith scored over Dick Herberholz.

Jolting Jake LaMotta of New York returned to the Motor City for his 15th showing and polished off O'Neill Bell of Detroit in four rounds without any trouble at all before a crowd that paid a gross gate of $23,882.34.

LaMotta, who always is a good drawing card here, hit the fairbanks at 167 pounds as to 161 for Bell.

In a companion ten-rounder, Harold Jones, 137, and Leroy Willis, 135, both of Detroit, engaged in their fourth meeting in 18 months with the former running ahead in the series by taking the decision in a rugged encounter, in which the rules were thrown out the window. Willis displayed a great deal of courage, battling with a badly cut optic throughout the distance.

Ezzard Charles, 190, Cincinnati, who battles Jersey Joe Walcott for the vacant heavyweight crown in June at the Windy City, dropped in for a four-round exhibition tilt with Charley Banks, 183, Philadelphia, and received a cool $1,000 for his efforts.

The undercard had Cecil Graff, 152, Detroit, returning to form after a slow first to deck Chuck Simmons, 150, Detroit, with a flurry of punches in the second. Tony Bajkowski, 129, Hamtramck, scored his best win to date when he was given the verdict over "Buzz Saw" Charley Graves, 130, Detroit, Donald Jones, 139, Detroit, won from crude but willing Lorenzo Bretton, 144, Quebec City, and Milton Rickum, 182, Milwaukee, stopped J. D. Harvey, 174, Pittsburgh, in one.

The slow starting but durable Vern Mitchell, 189, of Detroit, came from behind and stopped Artie Donato, 197, Red Bank, New Jersey, in the sixth round of the top attraction of Hap Tucker's offering at the Arena Gardens. Referee Lou Handler had Artie on top by 26 points to 24 at the time of the icing.

The semi-final produced the only bout which went the distance, when Charlie Clinton, 164, Detroit, fought a draw six-framer with Charley Rouselle, 156, Detroit. The decision was very unpopular as many believed Herman Bond's battler, Clinton, had the better of the milling.

Veteran Willie Jetters, 175, Detroit, proved too much of a task for game Marcos Lozano, 181, Detroit, in his second showing and stopped the overmatched Mexican in four. Tony Bajkowski, 128, Hamtramck, put out Floyd Pruett, 128, Detroit, in one, and Ralph Meyers, 157, Detroit, knocked out Bobby Williams, 163, Detroit, in four.

Rugged Paul Darby, Detroit middleweight, returned to action following a term in the army of Uncle Sam by outpointing Grand Rapids' favorite son, Forrest "Fist" Dever, soundly in ten rounds at the Grand Rapids Civic Auditorium before 2,496 spectators who paid a gross of $5,098 for Promoters Wesley Ramey and Doug Fairbanks.

Forrest took only one round, the first. In the fifth frame Dever suffered a gash over his left eye.

Big Boy Brown, 255, Detroit veteran, put on a crowd-pleasing exhibition with touring Ezzard Charles, 191, Cincinnati.

Jackson middleweight, Lou Hardman, was dropped for the count when Sampson Powell, one-time popular Detroit main eventer, also of Cleveland, let go with three rapid right-hand punches in the fourth.

Surprise! The highly touted Milton Rickum, Milwaukee heavyweight, outboxed George (Ward) Wayward, Ironwood, for two rounds before going down unexpectedly for the count in the third. This bout had the entire house on its feet as Wayward, who is really Ward and has been a soft touch for everyone, got off the floor and dropped his foe and then when Rickum arose he dropped him for keeps. In the opener Donald Jones (kid brother of Hal), Detroit lightweight, beat Lorenzo Bretton, Quebec City, for the second time in four.

Luther Burgess, 127, classy Detroiter, iced Vic Eisen, 130, of Buffalo, in their rematch at the Arena Gardens in 2:47 of the fourth issue. Previously Eisen went six rounds with Luther at the Olympia Stadium, losing a split decision.

Mack Parshay, 188, Detroit, returned to the wars once more and put the blinkers on Cowboy Larry Watson, 190, Omaha, Neb., in the second. Auburn Copeland, 122, Flint, defeated Bob Gordy, 128, Detroit, in four. Cecil Graff, 152, Detroit, who seemed to be getting that punch across lately, stopped Lawrence Lindsey, 152, Detroit, in one, and Eddie McCoy, 168, Port Huron, scored a technical knockout over George (Wayward) Ward, 179, Ironwood, who was sporting a win over Milton Rickum, in two.

Joe Garza, crack Annunciation amateur lightweight, won from Eddie Zaremba, a recent winner over Gene Linscott in a rousing affair. As always, Garza dropped the first frame but went to work with his machine-like body attack to take plenty out of his opponent and the decision. The bout was judged the finest on the novice card and both contestants were awarded trophies for their efforts.

James Hale, a most promising Brewster heavyweight, let his power flatten Frank Brunello of Cleveland in the second. Watch this Hale as he has plenty of class and more power.

The sharp counter-punching of Len Dozier, Ohio Golden Gloves welter, checked the winning streak at 55 of Ray Mizzi in the top bout headlining the all-star card of the University Lions' interstate amateur program at the State Fair Coliseum before some 6,000 onlookers.

An upset occurred when Dick LaForge, Michigan GG 135-pounder, defeated Bobby Barnes, Eastern National GG champion, with an effective left jab and timely right hand.

Eddie Reid, state middleweight champion, outslugged Ohio's title holder, Bobby Jackson.

Vern Mitchell, 188, Detroit, seeking a shot at the Canadian heavyweight honors, stopped Beau Brown, 194, of Montreal, at 1:44 of the second at the Windsor Arena. Aiming high at a shot at Bruce Woodcock and the British Empire championship, Vern has taken out his Canadian papers and will fight out of London, Ontario.

Before halting his Montreal opponent, Mitchell was forced to weather a hectic first round which easily could have upset Julius Piazza's progressive plans for his charge.

In the semi-final the surprising Charley Clinton, 160, formerly of Baltimore and now of Detroit, knocked out Russ Baxter, Newcastle, Pa., at 2:40 of the fourth.

Davy Tyson, 133, likely-looking Port Huron youth, returned to action after a short layoff and scored a decision win over Alphee Fayette, 136, Quebec City; Chuck Glasher, 185, Windsor, put George (Ward) Wayward, 178, Ironwood, in his usual spot on the deck in the second, and Tony Bajkowski, 127, Hamtramck, once more stopped Floyd Pruitt, 125, Detroit, in one round, this time in 2:44. These bouts were all to be fours.

Prospect of the month: Just a short time ago fighting amateur, Tony Bajkowski, Hamtramck featherweight, under the guidance of Julius Piazza, has made the jump to the pro field and is thus far undefeated in five starts, four of them this past month.

It must be remembered that this writer only picks the prelim fighter in action who has shown the most promise during the past month and no pugilist will be chosen twice.

Talmadge Bussey, 137, hard-socking Detroit pugilist, fresh from losing a close split decision to highly respected Sonny Boy West, flattened Pat Bradley, 136, also of the Motor City, in the second at Toledo, Ohio. Bradley also fights under the name of Nate Bridges.

Hey, I am a year late, but plenty of luck to you Allie Gronik and the Mrs. Better late than never. . . . Izzy Layton has come through his operation with flying colors and has started training once more. A tip of the hat to Lee Mulroney. Recently Lee signed Tim McGrory from Glasgow, Scotland, leading contender for the British Empire lightweight crown and Detroit's first postwar importation, to a contract.

Everybody seems to want a shot at Luther Burgess since he defeated Miguel Acevedo. . . . Bill Swinhoe of Windsor has one of the best stables of amateurs in this section.

Hard-socking Flint 135-pounder, Jaya Watkins, scored what turned out to be his best win to date when he won a closely contested battle from crowd-pleasing Ernesto Aguilar of Mexico City in ten rounds at the Flint IMA.

Promoters interested in Detroit's transplanted pleaser would do well to reach Dominguez Enterprises under direction of Harry Harris, 3774 Humboldt, Detroit, Mich.

An eight-rounder on the Aguilar-Watkins card found Mickey Young, rising Flint featherweight, returned before the home crowd and winning over Willie Anderson, come-backing Detroiter.

Jay Watkins, Flint 135-pounder, found Willie Cliff, Huntington, West Va., coal miner, a soft touch and easily forced out a six-frame T.K.O. when the latter failed to answer the bell. By halting Cliff, Watkins now has a record of 22 kayoes in 28 starts.

Jimmy Murray's popular Flint feather, Mickey Young, won his first ten-rounder from Joe Dykes of Detroit. Young may soon find himself encountering equally as promising Izzy Layton.

Preliminaries: Auburn Copeland, Flint's state bantamweight novice, stopped Floyd Pruitt, Detroit, in one; Cecil Graff, under the colors of sportsman Tony Randozza, dropped Freddie Allen of Detroit in the opening issue also, and Hank Risk, Toledo featherweight, beat Freddie Williams, Detroit, in four.

Till next month in the same spot, good boxing!

BOXING BITS FROM VIRGINIA

By JACK LEVINSON

BEFORE a good house, Roanoke's Roy Wirt, 144, local favorite, made his first appearance in the home ring for several months and the popular welterweight scored an upset over rough Gene Hardison, Norfolk, 148. The Magic City belter gained the nod of both judges, Roy Dent and Garst Bishop, while Referee Walter Buckner cast his ballot for a draw. The eight-round semi-windup ended in the first round. Dick Vess, 153, Dayton, O., scored a K.O. over Wally Roach, 159, of Baltimore, Md. Virgil Peverall, 130½, Roanoke, won a four-round decision over Kenny Leech, 130, Baltimore. In the two preliminary bouts, Ike Martin, 170½, Baltimore, scored a six-round decision over Ernest Cabler, 183, of Roanoke, Va. John Cunningham, 140, Baltimore, decisioned Kid Jordon, 139, Roanoke.

Former scrapper Emmett Jacobs, now popular and successful trainer and manager of Roanoke boxers Roy Wirt and Lou Yonkers, among others of the Magic City's better boys, paid your writer a visit while spending a two-week training period as member of the Naval Reserves.

Your writer would appreciate gloss finished pictures of boxers to add to his collection. Managers and boxers, please oblige. Persons seeking information regarding Virginia should send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me at 128 W. 10th Street, Norfolk, Va.

"FROM DOWN UNDER"
By "THE DIGGER"

AUSTRALIA—The most sensational Australian fight so far this year was the six-round knockout of American rated bantamweight, Cecil Schoonmaker, 117, by the Australian bantamweight champion, Elley Bennett, 118½, in their 12-round bout at Sydney Stadium. Schoonmaker's brilliant fast boxing was all over Bennett in the first three rounds, but then the Australian aboriginal boy started to land heavy punches.

Schoonmaker showed signs of distress in the fourth and fifth rounds (it was later discovered that he had badly jarred an old injury to his right hand). The boys were breaking from a clinch in the sixth, when Bennett decided to go for the knockout. He stepped quickly after Schoonmaker, hit him with a left hook and a short right to the jaw. Schoonmaker took the full count, after rolling back from a sitting position to be flat on the canvas.

The capacity house, about 13,000, the biggest house for bantamweights in Sydney for more than ten years, were at first dumfounded at the sudden change in fortunes. Then they cheered their new world's bantamweight title aspirant. Bennett and Schoonmaker got more than $3,500 for the fight. A Brisbane sportsman later produced a sum equivalent to $7,000 as a gift to enable Bennett to fight Manuel Ortiz for the world's bantam title. Negotiations are pending.

An unusual incident occurred at Leichhardt Stadium during a 12-round bout, in which Ted Pryor, 148¾, outpointed Ken Goddard, 149¾. In the fifth round Goddard's manager entered the ring and protested to the referee that if he kept letting Pryor lie on Goddard on the ropes and coach he would take Goddard out of the ring. The manager of Pryor wanted Goddard disqualified because his manager had entered the ring. The referee decided not to disqualify anyone. He let the bout go on, explaining that he did not wish to penalize Goddard because of what his manager had done. Then he gave the fight, deservedly to Pryor.

In a 12-round match at Brisbane, 19-year-old Max Skinner, 146, blasted Lou Williams, 146¼, with a knockout right to the jaw in five rounds.

In Melbourne, Ron Toomey, 156¼, drew with Bill Gleeson, 158, over 12 rounds, while Len Arthur, 141, decisioned Young Stenner, 144.

Australia—Queensland welterweight champion, Kev Delaney, 148, impressed as one of the most improved welterweights in Australia when he outpointed Alfie Sands, 148¾, in a 12-round bout at Sydney Stadium. Every time Sands tried to storm in against him, Delaney took him on his own rough-and-tough type of fighting and won the exchanges. Delaney did not lose a round.

The critics thought that Frenchman Pierre Montane, 133¾, was unlucky not to get a draw in a 12-round match in Melbourne with Frank Flannery, 133. Flannery got the decision on points. Fought at a fast pace, the fight was one of the best and closest seen in Melbourne this year.

At Leichhardt, Sydney, Bernie Hall, 138½, stopped Jackie Wilson, 132, in four rounds, after he had subjected Wilson to a battering.

Wrestling bouts—Brisbane: Ted Christy beat Ray Gunkel two falls to one in the seventh. Newcastle: Tommy O'Toole beat Ray Gunkel, who was unable to continue in the eighth. Sydney: Ted Christy beat Lee Grable, who was disqualified in the sixth. Leichhardt, Sydney: Lee Grable drew with Bud Curtis. Melbourne: Tommy O'Toole and Ted Christy disqualified in the sixth.

Tony Toniolo, 158½, of France, won a close fight on points from Jackie Daniels, 156, in a 12-round contest in Melbourne. It was a somewhat ragged bout, both men being cautioned by the referee for minor offences. Toniolo took the hairline decision by his spurt in the final stanza.

Fans at Leichhardt, Sydney, voiced their disagreement with a decision over 12 rounds to Jimmy Hogg, 111, over Taffy Hancock, 111. There was little between the boxers.

In a 12-round bout in Brisbane, the much improved Mickey McDonald, 130¼, stopped Jackie Ryan, 130¼, in six rounds. McDonald had Ryan down in the first and fifth. Ryan was defenseless when the bout was stopped in the sixth.

Hard-hitting George Kapeen, 141, stopped Lou Williams, 145, in six rounds in Brisbane. Williams put Kapeen down for nine in the second with a left hook. Williams was down for eight in the fourth and for three counts in the sixth.

Sydney welterweight Jimmy Reeves, 144, stopped George Sands, 144¾, in ten rounds in Sydney. Reeves showed a big improvement in tactics and skill in the past six months.

In a 12-round bout in Sydney, Keith Ryan, 147, stopped Charlie Beaton, 149, in the eighth. Beaton was on the canvas five times before the referee halted things.

FROM DURBAN, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA
By LEONARD NEILL

THE newly-formed Olympic Sporting Club, with Ron Franks as matchmaker, put on their first show, a night for novices. The small crowd witnessed some willing contests, but most of the fighters were out of condition. The main event was an eight-rounder between Cocky Kirsten, 135½, who had fought four times in the pro ring, and Terry Brandon, 142¼, who was making his debut. The bout was marred by clinching throughout, and although Brandon appeared to have a good style he lacked a punch. Kirsten was forced to retire in the fifth with cuts over both eyes.

Bert Davies, looking very dandy for all his 207¼ pounds, had matters all his own way in a six-rounder against Doug Hardy, 180½, eventually winning in the third when the towel was thrown in. George Stannard, 129, started off well against Norman Ansell, 131¼, in their six-rounder, but lack of condition on the part of both slowed the fight down considerably. After both had taken counts, Ansell won on a T.K.O. in the fourth.

The best of the three four-rounders was the light-heavyweight draw between Nick Henning, 170½, and Frank Crighton, 172. Both showed traces of promise and may get somewhere. The Wilde brothers of Dundee proved very unlike their flyweight namesake. Willie, 124½, called it quits in the first against Billy Campbell, 130, after having taken very little punishment, and Oscar, 150½, received a lacing from Jack Twyeford, 146, before losing on points.

Big time boxing is due back this summer with three big bills lined up.

In a wrestling tournament at Paarl, Fred Norman broke Vic Pearson's leg twice in the second round and "The Masked Wonder" beat Francis St. Clair by two falls to one.

I have received high praise of featherweight Israel Layton from Detroit by Detroit correspondent Jack Waina.

American Leo Demetral was in the topliner of the latest wrestling promotion here. He went in against Willie Liebenberg, South African heavyweight champion, and after six terrific rounds the result was a draw, one fall each. Demetral at 215½ gained the first with an octopus hold in the third round, while Liebenberg at 220 gained the equalizer in the fourth. The main supporting bout featured the ever-popular Dirk van Loggenberg, 184½, who beat Bill Hare, 189½, by two falls to one. All three falls were secured by means of body presses.

The most spectacular bout was that between Eddie "Fireworks" Bosman and Bennie Lenowitz, Bosman gaining the victory by one fall to nil, while in the opening contest, Albie Craig, 154, beat Don Grant, 158, two falls to nil.

In Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, Alf James' comeback fizzled out when George Angelo, South African middleweight champion, beat him in two rounds. Angelo, one of the most scientific boxers in South Africa, now meets Vince Hawkins, former British champion. A pleasing feature of the Salisbury promotion was the performance of Olympic Games lightweight champion, Gerald Dreyer, who K.O.'ed Andrew Kinnear. Other bouts: Billy Woods outpointed Willie Steynberg, light-heavies. Ronnie Meyers T.K.O.'ed Ray Searle, welters, and Peter Mansour outpointed Maurice Ouezman, welters.

Abel Cestac K.O.'ed Adreaan Scheepers, winner of two out of his nine contests. The bout lasted two rounds. A very unequal contest.

FROM TACOMA, WASHINGTON
By HOMER AMUNDSEN

THE passing of the late Joe Waterman, veteran boxing promoter in Tacoma, was a sad blow to his legion of friends throughout the boxing world. The writer, two nights before Waterman's untimely death, spent an enjoyable hour with the veteran in his hotel suite gab-festing over old times twenty-five years ago in this vicinity. Joe Waterman was never one to back stab or pull tactics on anyone through his life as a fight man. God rest his soul.

Virgil Larson and Pat McMurtry, two outstanding amateur boxers in the Pacific Northwest, will enter Conzaga College this fall. Both boys will find places on the College boxing team. Pat, winner of three Northwest Golden Gloves middleweight titles since the first of this year, will no doubt find himself meeting the best of the nation's college mittsters.

The writer recently received correspondence from Mickey King, former Seattle boxing manager, now of Rutherford, N. J. King reports his middleweight fighter Billy Corbett, now showing in eastern circles, has in two months' time chalked up five wins in the East, two won by the knockout route, and in top billing spots. Corbett's record now shows only six losses in forty-one starts, a pretty good punching average in any fight league.

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Morris Salzer, Denver, Colorado, boxing promoter, sends word he has joined forces with George Zaharias in the promoting of boxing in that vicinity.

Len Gervais, personable Vancouver, B.C., fight manager, has a good prospect in his lightweight, Stan Almond.

Bud Weaver, former Centralia bantamweight boxer, now with the Standard Oil Co. in Sumner, a short distance from Tacoma, has a number of good amateur kids under his wing.

Clyde Edwards, Tacoma policeman, and Arnold Snell, physical culture expert, have rented space in Tacoma's Starlight Gymnasium for the purpose of teaching Judo, etc. Edwards and Snell will have one of the best Bar Bell set-ups in the country in this location.

For a fourteen-year-old youngster weighing but 105 pounds, Ruggles Larson probably can show more ring tricks to more older boys than anyone else in this vicinity. Veteran ring fans marvel at the way the youngster handles himself against older opposition.

Sgt. Connie Sellers, editor of the Fort Lewis army newspaper, is all agog over his lightweight fighter, Ray Jones, 18 years old.

Paulie Cook, Tacoma featherweight boxer, is through with fighting. The little fellow staged many stirring battles in Northwest fight clubs.

On a recent Evergreen Boxing Club amateur show, Seattle, Wes Echols, Bremerton boxer, who represented Seattle in the 1949 Boston N.A.A.U. title affair, lost in four rounds to Freddie Brown, 1949 Northwest Golden Gloves Champion.

RING NEWS FROM HAWAII
By TED YAMACHIKA

HENRY DAVIS, 123¼, featherweight champion of the territory, floored Chico Rosa, 121¼, territorial bantamweight champion, with a terrific left to the jaw near the end of the first round and went on to win a unanimous ten-round decision at the Civic Auditorium. This knockdown was the only one registered during the fight.

Whether Chico Rosa, who was saved by the bell, could have come up before the fatal ten count had the knockdown come along a little earlier in the round is problematical but it is a fact that this one punch took enough out of Rosa to take away any chance of his coming out a winner.

Henry Davis became more confident as the rounds progressed and kept piling up points with his stinging left hooks and right crosses.

For Chico Rosa this is the third straight defeat (he had previously lost to Dado Marino and Charley Riley). However, this corner feels that he'll soon snap out of it and become a winning fighter again.

A gathering of 3,471 fans paid $6,978.75 to watch the one-sided affair.

Johnny Efhan, 125¾, decisioned Lou Langley, 124¼, in four. Chester Yasui, 117½, and Bobby Sanders, 118, fought to a four-round draw. Mike Ines, 131¼, won over Henry Lee, 132¾, in four. George Sanchez, 123, beat Billy Bolilan, 120, in four.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

STAN HAWTHORNE (North Shields), 147½, received a shock, when he met Emile Delmine (Belgium), 149, at The Stadium, Liverpool. The Belgian scored a K.O. win in the third round. Dave Watson (Belfast), 128, won over Bert Jackson (Fleetwood), 128, in eight rounds. Bobby Boland (Dundee) received his first setback in his 31st contest as a professional, for Ronnie Bissell (Rotherham) scored a knockout in the first round. Joe Merryweather (Liverpool) knocked out Jimmy Burns (St. Helens) in the first round of a lightweight contest. Walter Holden (Sheffield) knocked out Brian Paxford (Hindley Green) in the third round of a featherweight contest.

Dave Sands (Australia), 160¼, was given a second chance to prove that his form against Tommy Yarosz was all wrong, but in his contest against Lucien Caboche (France), 154¼, at The Royal Albert Hall, he failed to impress. He had the better of six pounds in weight, and met a fighter that could not punch his way out of a bubble. He certainly showed speed, but the punch was lacking, and although his points win over ten rounds was easy, he failed in his request to be regarded as a menace to the World's Leading Middleweights. Joe Hyman (Jamaica), 154, was too forceful for Gustave Degouve (France), 159, and when the latter received a damaged eye in the fourth round, he retired leaving Hyman, the winner. Johnny Williams (Rugby), 188¼, had his first bout in England after his trip to South Africa and showed promise in developing into a useful heavyweight. He well outpointed Ken Shaw (Dundee), 195, for the better part of the contest, and when the latter received a badly cut eye in the last round of an eight-round contest, the referee, Sam Russell, wisely stopped the contest in Williams' favor. Eddie Cardew (Holloway), 146¾, and Piet Van Staden (South Africa), 147½, fought a hard-hitting eight-rounder to a draw. Jeff Tite (Spratton), 146¼, seems to be having too many fights for so young a fighter, and in his contest with Jack Coles (Wales), 151, he was outpointed over eight rounds. Tom Bailey (Liverpool), 125¼, outpointed Ray Fitton (Manchester), 125½, over eight rounds.

Knockouts were the order of the day at Birmingham. Jack Gardner (Market Harborough) knocked out Tommy Brown (Hackney) in the first round of a heavyweight contest. Les Allen (Coventry) knocked Reg Hoblyn (Hounslow) all around the ring in the first round, forcing the referee to stop the contest in Allen's favor. Ivor Simpson (Basingstoke) knocked out Ron Gladwell (Northampton) in the second.

Albert Finch (Croydon) outpointed Bert Hyland (Ireland) in eight rounds at Walworth. Alf Danahar (Bethnal Green) defeated Stan Davis (Walworth) over eight rounds. Henry Carpenter (Peckham) reversed a previous defeat, by scoring a K.O. over Johnny Bartles (Nottingham) in the third round. Len Bennett (Bethnal Green) outpointed Frank Ronan (Fulham) in an eight-round heavyweight bout. Gene Caffrey (Glasgow) inflicted the first defeat on Teddy Lewis's record when the former won on points at the end of eight rounds.

Jim Keery (Lisburn), 136, sprang a big surprise on the fans at The Stadium, Liverpool, when he toppled over Peter Fallon of Birkenhead, 138, in the sixth round, with a left hook to the jaw. Ivor Germain (Barbados), 137¼, knocked out Salvatore Sanna (Italy), 138, in the fourth round. Freddie Leyland (St. Helens) outpointed Sam McKnight (Belfast) over six rounds of a welterweight contest. Ronnie Bates (Golborne) stopped Jacky Ryan (Stoke) in the second round. Jimmy O'Connell (Bootle) stopped Brian Lynham (Liverpool) in the third round of a featherweight contest.

Len Davies (Swansea) proved too good for Ben Duffy (Jarrow) in the feature bout over eight rounds at Weston-Super-Mare, and was a worthy points winner. Tommy Shaw (Plymouth) knocked out Frank McAvoy (Bristol) in the second round of a welterweight contest. Ron Price (Chester) stopped Jim Thornhill (Nottingham) in the fifth round.

George Stern, the much discussed Manchester heavy, weighing 200 pounds, who was bought out of the Guards to try his luck in the Beef Trust Division, had an easy task at Ashton, when he stopped Battling Igo (Halifax), 189, in the second round. Johnny Cusick (Manchester), 134, easily outpointed Billy Barton (Liverpool), 138, over eight rounds. Tony Lord (Liverpool), 172, knocked out Frank Dolan (Salford), 170, in the second round.

Alex Buxton (Watford), 158¾, stopped Jackie Wilson (Belfast), 159¼, in the fourth round at Watford, the latter receiving a badly cut eye. Rees Moore (Luton), 141¼, outpointed Johnny Fox (Liverpool), 146½, over eight rounds.

Ron Deamer (Paddington) and Don Desborough (Hanwell) fought eight rounds to a draw at Slough. Tommy Slade (High Wycombe) outpointed Pete Davis (Slough) over eight rounds. Roy Watson (Mile End) stopped Lionel Tutt (Leighton Buzzard) in the third round.

Joe Hyman (British Guiana), 155, knocked out Jimmy Carroll (Stockport), 175, in the third round at The Stadium, Liverpool. Jackie Jenkins (New Zealand), 137, won on points over Billy McDonald (Liverpool), 136¼, after eight rounds. Bernard Pugh (Liverpool) outpointed Micky Forrester (West Ham) over eight rounds in a featherweight contest. Albert Fielding (Wrexham) outpointed Roy Thomas (Liverpool) over six rounds of a bantamweight bout. Eric Billington (Golborne) knocked out Johnny Dennis (St. Helens) in the third round of a welterweight contest. Johnny Standring (Ashton) won on points over Billy Gray (Bootle) after six rounds of a lightweight contest.

Billy Carroll (Doncaster) outpointed Norman Twigger (Coventry) over eight rounds at Doncaster. Jack Humphries (Leeds) outpointed Ben Duffy (Jarrow) over eight rounds.

Norman Lewis (Welsh Fly and Bantamweight Champion), gained a points victory over Tommy Farricker (Manchester) after eight rounds at Neath.

Jackie Turpin (Leamington Spa) stopped Joe Carter (Mitcham) in the fourth round at Bedford.

Tommy McGovern (Bermondsey), 137, outpointed Freddie Smith (Sheffield), 136½, over eight rounds at Leeds. Reg Spring (Southall), 174½, gained a points win over Gene Fowler (Canada), 176¼, after eight rounds. Jackie Hughes (Wales) and Stan Gossip (Hull) fought eight rounds to a draw in a featherweight contest.

Eddie "Bunty" Doran (Belfast) punched Stan Rowan, British Bantamweight Champion, to a standstill for six rounds before his chief second threw in the towel, to save his man from further punishment.

Jack London (West Hartlepool) again outpointed Reg Andrews (Deal) over eight rounds at West Hartlepool.

Billy Caldicott (Hull) outpointed Bobby Anderson (Jamaica) in the feature bout over eight rounds at Cheltenham. Ron Kitchen (Tunbridge Wells) defeated Mog Nash (Tonypandy) in the fifth round, when the latter was disqualified.

Jan Sneyers (Belgian Flyweight Champion) outpointed Norman Lewis (Wales) over eight rounds at Abergavenny. Denis Powell (Four Crosses) defeated Tommy Davies (Cwmgorse) in the ninth round, when the latter retired. Ron Cooper (Pyle) outpointed Alby Hollister (Islington) over eight rounds.

Ronnie Clayton (British Featherweight Champion) was outpointed by Tommy Burns (Stockton) over 10 rounds at Empress Hall, Earls Court. Honore Pratesi (Flyweight Champion of France), 112½, outpointed Terry Allen (Islington), 113, over ten rounds. Vince Hawkins (Eastleigh), 161, outpointed Alex Buxton (Watford), 159, over ten rounds. Randy Turpin (Leamington Spa), 160, defeated Bill Poli (Italy), 159, in the third round, when the latter was disqualified for persistent holding. Jack Gardner (Market Harborough), 200½, stopped Frank Ronan (Fulham), 197, in the third round, when the referee intervened. Jimmy Towell, the South African Lightweight Champion, 137¼, showed useful form in outpointing Johnny Russell (Covent Garden), 136½, over six rounds.

Sammy Wilde (Nigeria), 157½, stopped Tommy Harlow (Derby), 166, in the seventh round at Bedford. Eddie "Zulu Kid" Larty (Nigeria), 134, stopped Billy Hill (Chesterfield), 139, in the sixth round.

Bill Jackson (Jamaica), 157, gained a narrow points win over Bert Sanders (Kilburn), 160, after eight rounds at Preston. Alf Marsh (York), 147, outpointed Cal Johnson (Jamaica), 148, over eight rounds.

Piet Van Staden (South Africa), 147¾, outpointed Jimmy Molloy (Liverpool), 145¼, in a ten round contest at The Stadium, Liverpool. Les Rendle (Hull), 142, fought a draw with Ezzie Reid (Birkenhead), 146, over eight rounds. Phil Mellish (Stalybridge) stopped Freddie Leyland (St. Helens) in the fourth round of a welterweight contest. Joe Merryweather (Liverpool) outpointed Ted Ansell (Birkenhead) in a six-round lightweight contest. Tommy Blears (Bolton) won his first professional contest in great style, when he knocked out Ernie Ryan (Liverpool) in the third round of a featherweight contest.

Gwyn Williams (Wales) easily outpointed Dave "Ginger" Ward (Merthyr) over eight rounds at Oxford.

Arthur "Ginger" Sadd (Norwich) outpointed Pat Stribling (Croydon) over eight rounds of a cruiserweight contest at Herne Bay. Rees Moore (Luton) outpointed Eric Thomas (Wales) in an eight-round welterweight bout.

Jackie Braddock (Manchester) gained a meritorious win over Bill Exley (Newcastle) after eight hectic rounds at West Hartlepool.

Les Allen (Bedworth) avenged his previous defeat by Danny McKay (Glasgow) when he outpointed McKay over eight rounds at Bedworth. Ric Sanders (Leicester) outpointed Billy Biddle (Birmingham) over eight rounds. Ernie Thompson (Bedworth) outpointed Johnny Carrington (Nottingham) over eight rounds.

Joe Hyman (British Guiana), 154, knocked out Leon Fouquet (Belgium), 160¼, in the second round at The Stadium, Liverpool. Tom Baile (Liverpool), 127¼, was on the losing end, when he lost a points decision to the up and coming Bernard Pugh (Liverpool), 126¼, after eight rounds. Ron Bissell (Rotherham) outpointed Ron Perry (Stalybridge) over eight rounds of bantamweight contest. George Stern (Manchester) outpointed Bill Brennan (Royston) in a six-round heavyweight contest. Bill Gray (Bootle) knocked out Cyril James (Chester) in the third round of a lightweight bout.

Jack Cappell returned to the promoting fold with a successful show at The Mile End Arena. Alby Hollister (Islington), 160½, and Bert Sanders (Kilburn), 161½, fought eight rounds to a draw. Henry Carpenter (Peckham), 110¾, outpointed Jackie Foster (Ireland), 113, over eight rounds. Eric McQuade (Peckham) Ex-Amateur Champion, 154, outpointed Pete Davis (Slough), 152, in a spirited six-round contest. Ralph Mc (Blackpool), 143, won on points over Ted Ana (Jamaica), 142, after eight rounds.

Dave Sands, The Australian Triple Champion, defeated Jackie Jones (Bolton) in eighty seconds of the first round at Newcastle. The referee stopped the contest after Jones had taken considerable punishment. Stan Hawthorne (North Shields) stopped Francisco Molina (Spain) in the fourth round, when the latter retired with a bad damaged ear.

Danny O'Sullivan (Finsbury Park), 11 stopped Jackie Sutton (Wales), 118¾, in the seventh round at Watford. Mickey Forrest (West Ham), 126½, defeated Billy Daniels (Stepney), 122, in the sixth round, when the latter received a badly cut eye. Ken Diston (Hendon) 123½, outpointed Tom Cummings (Leicester) 122¼, over eight rounds. Dick Langley (Peckham), 157¼, stopped Charles Perry (Wisbech) 154¼, in the third round.

Ric Sanders (Leicester) stopped Ron Pri (Grantham) in the sixth round. Frank Walk (Warwick) outpointed Charlie Collett (Hem Hempstead) over eight rounds at Cheltenham.

Jim Keery (Lisburn), 135, outpointed Des Gu rod (Paddington), 136½, over eight rounds Belfast. Lloyd Barnett (Jamaica), 182, outpoin ed Paddy Slavin (Belfast), 183, over eight round John Hazel (Jamaica), 137½, won on points ov Paddy Dowdall (Cork), 137¼, after eight round Eddie McCulloch (Belfast), 119½, outpoint Jimmy Green (Warrington), 120¼, over eig rounds. Eddie Carson (Glasgow), 118½, outpoin ed Charlie Brown (Belfast), 119½, over eig rounds. Garnett Denny (Belfast), 169½, ou pointed Jackie Wilson (Belfast), 161, over rounds.

Jackie Turpin (Leamington Spa), 125, ou pointed Sammy Shaw (Hull), 125, over eig rounds at Norwich. Arthur "Ginger" Sadd (No wich), 161, was beaten on points by Bob Clea (The Borough), 158, over eight rounds.

Richard Armagh (Gold Coast), 161, and Dan Meyers (Doncaster), 159, fought eight rounds a draw at Bournemouth. Eddie McCorm (Deal), 117, outpointed Peter Fay (Bournemouth 120, over eight rounds. Harry Legge (Bourn mouth), 137, and Johnny Fitzpatrick (Doncaster 138, boxed a draw over eight rounds. Den Dawson (Sheffield), 127, outpointed Teddy Pet ham (Bournemouth), 122, over eight rounds.

Eddie Magee (Belfast), 126½, gained a poin win over Billy Comerford (Glasgow), 125¼, o eight rounds at Belfast.

Reg Spring (Southall) South Eastern Cruise weight Champion, outpointed Johnny Ell (Chelsea) over eight rounds at Watford.

Jackie Turpin (Leamington) stopped Sam Shaw (Hull) in the fifth round at Hanley, latter received a badly cut eye.

Billy Thompson (Hickleton Main), British Empire Champion, successfully defended his tit when he forced Referee Andrew Smyth to st the contest, when his challenger Harry Hugh (Motherwell) was in a bad way in the fifth roun and had taken several counts. The show held the open air, drew a gate of 12,000 fans wh bravely sat out in the rain. Jackie Marsh (Glasgow) outpointed Vic Manini (Lambeth) over eight rounds.

Sammy Wilde (Nigeria), 161¾, stopped Bill Coulolias (New Zealand), 157, in the seven round at Mile End. Coulolias was in a bad wa when Referee Jack Hart called a halt. Bob Fr (West Ham), 145½, outpointed Roy Dan (Spratton), 144½, in a spirited eight-round co test. Dick Langley (Peckham), 161½, stopp Johnny Boyd (Peterborough), 157½, in the four round. Teddy Mason (West Ham), 127½, ou pointed Jimmy Daly (Walthamstow), 128, in four-round contest. Eric McQuade (Peckham 152½, knocked out Peter Scott White (Wale 152, in the first round.